

For The Mathematics

"Unter Ihrem Sitz"

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With storms outside All bets are off for a moment's
Repose
With nature's fury mixed into the air
There's no telling
There's no safe return
I wait under the
Guise of old orders
Just hold until
The nights turn out right
I wait under the
Guise of old orders
Just hold until
The nights get softer
With storms outside
There's no telling
There's no safe return
I wait under the
Guise of old orders
Just hold until
The nights turn out right
(And since these are the signs of men, we can put out
The spectre of a master plan)
I wait under the
Guise of old orders
Just hold until
The laws demand a forward motion
Here's a footnote to your deliverance, baby:
We're out of air, out of time, sent to crash down
Here's a footnote to your deliverance, baby
In this vacuum your image gets stronger somehow
Wait
I wait under the
Guise of old orders
Just hold until
Just hold until
I wait under the
Guise of old orders
Just hold until
The laws demand a stab at motion

