

Prize Fighter Inferno, The "78"

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Have you heard
the word on the street you've been walking down?
It says "Save yourself, my friend."
Write this world an avenue & help yourself free of this
sin,
I'll be awaiting your ears,

I don't want to love you anymore,

Have you learned
from the heard that you've gone and mingled with?
That help will not come round,
Bite yourself with hope to break the skin & bone that
keep you here,
this is my world as I see fit & you will not live,

I don't want to love you anymore,

Here they come, my dear,
Last chance piggy theres nobody in here,
Here they come my dear,
When the worst comes a knockin' then you better stand
clear.

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