

Prize Fighter Inferno, The "Our Darling Daughter You Are, Little Cecila Marie"

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To your knees with this daily passion.
You don't feel anything.
You couldn't race a knife across him.
Would you dare ask any one to?
Take away all the blame.
What if you aren't responsible?

Would it ease this life a little
To see him buried instead?
The swear off your back
Now sticks to the carpet.

As he pulls himself out from the press,
You couldn't have asked for a better father.
The words once expressed from your mouth.

Now eat them away or take to the grave
You're a pretty girl, honey.
If he would just die,
Then I might be happy.
Mother

So count to sleep, my dearest Martha
You know you should, but you won't leave Arthur
Would it not be for you, then please
For the children?
Cause if you won't, they will
If you don't, they will
Maybe for them. Maybe them.

This is the last time, you'll say in the shower.
As your blood curves a path when mixed with the water.
I'll do it myself so it's done.
To the right of all ways I will bury his grave.
I'm a pretty girl, funny.
Out from the woods a light burns in shadow,
Unnoticed to a girl with a gun.

So count to sleep, my dearest Martha
You know you should, but you won't leave Arthur
Would it not be for you, then please

For the children?
Cause if you won't, they will
If you don't, they will
Maybe for them. Maybe them.

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