

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