

## MGMT

### "Mystery Disease"

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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

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