

Diary of a Dope Fiend

Marilyn Manson

I peek into the hole, I struggle for control
The children love the show
But they fail to see the anguish in my eyes
Fail to see the anguish in my eyes I scratch around the brim, I let my mind give in
Crowd begins to grin, but they seem to scream
When darkness fills my eyes seem to scream
When darkness fills my eyes, it's no surprise Fail to see the tragic, turn it into magic
My big top tricks will always make you happy
But we all know the hat is wearing me Now my bag is in the hat, it's filled with this and that
My vision's getting fat, the rabbit's just a chicken in disguise
Stars and pills and needles dance before our eyes
They will bite the hand if it is slower than
The quickness of their scrutinizing eyes Fail to see the tragic, turn it into magic
My big top tricks will always make you happy
But we all know the hat is wearing me Chicanery will always make you happy
But we all know the hat is wearing me

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