

## Clit 45

# "No Sanctuary Insanity"

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No time  
You never had no time

Between the legs and into the grave  
No time to appreciate  
The things we want the things we need  
All alone but too busy

No time  
You never had no time

Between your legs and into the grave  
No time to appreciate  
For one day could you see my way?  
One day don't walk away

Cause these empty eyes they used to see  
Take 'em out, take 'em out!  
This lonely mind used to believe  
People said they cared then they had no time  
Walk on by, then go die!  
Backwards lies and alibis

So we run - there's no way out  
Try and get way- from unholy sounds  
Outta touch - with the world around  
From the girls, the pills, bottled vice - my own little  
personal anti-christ

Pursuing happiness... run on, run on, run on  
In a kiss of the death and a cold caress... run on, run  
on, run on  
X O X O we're all a mess  
There's no "I" in we, and I find no sanctuary insanity

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