

Four Deadly Venoms

Paint It Black

Regression is my obsession.
I keep screaming, never learned my lesson.
Demolition is out best invention, and our favorite mode of tran
sgression.

(End Transmission)

Kick, snare, amp blare,
We're black & blue but we don't care.
Iron lung, broken rung; awaiting sentence,
Jury's hung.

So I'll reap what I sow and I'll rest where I reside.
Our hearts are cracked, but still intact.
Welcome to the city that shoves you back.

To resist, some twist their hands into fists.
But fighting each other, like slumber, keeps us under.