

Autopsy

Marilyn Manson

Dear God, do you want to turn knucles down and hold yourself
Dear God, can you climb off that tree made in the shape of a T
Dear God, the paper says you were the king in the black limosine
Dear Jon and all the kings men, couldn't put your head together
again

Dear God, the sky's as blue as a gunshot wound
Dear God, if you were alive you know we'd kill you

Before the bullets
Before the flies
Before authourities take out my eyes
The only smiling are your dolls that are made
But you are plastic and so are your brains