

Crystal Bowersox

"Plague"

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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
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