

Oceano "Quarantine"

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You awake to the putrid stench of decomposing flesh.
Welcome to oblivion.
Do not pray, for salvation wont come.
Your savior does not dwell in this place.
So turn your back on all faith.
A desensitized state of consciousness disables every
attempts to recall your origin.
The sight and pungency of scorched human remnants
foreshadow the purpose of cantainment.
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.

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