

## Prize Fighter Inferno, The "Easter"

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I dont want to run around,  
run outside your kitchen,  
Inthe front yard,  
outside where the children play,  
sandbox drifting in the land outside your missing,  
Sail until Sunday just till the evening grey,

Its Easter, into sun with Cecilia,  
Its Easter, the sun & Cecilia

I dont want to lie against duck-tape cracked or  
crooked,  
In the outdoor, left outside in the rain,  
Bus ride longing for the face that Ive been missing.  
Seventeen looking for a day I long again.

Its Easter, into sun with Cecilia,  
Its Easter, the sun & Cecilia

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