

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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