

The Prize Fighter Inferno

"Comrades In The Dark"

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There came a splendid golden sun,
Across the darkened skies,
It woke the bondsman from his dream
As it fell upon his eyes.
It lit the ways of freedom's path
Sent forth the singing lark
And bore a weeping blossom 'pon
The flowers in the dark.

They bloomed by country lane and town
In freedom's fragrant scent,
Giving heart to a weary folk
When dark days came and went.
And grew they strong and beautiful
Midst fortune cold and stark
The fairest flowers of their kind
These roses of the dark.

The winds of war came sweeping cruel
The blossom would not cry.
Oh how it broke the freeman's heart
To see the first rose die.
Some soldiers plucked the garden's joy
And left a burning mark
Upon the silver petalled bloom
Now fettered in the dark.

These flowers weep in dank cold cells
No sun to light the gloom
They suffer torture's vilest scorn
To wither in their bloom.
But e'er they yield these lovely things
O hear they freedom's mark
They are the light to guide the poor
These flowers in the dark.

I care not should we freemen die
To see the garden flower,
And humble bluebells lift their heads
To rise in all their power.
I hold a tear, torn sore in heart,

'Twere e're a Joan of Arc.
'Tis each one of these saintly flowers
Who be in dungeons dark.

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