

Million Dead

"Murder and Create"

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How should I begin? I find myself residing
at the dried out end of a dead history.
All my thoughts are dirt scattered on a coffin,
and I a dilettante funereal spectator here.

How should I presume?
A besuited bourgeois mourner, virgin to surrender and
vivid sense.
I scour lichened stones,
desperately seeking Daedalus's paternal secret of
where we will land.

Well I was born with four fingers on each hand,
and with my eight fingers and my thumbs I do maths.

Once again, how should I begin?
I've started weak and I'm stuttering, But I have
remembered all my lines.
It seems that I have thus presumed to talk of maths in
front of crowded rooms,
but I'll make the two times table mine.

How should I begin? I find myself residing
at the dried out end of a dead history.
How should I presume?
A besuited bourgeois mourner, virgin to surrender and
vivid sense,
where I land.

Calculus finishes me, I don't follow trigonometry,
I've got nothing to add to algebra
(the more complex functions I don't remember).

But arithmetic!
The absolute zero is arithmetic on fingers and toes.

I have remembered all my lines,
and I'll make the two times table mine.

I will not presume, but I will thus begin.

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