

## 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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