

The Flowers of Evil

Marilyn Manson

The day they covered us in the dirt
Like stars in the ground
That will grow into dead flowers
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Like stars in the ground
That will grow into dead flowers

Your body's on me
Like sleepless spiders.
Your touch is so empty
Your touch is so empty

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Like sleepless spiders.
Your touch is so empty
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Your touch is so empty
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I've been running
From the bloodless
For fear of exile
For all of my sorceries
That shun the light
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From the bloodless
For fear of exile
For all of my sorceries
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Light
Light
Light
Light