

# Plague

## Dance of Days

I need you pure I need you clean  
Don't try to enlighten me  
Power to misconstrue  
What have they done to you Infants in infantry  
Rewrite their history  
Uproot their colony  
You're ripe for harvesting Virgin cells to penetrate  
Too premature to permeate  
They can't elucidate  
Never thought i was the enemy I am the plague  
I am the plague They fake sincerity  
Thy gifts don't give to me  
Now you've been annointed  
They've been asking for it Infants in infantry  
Rewrite their history  
Uproot their colony  
You're ripe for harvesting Virgin cells to penetrate  
Too premature to permeate  
They can't elucidate  
Never thought i was the enemy I am the plague  
I am the plague I need you pure I need you clean  
I need you pure I need you clean

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