

## Million Dead "Rise And Fall"

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the came from the east,  
they brought horses to our cultivated lands,  
the gave power to our have-nots.  
they took our culture,  
they brought new customs to our burial grounds,  
broadened the bases of our history.  
they came from the east,  
replaced our despots with their caliphates,  
conquered but tolerated our gods.  
they brought us wisdom,  
they brought a zero to our tired calculations,  
they guarded knowledge we'd forgotten.  
they came from the east. byzantium (a city of moths)  
crumbled into a dust that plunged europe into the dark.  
constantinople (a metropolis of candles)  
brought light to our books as europe forgot how to  
read.  
let's make this stage our rubicon,  
let's cast a die, let's let history decide.  
and as i cross it, i chase aeneas back to his ships,  
i bring the rhythm back to the hips.  
and as rome is consumed,  
as i fiddle this whisper tune on these strings,  
friends, i have no need of your ears.  
so let's make this stage our rubicon,  
our frozen rhine, our yippie picket line  
and i caesar hoffman! and as i cross it,  
i bring the central asian steppe sweeping into the wilds  
of europe.  
i make my bedroom rome, i make this city my home,  
i am remus come from the dead,  
come to tell you all to sack this city tonight,  
let's sack this city tonight,  
because i always heard better in the dark.  
thus immersed in barbarous longing

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