Bad Religion, Angeles Is Burning

Somewhere high in the desert near a curtain of a blue
The sane man skirts under the wind
But down here in the city of lime lights
The fans of Santa Ana are withering
And you can't deny that living is easy
If you never look behind the scenery
It's showtime for drag lines
And bedlam is dreaming of rain

When the hills of Los Angeles are burning
Palm trees are candles in the murder wind
So many lives are on the breeze
Even the stars are ill at ease
And Los Angeles is burning

This is not a test
Of the emergency broadcast system
When Malibu fires and radio towers
Conspire to dance again
And I cannot believe the media Mecca
They're only trying to battle reality, catch it on
Prime time, story at nine
The whole world is going insane

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A plaque that reads
The end of days
Shotgun roundabouts are bending in the haze

More a question than a curse
How could hell be any worse?

The flames are stunning
The camera's running
So take warning

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