

PAINT YOU WITH MY LOVE

Marilyn Manson

Honky-tonk devils glitter in
Like royal rats in kitten skin
And all the blondes drop their panties and cry
To the father's first lullaby

So let me paint you with my love
With my love, with my love

To kill the man behind the crowd
Would be viewed as amateur
Because the king is invisible
The king is invisible
And death is a profession

So let me paint you with my love
With my love, with my love

It's not a life sentence
But a death dream for you
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