

# 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