

Cupid Carries a Gun

Marilyn Manson

Pound me the witch drums
The witch drums
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The witch drums
Better pray for hell, not hallelujah

I'm a coat of fists
Dead and hardened spiders
Like two mangled crowns
Or the widest of the meanest coiled snakes

Folks said I
Look like death
Lived in the hotel of my eyes
Lives wide open like a whore
Painted in spit from the earth between her thighs

Keep your halos tight,
I'm your God or your guardian
Keep your halo tight
One hand on the trigger, the other hand in mine

Because now
Cupid carries a gun
Now, now
Cupid, Cupid carries a gun

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She had those crow black eyes
Starless, but she fucks
Like a comet
Laid as still as a Bible
And it felt like Revelations when I looked inside

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