

## **A Voice Like Rhetoric**

# **"Man, Multiplication Is Hard!"**

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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

