

# 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  
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  
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

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