

L.a.m.f.

Motley Crue

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 desperation
While others search for a hopeless God to save them
For every four, there will be one hundred thousand fallen
Drowning in a cesspool of awareness that they have failed
This city full of plastic angels will seduce you
Welcome to Los Angeles

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