

# The Prize Fighter Inferno

## "Our Darling Daughter You Are, Little Cecilia Marie"

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To your knees, this daily passion  
You don't feel anything  
You couldn't raise the knife across him  
But would you dare ask anyone

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 sweat of your back now sticks to the carpet  
As he moves himself out from the press  
You couldn't ask 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  
'Cos if you won't, they will, if you won't, they will  
And maybe for them, maybe them

This is the last, 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  
A notice 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  
'Cos if you won't, they will, if you won't, they will  
And maybe for them, maybe them

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