

Leaving Hollywood

Diorama

Emptiness dead-smooth and choking the air
I'm, leaving Hollywood if you don't care
Lost in the twilight of self-consciousness
Trying to picture the smile you might wear

Where are the plastic doves ready to kill
The inspiration I try to fulfill
Cry for me sister on Valentiner's day
You'll find me lying on Hollywood Hills

Spoke to an acolyte coming my way
The weather is fine what a wonderful day
His bloody robe suits him tolerably well
But he can never induce me to stay

Your double-dealing voice hits me so low
But I'm your henchman so I have to go

Nobody sees that I'm only your frame
When I left Hollywood they all will know

Someday you gonna crucify me in a black-painted room
You gonna call all your opponents who gonna spit me in
The face hit me in the face
And I will laugh about everyone
I'd cover my mug if I could

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