

Untitled

Marilyn Manson

At the end,
I became them and led them. After all, none of us really qualified
As humans We were just hardworn,
Automatic,
And as hollow as the "o" in God. I re-attached my emotions
Cellular
Narcotic From the top of Hollywood,
It looked like space.
Millions of capsules, Mechanical Animals The city filled with dead stars
And a girl I call Coma White.
This is my Omega

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