

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

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