

# Carthago Est Delenda

## Million Dead

To Carthage then I came as a young boy lost in the promise  
Of the steady beating heart of the metropolis  
But I spent so long beneath the dim street lighting  
That I strained my eyes and lost the finesse of my fine hand-writing  
It's not like I need it these days - my letters home have been getting shorter  
I can't concentrate if I can't secure a source of clean water  
But there's never a drop to drink in the concrete furrows  
My anger is Vesuvius casting its shadow I spent too long walking across bridges failing to appreciate the  
sweating river's flow escaping,  
Leaving the city streets tinderbox-dry and oh-so-tempting  
My fatigue is San Andreas shuddering slow I mark my lintel with bloodstains  
And dream of suburbs up in flames Every evening when I arrive back at home  
And finally lock my front door,  
Carthago Est Delenda,  
And the pavements are beaches once more  
But in the morning when my alarm wakes me,  
The concrete is back in its place  
As I trudge through the streets at the break of day,  
It's the river that calls me away

### Songwriters

TURNER, FRANCIS EDWARD / DAWSON, BENJAMIN RUSSELL ERRING / FOWLER, THOMAS  
RUSSELL / RUZICKA, JULIA  
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