

Myriad

Morda

Upon the page, symbolic form,
Both a miracle and yet the norm
 The functions clear,
 Sum and difference will soon
 Transform
 Equations chain, lies in His hand,
 Voice authority will dance command
 Solution's true, line of measure will
 Divide, expand
 Myriad, see the numbers as they're
 Counting down
 Thousands and thousands
 Myriad, form and function to display
 The sound
 Line upon line every melody points
 The way
 The cycle turns, like Heaven's gate,
 Unknown integers predestinate
 Calculating all we must explore, and
 Navigate
 Quantities no man can know,
 No formula to wield
 No pages left to turn,
 No choices but to yield

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