

Voice Like Rhetoric, A "Your New Disco-Tech"

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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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