

# Cupid Carries a Gun

Marilyn Manson

Pound me the witch drums  
The witch drums  
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The witch drums  
Better pray for hell, not hallelujah

I'm a coat of fists  
Dead and hardened spiders  
Like two mangled crowns  
Or the widest of the meanest coiled snakes

Folks said I  
Look like death  
Lived in the hotel of my eyes  
Lives wide open like a whore  
Painted in spit from the earth between her thighs

Keep your halos tight,  
I'm your God or your guardian  
Keep your halo tight  
One hand on the trigger, the other hand in mine

Because now  
Cupid carries a gun  
Now, now  
Cupid, Cupid carries a gun

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She had those crow black eyes  
Starless, but she fucks  
Like a comet  
Laid as still as a Bible  
And it felt like Revelations when I looked inside

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