

Our Darling Daughter You Are, Little Cecilia Marie

The Prize Fighter Inferno

To your knees with this daily passion
you don't feel anything.
You couldn't raise a knife across him.
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 off 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 won'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 way 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.