

# Contagion

## Circle of Dust

"Well I say, the less we have to do with fancy things we don't need, the better."

(Contagion)

(Contagion, contagion, contagion, contagion)

Has nobody noticed our infection?  
This slow and willing genocide?  
Terminal sickness spreads  
Through thoughts inside our heads  
Our consciences under the knife

Willing transmission of disease  
Worship new deities  
Contagion

We've all succumbed to misdirection  
Lost in the concerns of our own lives  
Sedated willingly  
By our technology  
Ignorant bliss until we die

Willing transmission of disease  
Worship new deities  
Contagion

"We don't have to buy anything they make, do we?"  
"Well I say, the less we have to do with fancy things we don't need, the better."

(Contagion)

(Contagion)

Have we been sick since our inception?  
Doomed to our own willing suicide?  
And as we watch it spread  
The living become dead  
But never stop to question why

Contagion!  
Contagion!  
(Contagion, contagion, contagion)  
Sickness in disguise  
Our contagion!  
Open up our eyes  
Our contagion!