

Marilyn Manson - We Are Chaos

tom:

If you say that we're healed
 Give us your pills, hobos just go away
 But watch you be held dead
 Everything else is perfume
 Maybe I'm just a mystery
 I can end up your misery
 Maybe I'm just a mystery
 I can end up your misery
 In the end we all end
 Up in a garbage job
 But I'll be the one that's
 Holding your hand

We are sick, fucked
 Up and complicated
 We are Chaos
 We can't be cured

We are sick, fucked
 Up and complicated
 We are Chaos
 We can't be cured

Maybe I'm just a mystery
 I can be your misery
 Maybe I'm just a mystery
 Now we're left hanging

So far, so far from my crowd
 We are sick, fucked
 Up and complicated
 We are Chaos
 We can't be cured
 We are sick, fucked
 Up and complicated
 We are Chaos
 We can't be cured
 Am I man or show a moment
 The man on the moon or man
 I lost seasons
 Well I'll be in after the kill

We are sick, fucked
 Up and complicated
 We are Chaos
 We can't be cured

We are sick, fucked
 Up and complicated
 We are Chaos
 We can't be cured
 We are sick, fucked
 Up and complicated
 We are Chaos
 We can't be cured
 We are sick, fucked
 Up and complicated
 We are Chaos
 We can't be cured
 We are sick

Acordes

