

# Nothing Is Sacred

Edwin Raphael

When your muse is no more  
And you're slaving to the side  
And if you want to talk  
Sense my eyes  
Done all I can  
All my tricks  
You lied to me  
You don't like the show

Now I'm sleeping around  
I miss the tease  
My hands are shaking  
It's ought to be  
Won't you come around  
Fancy that?  
All my colours are lying  
Lying to you

Nothing is sacred love  
Nothing is never enough  
Nothing is sacred love  
Nothing is never enough