

No Home Without Its Sire

Peter Murphy

No yester dreams
No grey desire
No body's sap and tire
No sorrows born
Of lust's disguise
No home without its sire

Break out the tomb
The selfmade womb
No faded flick
No grey desire
No body's sap and tire

And if you ask me
You know I'll give
And if you run from me
Well, I'll be waiting in the driver's car
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