

Wight Spider

Marilyn Manson

I'll build you a shiny dollhouse or church
For you to shrink
Into a tiny wight spider
And gorge on horrid memories
With conceited wings

Smother the past in a cocoon
Or me
And I'll help you move
All the bodies
Oh oh

I'll possess you but I don't
Need you
To be another one
Of my possessions
I don't need you to be my possession

And I won't make you kneel
For anyone
But me
I won't promise a star
Don't promise your soul
Well say that we don't believe

I'll keep you wet
When the world is dry
U can see them coming
I'll take you back inside
If they came for answer I'll
Weap my claws round your mouth tight
We'll consume each other
Until there's nothing left to hide
And they can all drown in our blood

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We can't haunt this home
Home anymore
No no no no no we can't haunt this home

Home anymore
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Home anymore
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