

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