# Maths & Magic

**Josh Pyke**

Heavens above, I've seen this before,
but no medicine I choose to use,
can cure this disease I abhor.
And excuse me please, I need some air.
And some relief from these cackling foos,
And this sticky affair.

Heavens above, we're all going to die.
Scientists predict an inevitable assault from the sky.
The craters they leave, will become the sea.
And quietly the past is erased to wipe this dirty slate clean.

But these songs I sing, are not my own.
They get projected from you into me,
I just give them a home.
And this joy i feel, is yours' alone.
If i could pass it to you through my fingertips,
then you would know,
that i love you.

And look at you now,
it won't be long.
No maths or magic can save you,
if you can't see wrong.
If you can't see right,
you turn your back on,
that which was once what you craved now you're cowering from.

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They get projected from you into me,
I just give them a home.
And this joy i feel, is yours' alone.
If i could pass it to you through my fingertips,
then you would know,
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