Overneath the Path of Misery

Cannot be low

Marilyn Manson

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"And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.
Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."
[William Shakespeare]
Stare into my Kodak Rome Jack hammer ice eyes
Never thought you'd see the asphalt
Crack crack like a black egg shell
Don't ever say I never warned you from the start
Don't ever say I never warned you from the start
You're not a shovel, and I'm not your dirt
Is there any way to unswallow my pride?
Can I fuck myself down?
Why die when you can kill the father,
Dad is missing an 'E'
Now Macbeth confessed Oedipus no longer present tense
Now Macbeth confessed Oedipus no longer present tense
No, no, no, no reason
No, no, no, no reason
No, no, no, no reason
High and overneath
High and overneath
I won't regret letting you live
Even if you forget or you never saved me from
So I say whatever or for never
For for for for for never
For for for for for never
For for for for for never, whatever
The rape of Persephone was choreographed by all the wrong Greeks
The rape of Persephone was a marketing scheme
Rape rape rape per so phony
High and overneath
High and overneath
Overneath
Overneath
Overblown
Unbeloved
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From the top of my lungs
To the bottom of my heart
I scream
At the chasm in between
And the path of misery

Overneath
Overneath
Overblown
Unbeloved
Cannot be low

From the top of my lungs To the bottom of my heart I scream At the chasm in between And the path of misery

High and overneath High and overneath

No no no no no reason No no no no no reason No no no no no reason