

# The Spell of Mathematics

Deftones

I drink the poison right from your hands  
A sacred vow, it engulfs me  
We slip and we slide and in time we create  
A feeling  
Of warmth inside of you

Holy and strict  
Six times a day  
We will exchange  
Our violent wings  
But the beauty is when  
You touch me

I believe your love  
Has placed its spell on me  
And I believe your love  
Is the only thing needed to survive  
I believe your love  
Creates this space where we can breathe  
But I believe your love  
Beholds this sacred key to life

The snakes come pouring out of your heart  
And you know that I can't deny them  
So I sink inside where we writhe and create  
That feeling that pangs my time with you

We sway in the wind  
Inside a haze  
Where you speak your language  
What am I to say?  
I'll just wait for your limbs  
To touch me

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And I believe your love  
Is the only thing needed to survive  
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