

Man, Multiplication Is Hard!

A Voice Like Rhetoric

I think your forgot to stretch out that lie

It broke right into place

Take it to heart and carve it into

Your skin, I make myself ill

We know we don't own time

It's not the only reason relevant for 70 x 7

Cool those jets

They're burning into my face

70 x7

Deficiencies in empathy mean that we are dead

I burned with matches

Here's what was left

Charred and slanted

To hit their mark

And then we went out

Out to our horses

And raced to, and raced to

The corner store where we brought much disillusion

I reminisce about the times when armor

Was my only party attire

And all my guests were arguments that hid

Behind their own masks all night

We know we don't own time

Its not the only reason relevant for 70 x 7

Cool those jets

They're burning into my face

70 x 7

Deficiencies in empathy mean that we are dead

You heard i burnt with

All of those matches

So how did things turn out, out, out, on your end?

And then you went bound

Out for your horses

And raced to, and raced to

The corner store where you brought much disillusion

As the night moves on it disrobes an organ and plays the only music that we love to hate

As the night moves on it disrobes our hearts and plays the only music that we love to hate

70 x 7

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