

With iT  
I become the death Dickinson feared

With iT  
I'm the red amiral on his ship  
And I raise  
Wet infans for my coronation  
I'll rule over all my dead impersonations

Cause I've got iT  
I'm a man now  
Cause I've got iT  
I'm a man now  
And I won't let you steal iT I bought iT for myself  
I'm a man now

I hit  
The Bird-dogs who are pulling my hair  
Because  
Their teeth should ravage a golden beard  
I've lost  
Some eyeless friends whose blood runs cold  
My new people  
On silent heels pretends to be old

Cause I won  
I'm a man now  
Cause I've got iT  
I'm a man now  
And I won't let you steal iT  
I bought iT for myself  
I'm a man now  
Oh lord

She wants to be a man, a man  
But she lies  
She wants to be born again, again  
But she'll lose  
She draws her own crotch by herself  
But she'll lose because it's a fake  
It's a fake  
It's a fake  
It's a fake

No! I've got iT  
I'm a man now  
Cause I've got iT  
I'm a man now  
And there's nothing you can do  
To make me change my mind  
I'm a man now  
Oh lord

She's a man now  
And there's nothing we can do  
To make her change her mind  
She's a man now