

The Fight of Moses Early & Sir Arthur McCloud

The Prize Fighter Inferno

So now this is the beginning, dear
Have you come to start a fight?
Oh, you say you won't, but you know you might
Push the living off and say Oh, mother please
They have no need
For your boy I've been bitten by disease, my dear
The hurt has come within my heart
Should you say you know I might fall apart
So come darkness, shroud your end Oh, mother please
They have no need
For your boy

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