

The Mephistopheles of Los Angeles

Marilyn Manson

I don't know if I can open up
I've been opened enough
I don't know if I can open up
I'm not a birthday present
I'm aggressive regressive
The past is over
And passive scenes so pathetic

Are we fated, faithful, or fatal?
Are we fated, faithful, or fatal?

I'm feeling stoned and alone like a heretic
And I'm ready to meet my maker
I'm feeling stoned and alone like a heretic
I'm ready to meet my maker
Lazarus has got no dirt on me
Lazarus has got no dirt on me
And I'll rise to every occasion
I'm the Mephistopheles of Los Angeles
Of Los Angeles

Don't know if I can open up
I been opened too much
Double-crossed glossed over in my pathos

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