

Painfield

"Move"

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Destruction in motion, pushing the end. Confiding, a notion to collectively descend.

I can't believe the effect from the shit we're receiving, that can pry another brick in the wall, that I can find you behind while you're leaving another hero to cover it all.

Move. The crowd won't speak.

Through mass demotion fake equality. Violent promotion until trustworthy.

Dragging a vision, through wounds full of salt. Someones decision, but everyones fault. A reason to riot, a revolution.

Move. The crowd won't speak. Move. The crowd won't leave.

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