Powerman 5000, Ever superman shot himself

Goddamn, even Superman shot himself
Blew his mind couldn't save the wealth
Maybe he read the Sunday paper
Murder front page death and rape
I can't see through the haze of the hazy
It's the little things that drive a man crazy
You know what I mean I know why he did it
Too slow to outwit it, get it
His cape was red, but so was his blood
Man of steel fell with a thud
Taken out by a villain who's willin' to stand in line
And do the time you hated 'cause life brings death that life has created
And do you understand when I say it's the little things that break the man
By the way are you feeling it bit by bit
Piece by piece they're stealing it
Bite the dust hit the deck they're dealing it
You've got to give it up
Sometimes I feel so stupid
Sometimes I feel so low
Sometimes I think of all the things that I'll never know
Sometimes I don't know what to do
But most motherfuckers don't have a clue
Open your eyes see out the inside the point of the point of the point you can't hide from the shit tha
Can't shake it 'til you give it up, sell your soul, or don't give a fuck
Takin' you out superhero style your finger's on the trigger
Wishing you were bigger all the while you've got the soul with rigor mortis
Like Travis Bickle said, "Suck on this"
You've got the soul with rigor mortis
Suck on this
The grip on the neck and the snake bite kiss