

## Prize Fighter Inferno "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 herd that you've gone and  
mingled with?  
That help will not come around.  
Bite yourself with hope to break the skin & bone that  
keep you here.  
This is my world as I see fit and you will not live.

I don't want to love you anymore.

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

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