

With iT
I become the death Dickinson feared

With iT
I'm the red amiral on his ship
And I raise
Wet infans for my coronation
I'll rule over all my dead impersonations

Cause I've got iT
I'm a man now
Cause I've got iT
I'm a man now
And I won't let you steal iT I bought iT for myself
I'm a man now

I hit
The Bird-dogs who are pulling my hair
Because
Their teeth should ravage a golden beard
I've lost
Some eyeless friends whose blood runs cold
My new people
On silent heels pretends to be old

Cause I won
I'm a man now
Cause I've got iT
I'm a man now
And I won't let you steal iT
I bought iT for myself
I'm a man now
Oh lord

She wants to be a man, a man
But she lies
She wants to be born again, again
But she'll lose
She draws her own crotch by herself
But she'll lose because it's a fake
It's a fake
It's a fake
It's a fake

No! I've got iT
I'm a man now
Cause I've got iT
I'm a man now
And there's nothing you can do
To make me change my mind
I'm a man now
Oh lord

She's a man now
And there's nothing we can do
To make her change her mind
She's a man now