

Murderers Are Getting Prettier Every Day

Marilyn Manson

Do you always
have to hire actors,
to play the devils
that talk me
out of my
sui-sites?
You're just
a ring tone,
that happens when
you get sick enough
to call the one
with bullet holes,
bullet holes for eyes
Fall on your knees
I hear the horrid voices
of someone else's angels
Fall on your knees
I hear the horrid voices
of someone else's angels
I broken open the box
when I spoke the spell
and I became
an entrance wound
to your bedroom grave,
and I was paid

with the shadow of consensual rape
Your ransom note
is quoted by,
your death and
birth certificates
and all of your love,
and all of your love letters
read just like my will
Fall on your knees
I hear the horrid voices
of someone else's angels
Fall on your knees
I hear the horrid voices

of someone else's angels

I don't have to see
to know that murderers
are getting prettier
every day

I don't have to see
to know that murderers
are getting prettier
every day

Fall on your knees
I hear the horrid voices
of someone else's angels

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>