

Lost in the Static

After the Burial

And in the end i will show you that this life is only madness
Can we filter out the toxicity and find worth in the static.
We build and build we forget the model, we design the madness
Please breathe, and we paint it gold.
A blur on the horizon we fail to keep site over and over again.
Swarming and spiraling burning at both ends,
Open your palms up resist the current.
I am not your fathers son
I am not your fathers son and you'll find me at the end,
Lost in the static.
Lost in the static.
Come dig me up, wipe the earth from my bones.
I am not your fathers son
I am not your fathers sonand you'll find me at the end,
Lost in the static.
Lost in the static.
Come dig me up, wipe the earth from my bones.
With pressure we creak and we bend. crimson feet trample our joints
We splinter and break. we suffer again.
We become a path others use to take,
A distant undertaking to suffer the same
I'll stand right beside you. we slog side by side
Cecome a path others use to take
Lost in the static
Just to suffer the same

Come dig me up, wipe the earth from my bones
Hold me up and join me on the horizon
Kill whats left of the inner glow
Giving up the ghost
Growing cold
We never begin
Our own feet trample our joints, we burn at both ends
A blur on the horizon.
We become a path others use to take,
A distant undertaking to suffer the same
I'll stand right beside you. we slog side by side
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paint it gold
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