

# Neurosis, Water Is Not Enough

The stitch in our eye  
With roots deep within  
The soil stained with blood  
Of those who rose before the time  
Dirt relies on our test  
Tied to the resolving design  
Distance varies though the ways bring us all  
Feeders seething woe is them  
The volted antenna saints that will the fire  
The hand is gnawed  
The end is nigh  
The warriors remain and they bring us to the sky  
We'll burn in the sun  
And we'll fall to the moon