

Who Watches The Watchmen?

The Prize Fighter Inferno

There's a light in the shed that should help you find your way.
And through this door you deserve a beating through the Machine

.

And little did you once know in the race for the telephone.
In the dark they watched us from here beyond the grave.
To bare the marks of His work are the Watchmen of our ways.
That which we feels untrue, if it's me than it isn't you.
Lay-down, relax, come on, how?
What you thought once was yours is ours now.

Stay with me to guide this dream
before they bury me.
I'll be waiting up all night for you
in a nightmare that was made for me.

In the call of her screams should we leave and let them be?
Is her life worth as much as we once wished to believe?
So is it or isn't so?
Am I dead now here in the snow?
In the foul of their play will then justice be engraved?
To bare the walk on the way to the killer and his blade.