

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)

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