Burn Down Los Angeles

Rival Sons

I come from the mountains, down to the water.
I come to drink from the dreams of your sons and daughters,
I come from the summer off of the rails,
With my hammer in hand about to hit it on the nail.

I'm gonna burn down Los Angeles, burn down Los Angeles.

I come for revenge for my broken dreams.
I didn't come to wait tables or park limousines.
I come to get up from my hands and knees.
I come to steal the honey from the killer bees.

I'm gonna burn down Los Angeles, burns down Los Angeles

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