

Quarantine

Oceano

You awake to the putrid stench of decomposing flesh
Welcome to oblivion
Do not pray, for salvation won't come
Your savior does not dwell in this place

So turn your back on your faith
It only further holds you captive
You are the bastard dying children of this race
Turn your back on all faith

A desensitized state of consciousness disables every attempt to
recall your origin
The sight and pungence of scorched human remnants foreshadow th
e purpose of containment

Showing symptoms of the afflicted ones, you're forcibly seclude
d from the general populous
Restrained, sedated, and internally tested
Archaic instruments have penetrated flesh

Painfully extracting blood in search of virulent, crimson spray
stains the walls
Their draining torture device induces seizure
Vital signs are weakened
Sickness flows from every artery
There is no hope of survival for the diseased

You are the bastard dying children of this race
Condemned and left in quarantine

There is no hope for survival
Sickness flows from every artery

Embrace oblivion
You are the bastard dying children of this race