

Michael McGuire "The New Math"

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THE NEW MATH

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THE NEW MATH

I stood there balking at New Babylon's gate, collected
my thoughts
passed thru I've got a date, take a deep breath of
oxygen and
exhaust, it's hard to believe that one day this will all
be lost, man
back to matter city's bones back to dust, when all this
acid rain
makes the heavens rust, I guess it's beautiful it might
as well be,
shining a light directly in your eyes expecting you to
see.
It all adds up it all adds up it all adds up to this, fifteen
minutes of
fame and a sub atomic half ironic bliss.
Got these long questions with these short little
answers, media
mongoloids and comic book cancers, the
infrastructures exoskeleton
has gone soft, while architects and politicians
respectively sky scraped
and scoffed, that guy was a stock broker now he's an
end times
preacher, if gods a mathematician the devil must be a
math teacher, I
need to empty the trash in my head, I cant tell memory
from meaning
what I sh*** from what I said.
It all adds up it all adds up it all adds up to this, a
bankers daughter's
dimes and a stem cell research implant soul church
kiss.
Walking and wondering where do I fit this equation,
when does an
overtaxed dream become a tax evasion, when your a
child the whole
world seems a working wonder, till your old enough to
see it for it's

plight of plunder, and shapeless shadows of language
landscapes
draw the city, not even the rain born gutters drain any
pity, your born
either dumb enough to see the light or smart enough to
be confused,
but that just dictates the style with which you are
abused.
It all adds up it all adds up it all adds up to this, the first
thousand
digits of pi and a death squad floor sale ground war
pell mell piss.
The wrecks that survive main streets ballistic code,
watch the
buildings breed and the dead end streets erode, when
the empty
engines of the revolution have been embalmed in rust,
these
fossilized circuits will double the bandwidth of their
lust, meaningless
number sets will chart meanings empire, and the dead
will be reborn
upon this live wire, now Iâ€™ve got to find my date
somewhere
underneath the night, nubile and neon the cityâ€™s
gradient critique of
light.
It all adds up it all adds up it all adds up to this.
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