

Diorama, Leaving Hollywood

Emptiness dead-smooth and choking the air
Im, leaving Hollywood if you dont 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 Valentines day
youll 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 Im your henchman so I have to go
nobody sees that Im 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
Id cover my mug if I could

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