

Posthuman

Marilyn Manson

She's got eyes like Zapruder,
Mouth like heroin.
She wants me to be
Perfect like Kennedy. This isn't god, this isn't god,
This isn't god, this isn't god.
God is just a statistic.
God is just a statistic. Say show me the dead stars,
All them sing:
This is a riot,
Religious and clean. God is a number you cannot count to.
You are post-human and hardwired. She's pilgrim and pagan,
Soft worn and social.
In all of her dreams.
She's a saint like Jackie-O. This isn't god, this isn't god,
This isn't god, this isn't god.
God is just a statistic.
God is just a statistic. Say show me the dead stars,
All them sing:
This is a riot,
Religious and clean.
Show me the dead stars,
All them sing:
This is a riot,
Religious and clean. God is a number you cannot count to.
God is a number you cannot count to.
God is a number you cannot count to.
You are post-human and hardwired. (All that glitters is cold.
All that glitters is cold.
All that glitters is cold.) Say show me the dead stars,
All them sing:
This is a riot,
Religious and clean.
Say show me the dead stars,
All them sing:
This is a riot,
Religious and clean. Ladies and gentlemen,
Omega and the Mechanical Animals:

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