

# Peter Murphy, No Home Without Its Sire

No Yester Dreams  
No grey 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 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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