

# Static X, December

i still feel the cold  
of long past days  
i knew my worth  
put in my place  
it's no surprise  
i realized some time before  
december sun shines through haze  
i put my thoughts  
toward future days  
it's no surprise  
i close my eyes  
and close the door  
feeling so old  
years pass like days  
fastly changing  
so many ways  
my eyes perceive  
yes i believe in nothing more