

# Kryptonite

## Painfield

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.

Lyrics provided by

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