

A Place in the Dirt

Marilyn Manson

We are damned and we are dead
All God's children to be sent
To a perfect place in the sun
In the dirt There's a windshield in my hearts
We are bugs so smeared and scarred
And could you stop the meat from thinkin' before I swallow all of it
Could you please? Put me in the motorcade
Put me in the death parade
Dress me up and take me
Dress me up and make me
Your dyin' God Angels with needles pokes through our eyes
Let the ugly lights, what in
We were no longer blind
We were no longer blind Put me in the motorcade
Put me in the death parade
Dress me up and take me
Dress me up and make me
Your dyin' God Now we hold the ugly head
The Mary Whore is at the bed
They've cast a shadow of our perfect death
In the sun and in the dirt

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