

# Murderers Are Getting Prettier Every Day

Marilyn Manson

Do you always  
Have to hire actors,  
To play the devils  
That talk me  
Out of my  
Sui-sites?

You're just  
A ring tone,  
That happens when  
You get sick enough  
To call the one  
With bullet holes,  
Bullet holes for eyes

Fall on your knees  
I hear the horrid voices  
Of someone else's angels  
Fall on your knees  
I hear the horrid voices  
Of someone else's angels

I broke open the box  
When I spoke the spell  
I became  
An entrance wound  
To your bedroom grave,  
and I was paid  
With the shadow of consensual rape  
Your ransom note  
Is quoted by,  
Your death and  
Birth certificates  
And all of your love,  
And all of your love letters  
Read just like my will

Fall on your knees  
I hear the horrid voices  
Of someone else's angels  
Fall on your knees  
I hear the horrid voices  
Of someone else's angels

I don't have to see  
To know that murderers  
Are getting Prettier  
Every day  
I don't have to see  
To know that murderers  
Are getting Prettier  
Every day

Fall on your knees  
I hear the horrid voices  
Of someone else's angels  
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