

No Home Without Its Sire

Peter Murphy

No yester dreams, no gray desire
No body's sap and tire
No sorrows born of lust's disguise
No home without it's sire
Break out the tomb, the self-made womb
No faded flick, no gray 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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