

# Your New Disco-Tech

## A Voice Like Rhetoric

And i can't get the taste of steel out of my mouth  
Off of my tongue  
It's glued to my lips  
My sense dull so take them run  
But leave my eyes, I'll use them yet  
With 20/20 I'll strike you numb  
So partisans  
Can you hear me?  
I lost my voice  
So i'll write it down  
As the ink dries it wipes away  
Lets take a headcount, we lost another one  
And i can't get the taste of steel out of my mouth  
Off of my tongue  
It's glued to my lips  
My senses dull so take them run  
But leave my eyes, I'll use them yet  
With 20/20 I'll strike you numb  
So how do you load this thing again?  
This is the worlds  
Smallest violin  
It plays my heart  
Bleeds for you  
My teeth chatter  
With pulse like collision  
I wish that i was analog  
Lets take a headcount  
We lost another one  
Hold this strong  
Don't look past the sediment  
So take this chalk and make all your outlines thick  
Tape the scene and my iron lung's turning off  
I read these lines like lips  
A dialogue in a room  
And my hopes they sink like anchors  
And the chains hold strong  
Sediment stirs up  
As if it were the slightest bit of hope  
(And oh yeah baby

My hopes sink just like anchors alright)

Lyrics provided by  
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