

Slithering towards the dream,
All infected with the same disease,
Awaiting your flesh to be cloaked in silver.
As the fat rats grovel,
Ready to steal your innocence and exploit your soul
Some will hit their knees in a rancid act of desparation

While others search for a hopeless god to save them

For every FOUR, there will be 100,000 fallen

Drowning in a cesspool of awareness that they have failed

This city...full of plastic angels will seduce you...

WELCOME TO LOS ANGELES....