

# Sanctuary, Battle Angels

These day it's a cold reality, living life on the street  
No time left to bite the hand that feeds  
The lure of money corrupts the weak, and soon they fall

Little boy turns to man with a weapon when  
he's poisoned with crack  
This time it was his turn to dies  
Fate call his number in a bloody goodbye

Play war games, crack cocaine, all for material gain  
Stray gunfire an innocent dies  
The shadow of hope bleeds as power begets greed

One more murder and one more death  
Make no difference in the street  
Come tomorrow you could be dead  
That's the grim reality

And the media they feed off the sickness  
They stoke the fire as they eat  
All the while being glamorized by rap  
The lure of power creates a death trap of social decay

Play war games, crack cocaine, all for material gain  
In the end, your life is spend  
The shadow of hope bleeds as power begets greed

One more murder and one more death  
Make no difference in the street  
Come tomorrow you could be dead  
That's the grim reality

One more murder  
Makes no difference in the street  
One more murder  
That's the grim reality

No future, no future, no future on the street