

## Marquee

## Butcher Babies

They will know me  
They will love me  
They will praise me  
They will know my name

Fembots meet in Hollywood colliding  
With their carved out sides and their plastic smiles  
Drugs don't work because they took them all  
And now they're dry  
The shuffle of the dimes who come by the dozen  
To latch to the suits that give and take, exploit, control  
And toxify their conducts, pacify their intellect  
For the right place we can fake this all night

More for less, to pad their pocketbooks keep them smiling  
Bleach their roots, till bright-eyed girls  
Are all blown out pros

One and two and three is for the show  
With looks to kill it's all they know  
It's one and two and three is for the show  
Self-absorbed they learned it from Monroe

To live and die in Hollywood's the dream  
Sold herself to be a tabloid queen  
To live and die in Hollywood's the dream  
She sold herself to suffocate the scene

They will know me  
They will love me  
They will praise me  
When they see my name in lights

Time moves fast but in Hollywood it flies  
You've gone past your prime, dying on the vine  
The ones that fed you won't feed you now  
Because you're dry  
The retreat of the mimes that live on borrowed time  
And cling to a trick that's brought and sold and getting old  
You knew it would destruct, now your moments up  
What a dirty end, Hollywood's revenge

Locked and loaded  
To see my name in lights  
Locked and loaded  
I'll see my name in lights