

Mystery Disease

MGMT

It can't pay attention
What slips into the system
Don't touch the whisper that puts you to sleep
Don't slip your body to the mystery disease
All I have is this feeling
Pain just to feel
Lost mind you know I'm afraid to let it slip
She's bored of the mystery disease Don't go to the past, darling
You just stay close to my mind
And that's good, sip like the end of June
Fall back into the mystery disease
Go on, tell your secrets to me
It's not ? got them rushed to me
It's no fun to face what you don't need to be
What's one more to the mystery disease Floating in patience
Smacks right into a sea of black smoke
As soon as the pressure's released
Lose their sight to the mystery disease
Consumed by your honesty, caught with the passion of
Dizzy stars, sunsets bleed in the street
Tell me what you want, waste what you need
And when your lips dry as sweets turn to leaves
That's the place you thought you'd leave
Smoke parts, can't see
Wrapped in the dust of the mystery disease.

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