

# One Hell Of A Prize Fighter

## Eighteen Visions

And I can't see why you're cryin loud.  
Right down the street you're walking proud.  
You fiend. You crave.  
You're trippin now.  
So in the street you're lyin down.  
Wasted down on the couch.  
Wasted now you're in doubt.  
The sun strikes back.  
Breathing.  
To burn you down.  
Melting.  
And in your room.  
Wasted.  
You're in full bloom.  
And I told you. . .you're goin down.  
You spit a mouthful of lies.  
Another spirit dies.  
I'm gonna soften you up.  
You spit a moutful of lies.  
I cut you under the eyes.  
You're just here for the serving.  
Wasted down on the couch.  
Wasted now you're in doubt.  
Scatter brained and hopeless,  
you're so godless and sick.  
Well here's your misery.  
Bite down and grind your teeth away.  
Well here's your misery.  
Won't live to breath another day.  
And I watch you sleep in your river.  
I told you right from the start.  
I had to settle the score.  
You were gonna get it.  
I think you spoke too soon.  
It's time to lick your wounds.  
My fist made the connection.  
I think you spoke too soon.  
It's time to lick your wounds.  
Your pain will be my infliction.

You came to me in acid bath.  
Come clean.  
You fucking junkie.  
I'm gonna throw you away.  
You came to me in acid bath.  
Come clean.  
You fucking sellout.  
I'm gonna put you away.  
I think you spoke too soon.  
It's time to lick your wounds.  
My fist made the connection.  
I think you spoke too soon.  
It's time to lick your wounds.  
Your pain will be my infliction.

Songwriters

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