

# Burn, Hollywood, Burn

Exodus

Land of enchantment and fake reality  
Where they put in vitro breeding machines  
On the cover of a magazine  
Trailer trash and human freaks  
They grab their minute of fame  
And still the puppets watch  
And everybody knows the names  
That's why I say

Burn, hollywood, burn  
When it's dead and gone we'll never miss a thing  
Burn, hollywood, burn  
No more rotten to the core little sweet sixteens  
Burn. hollywood, burn  
Time's running out on their minute of fame  
Let's douse the fire by pissing on the flames

So young, bitch and famous  
Hotel heiress, glamour queen  
The only reason we know your name  
Is bad night vision pornography  
From the "real" housewives of botox hills  
To the cunts of Bel-Aire  
You can't look away from the cathode ray  
Why does anybody fucking care

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