

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 phenobarbkie-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 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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