

# Bad Religion, Los Angeles Is Burning

Somewhere high in the desert near a curtain of a blue  
St. Anne's skirts are billowing  
But down here in the city of limelights  
The fans of Santa Anna are withering  
And you can't deny that living is easy  
If you never look behind the scenery  
It's showtime for dry climes  
And bedlam is dreaming of rain  
When the hills of Los Angeles are burning  
Palm trees are candles in the murder wind  
So many lives are on the breeze  
Even the stars are ill at ease  
And Los Angeles is burning  
This is not a test  
Of the emergency broadcast system  
Where Malibu fires and radio towers  
Conspire to dance again  
And I cannot believe the media Mecca  
They're only trying to peddle reality  
Catch it on prime time, story at nine  
The whole world is going insane  
When the hills of Los Angeles are burning  
Palm trees are candles in the murder wind  
So many lives are on the breeze  
Even the stars are ill at ease  
And Los Angeles is burning  
A placard reads "The end of days"  
Jacaranda boughs are bending in the haze  
More a question than a curse  
How could hell be any worse?  
The flames are stunning  
The cameras running  
So take warning  
When the hills of Los Angeles are burning  
Palm trees are candles in the murder wind  
So many lives are on the breeze  
Even the stars are ill at ease  
And Los Angeles is burning