

Motley Crue

"L.A.M.F."

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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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