

## Luti-Kriss

### "Prayer From The Priest"

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The prizefighter asks for a prayter from the priest  
He's not sure he'll make it through the night  
He said "so many times i've been prepared to throw  
down my fists and give up the fight,"  
This is the last time that you'll see the pride in his eyes,  
Bruised and swollen shut from the punches that  
ultimately took his life  
As he enters the room the crowd is deafening  
And he things to himself "what the hell am I doing  
here? I left a life so long ago, I knew so well,"  
So, so proud

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