

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,
and we paint it gold.
Swarming,
And spiraling,
Burning at both ends.
A blur on the horizon.
We fail to keep site over and over again.
Open your palms up,
Resist the current.
I am not your fathers son!
(Lost in the static)
I am not your fathers son!
(Lost in the static)
And you'll find me at the end.
Come dig me up, wipe the earth from my bones.
I am not your fathers son!
(Lost in the static)
I am not your fathers son!
(Lost in the static.)
And you'll find me at the end.
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.
Become a path others use to take.
(Lost in the static)
Just to suffer the same.
Blargh!
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.
(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.
(Lost in the static)
We build and build we forget the model.
We design madness and paint it gold.
I am not your fathers son!
Lost in the static.
I am not your fathers son!
Lost in the static.
And you'll find me at the end.
Come dig me up, wipe the earth from my bones.
I am not your fathers son!
Lost in the static
I am not your fathers son!
Lost in the static
And you'll find me at the end.
Come dig me up, wipe the earth from my bones.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>