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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