

# 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 the  
purpose of containment

Showing symptoms of the afflicted ones, you're forcibly secluded  
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