

Into the Fire

Marilyn Manson

This is the film, close to the third act and the misery
It's not rain, you rapist werewolves
It's God pissing down on you
We'll die alone
Cause I'll break off my own arms
Sharpen my bones
Stab you once for each time I thought of you
Trying to take something
You'll never be good enough to even look upon

It's better to push something away that's slipping
Than to risk being dragged down

If you want to hit bottom
Don't bother to try taking me with you
I won't answer if you call
Two heartbeats ended in hell
Trying to break your fall

This isn't a mob, won't need to change the names
Everyone around you
Has murdered someone, something sacred
Isn't one nail without dirt under it
Isn't any white cotton panties that aren't soaked and stained red

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