

# Mechanical Animals

[Marilyn Manson](#)

We were neurophobic and perfect  
The day that we lost our souls  
Machines that wished they were human  
If they cry they will rust  
And I was a hand grenade  
That never stopped exploding  
You were automatic and as hollow as the "o" in God  
I am never gonna be the one for you  
I am never gonna save the world from you  
But they'll never be good for you  
Or bad to you  
They'll never be anything  
Anything at all  
You were my mechanical bride  
You were phenobarbie-doll  
A manic queen of depression  
With the face of a dead star  
And I was a hand grenade  
That never stopped exploding  
You were automatic and as hollow as the "o" in God  
I am never gonna be the one for you  
I am never gonna save the world from you  
But they'll never be good for you  
Or bad to you  
They'll never be anything  
Anything at all  
This isn't me I'm not mechanical  
I'm just a boy playing the suicide king

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