

Our Darling Daughter You Are, Little Cecilia Marie

The Prize Fighter Inferno

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 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
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