

Mystery Disease

MGMT

It can't pay attention
what slips into the system
A light touch, a whisper that puts you to sleep
Don't sympathize with the mystery disease

All it is is a feeling,
pain in a dress too revealing,
a lost bond an old friend who likes what it sees
You can't shake off the mystery disease

Lovers in a past life
meet in the street close to midnight,
a last look sweet like the end of a dream,
then fall back into the mystery disease

Go on, tell your symptoms to me
It's not in any of the books you can read
It's no fun to face what you don't get to be,
but what's one more to the mystery disease?

Floating impatience
snuffs my limited sapience
Black smoke as soon as the pressure's released
deep space sighs, the Mystery Disease

Consumed by a weakness
cut with perpetual unrest
You see stars, sunsets blurred through a screen,
trap what you want, waste what you need

And when the west wind sweeps through the leaves,
emperors of history fall to their knees
Small fronds can't see the wood for the trees,
left in the dust of the mystery disease