

Painfield "Kryptonite"

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Something too dead to be, is slowly surfacing and
breathing patiently, ruining everything.

Force feed, eliminate. This cut has bled before.
Dragging enough dead weight to file down the past
decor. No more crowded streets. Never step into their
sight. Ringing so obsolete, but powerful tonight.
Someone's packing kryptonite. someone's packing.

Something too wonderful is waiting for a turn. So I see
something destructable. Opportunities burn.

you feel so sick (cause he makes you weaker) Run
down defiance in shelter. in line, a nominee. Cut short,
a crucified halo. In time, an enemy.

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