

Ceremony

"Quarantine"

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Tell the doctor, you have a bad life
You carry a knife, carry a gun
Parents are white, gaudy and slow
Fear is a house, without windows

Call the police, turn me in [x3]
Turn me in, turn me in

When you go out, you sit alone
Inside your head cemetery songs
I'm dying, I'm dying, I'm dying I'm dead
I'm dying, I'm dying, I'm dying I'm dead
As love in the backseat
As heaven sent

Call the police, turn me in [x3]
Turn me in, turn me in

Call the police, turn me in [x3]

Contagious in need of quarantine [x8]

Contagious, contagious, contagious...

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