

The Fight Song

Marilyn Manson

Nothing suffocates you more than
The passing of everyday human events
And isolation is the oxygen mask you make
Your children breath in to survive

Well I'm not a slave to a God
That doesn't exist
And I'm not a slave to a world
That doesn't give a shit

And when we were good
You just closed your eyes
So when we are bad
We'll scar your minds

Fight, fight, fight, fight
Fight, fight, fight, fight

You'll never grow up to be a big rock star
Celebrated victim of your fame
They'll just cut our wrists like
Cheap coupons and say that
Death was on sale today

And when we were good
You just closed your eyes
So when we are bad
We'll scar your minds

But I'm not a slave to a God
That doesn't exist
And I'm not a slave to a world
That doesn't give a shit

The death of one is a tragedy
The death of one is a tragedy
The death of one is a tragedy
But the death of millions is just a statistic

Well I'm not a slave to a God
That doesn't exist
And I'm not a slave to a world
That doesn't give a shit

Well I'm not a slave to a God
Who doesn't exist
And I'm not a slave to a world
That doesn't give a shit

Fight, fight, fight, fight
Fight, fight, fight, fight