

## 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  
Lost in the static  
Ee build and build we forget the model, we design madness and  
paint it gold  
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 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.