

# Overneath the Path of Misery

Marilyn Manson

"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 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, no reason  
No, no, no, no, no reason  
No, 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 for never  
For for for for for for never  
For 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  
Rape rape rape per so phony  
Rape rape rape per so phony  
Rape rape rape per so phony

High and overneath  
High and overneath

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

Overneath  
Overneath  
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High and overneath  
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