

Static X, Burn to Burn

Static in sound
Uncurable
you plant the seed
you fill the need
we give to take
our eyes
they burn
sensing the feel
feeling the real
burn to burn
the seed we sow
burn to flow
into the sorrow
burn to burn
the seed we sow
burn to grow
into the sorrow
I'm staring deep
I'm staring bleak
I search in vain
Your flower glows
Your mother knows
as winter comes
as time passes
we forget the
static in sound
static in sound
delusional
you plant the seed
you fill the need
we give to take
our hands
they learn
sensing the feel
feeling the real