

# Murder and Create

## Million Dead

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 lichenized 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, ?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.

Songwriters

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