

marilyn manson - Poaaf Album

Date: Sun, 2 Nov 1997 18:42:26 -0500
Subject: lyrics to POAAF album
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Prelude

There's no earthly way of knowing
Which direction we are going
There's no knowing where we're going
Or which way the wind is blowing
Is it raining? Is it snowing
Is a hurricane a-blowing
Not a speck of light is showing
So the danger must be growing
Oh, the fires of hell are glowing
Is the grisly reaper mowing
Yes! The danger must be growing
For the rowers keep on rowing
And they're certainly not showing
Any signs that they are slowing!
Stop the boat!

Cake and Sodomy

I am the god of fuck, I am the god of fuck
Virgins sold in quantity, herded by heredity
Red neck burn out mid west mind,
who said date rape isn't kind?
Porno nation, evaluation
What's this time for segregation
Libido, libido fascination, too much oral defecation
White trash get down on your knees, time for cake and sodomy
Time for cake and sodomy
(I am the god of fuck, I am the god of fuck)
VCR's and vaseline, tv-fucked by plastic queens
Cash in hand and dick on screen, who said god was ever
clean?
Bible-belt round anglo-waste, putting sinners in their place
Yeah, right, great if you're so good explain the shit stains on
your
face
White trash get down on your knees, time for cake and sodomy
Time for cake and sodomy

Lunch Box

On we plow
The big bully try to stick his finger in my chest
Try to tell me, tell me he's the best
But I don't really give a good goddamn cause
I got my lunchbox and I'm armed real well
I got my lunchbox and I'm armed real well
I got my lunchbox and I'm armed real well
I wanna grow up

I wanna be a big rock and roll star
I wanna grow up
I wanna be
So no one fucks with me
I got the pencils in my pocket, try to put me down
Wanna go out, gotta get out
To the playground, gonna throw down at the playground
I wanna go out
Next motherfucker gonna get my metal
Next motherfucker gonna get my metal
Next motherfucker gonna get my metal
Next motherfucker gonna get my metal
Pow pow pow, pow pow pow, pow pow pow, pow pow pow
I wanna grow up
I wanna be a big rock and roll star
I wanna grow up
I wanna be
So no one fucks with me

Organ Grinder

I am the face of piss and shit and sugar
I do a crooked little dance with my funny little monkey
What I want, what I want is just your children
I hate what I have become to escape what I hated being
Caliopenis envy from your daddy
You're not gonna hear what he don't want to hear
What I say disgusts him
He wants to be me and that scares him
Lets do a funny little dance with my funny little monkey
The black keys
Here is my real head, here is my real head
I wear this fucking mask because you cannot handle me
Here is my real head
They try to blink me not to think me
Don't want to bring me out
I am the rotten teeth, my fists are lined with suckers
My prison skin's an eyesore mirror sketch pad
I am your son
Your dad
Your fag
Your fad
Here is my real head, here is my real head
I wear this fucking mask because you cannot handle me
Here is my real head

Cyclops

Cyclops woman got one eye in her head
Mascera-clotted vision she is fed
Cyclops woman can't see nothing at all
She got a pin prick spiral hole
She can't see nothing, nothing at all
She can't see nothing, nothing at all
Cyclops woman dying in her shell
Guilt got her trapped in nailed in well
Cyclops woman is the eye of the world
Who's reflection's in the retina?

She can't see nothing, nothing at all
She can't see nothing, nothing at all
Dialate, dialate

Dope Hat

I peek into the hole, I struggle for control
The children love the show, but they fail to see the anguish in
my
eyes

Fail to see the anguish in my eyes
I scratch around the brim, I let my mind give in
The crowd begins to grin, but they seem to scream when darkness
fills
my

eyes
Seem to scream when darkness fills my eyes, it's no surprise
Fail to see the tragic, turn it into magic
My big top tricks will always make you happy, but we all know the
hat
is

wearing me
My bag is in the hat, it's filled with this and that
My vision's getting fat, the rabbit's just a monkey in
disguise

Stars and pills and needles dance before our eyes
They will bite the hand if it is slower than the quickness of
their

scrutinizing eyes
Fail to see the tragic, turn it into magic
My big top tricks will always make you happy, but we all know the
hat
is

wearing me
Chicanery will always make you happy, but we all know the hat is
wearing
me

Get Your Gunn

Goddamn your righteous hand
I eat innocent meat
The housewife I will beat
The profile I will kill
What you don't do I will
I bash myself to sleep
What you saw I will reap
I scar myself you will see
I wish I wasn't me
I am the little stick
You stir me into shit
I hate therefore I am
Goddamn your rightous hand
Goddamn, goddamn
Goddamn, goddamn
Pseudo-morals work real well
On the talk shows for the weak
But your selective judgements

And goodguy badges
Don't mean a fuck to me
I throw a little fit
I slit my teenage wrist
The most that I can learn
Is in records that you burn
Get your gunn, get your gunn
Get your gunn, get your gunn
Pseudo-morals work real well
On the talk shows for the weak
But your selective judgements
And goodguy badges
Don't mean a fuck to me
I am the VHS
Record me with your fist
You want me to save the world
I'm just a little girl
Pseudo-morals work real well
On the talk shows for the weak
But your selective judgements
And goodguy badges
Don't mean a fuck to me
Get your gunn, get your gunn
Get your gunn, get your gunn... get

Wrapped in Plastic

Guilt is a snake we beat with a rake
To grow in our kitchen in the pies we bake
Feed it to us to squirm in our bellies
Twisting our guts make our spines to jelly
Stay, don't want to go now
Drove the children from their chores
Handcrafted housewives into whores
Fear of the beast is calling it near
Creating what we're hating, it's only fear that is here
Stay, don't want to go now
Come into our home, won't you stay?
I know the steak is cold but it's wrapped in plastic
Come into our home, won't you stay?
I know the steak is cold but it's wrapped in plastic
I'm only as deep as the self that I dig
I'm only as sick as the stick in the pig
Thin and so white, thin and so white
Daddy tells the daughter
While mommy's sleeping at night
To wash away sin you must take off your skin
The righteous father wears the yellowest grin
Don't wanna go now
Stay, don't wanna go now, stay, don't wanna go now
Come into our home, won't you stay?
I know the steak is cold but it's wrapped in plastic

Dogma

Burn the witches, burn the witches, don't take time to sew your
stiches
Burn the witches, burn the witches

Good is the thing that you favor, evil is your sour flavor
You cannot sedate all the things you hate
Burn your bridges, burn your bridges, don't take time to sew your
stiches

Burn your bridges, burn your bridges
Good is the thing that you favor, evil is your sour flavor
I don't need your hate, I decide my fate
You cannot sedate all the things you rape

Sweet Tooth

Her heart shivers in my hand
She's melting on me like cotton candy
I make the faces that make you cry
I want you more when you're afraid of
My disease, disease is draining me
Anymore you're not so 'pretty please'
Disease, disease is draining me
I want you more when you're afraid of me
I will break you inside out
You are mine, you are mine
I will break you inside out
You are mine, you are mine
Her hair hangs in swollen strings
'm choking on her, it feels so sickening
I make the faces that make you cry
I want you more when you're afraid of
My disease, disease is draining me
Anymore you're not so pretty, please
Disease, disease is draining me
I want you more when you're afraid of me
I will break you inside out
You are mine, you are mine

Snake Eyes and Sissies

Wrench is just a household God but I carry mine with pride
I don't work but I can work with it to split your smile
Run you down without a twitch, your car's just not as big as
mine
Tear the son out of your bitch and sprinkle your remains with
lime
I ain't no workin' man, I do the best I can, I got the devil's
hand

Rollin' sixes

I am the habit man, I use up all I can, I got the slacker's
hand
My afternoon's remote control
Daydream milk and genocide
Tranquility with broken knees, silly putty enemies
Butter knife in your side
What I got I got for free, middle finger technology
What's yours is mine, yours is mine, told you fucker, yours is
mine

Snake eyes for sissies

I ain't no workin' man, I do the best I can, I got the devil's
hand

Rollin' sixes

I am the habit man, I use up all I can, I got the slacker's
hand

I am the pedophile's dream
A messianic Peter Pan

Just a boy, just a boy, just a little fucking boy, I can never
be a
man

I ain't no workin' man, I do the best I can, I got the devil's
hand

Rollin' sixes

I am the habit man, I use up all I can, I got the slacker's
hand

I ain't no workin' man, I do the best I can, I got the devil's
hand

I am the habit man, I use up all I can, I got the slacker's
hand

(Oh no, Oh no)

My Monkey

I had a little monkey
I sent him to the country and I fed him on gingerbread
Along came a choo-choo, knocked my monkey coo-coo
And now my monkey's dead
At least he looks that way, but then again don't we all
(what I make is what I am, I can't be forever)
I had a little a monkey
I sent him to the country and I fed him on gingerbread
Along came a choo-choo, knocked my monkey coo-coo
And now my monkey's dead
Poor little monkey
'Make you...break you...make you...break you...lookout'
(what I make is what I am, I can't live forever)
We are our own wicked gods
With little g's and big dicks
Sadistic and constantly inflicting a slow demise
I had a little a monkey
I sent him to the country and I fed him on gingerbread
Along came a choo-choo, knocked my monkey coo-coo
And now my monkey's dead
The primate's scream of consonance is a reflection
Of his own mind's dissonance

Misery Machine

Man in the front got a sinister grin, careen down highway
666

We wanna go, crush the slow, as the pitchfork bends the needles
grow

My arms are wheels, my legs are wheels, my blood is pavement
We're gonna ride to the abbey of thelema, to the abbey of
thelema

Blood is pavement

The grill in the front is my sinister grin, bugs in my teeth make
me
sick

sick sick

The objects may be larger than they appear in the mirror

My arms are wheels, my legs are wheels, my blood is pavement
We're gonna ride to the abbey of thelema, to the abbey of
thelema

Blood is pavement
I am fueled by filth and fury
Do what I will, I will hurry there, there
My arms are wheels, my legs are wheels, my blood is pavement
Blood is pavement

Well, there it is, Marilyn Manson's POAAF lyrics, for comments,
corrections, etc,
email me at PSYCHOACOUSTIC[at]JUNO.COM later, if anyone has the tab
for snake eyes and sissies please send it to me. later, and sorry
for the
screwed up writing but this archaic email service just screws up
text
stuff

Eric Newman