

Spitz

"Quarantine"

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[CHORUS]

Welcome to the quarantine
The path you have chosen
Make a mark against the fallen and hope
That one day you just decay and remain
Nothing's ever for certain
Host your own show, and open the curtains
You will never again feel the light hit your face
You will never again feel the wrath of my hate
You will never again feel the warmth of god's grace
You will never again see the light of day

I barricade myself
I hate myself
I throw myself into a rage myself
I shelf every emotion
Til the scars and welts
Scab over
Tell me why do I blame myself
I built my life on this sand and soot
I put a fight up
But my hands are tied, so I put
My own blood in this track
So the crooks will reveal
The father of man, the left hand
Awaken disciples, make a stand
And rise with me
The symbology is a sheer reflection
Of a time when the lies were dead inside
Of every man, woman and child
To grace the plains
I am the garden of Eden
The fruit you've eaten
And the snake
I command you
To become one with me
Arise and find the light
We shall all believe
In one another, for the time has come
To see the face of the illuminated ones
I pray...

Parents wonder why they kid so bad
Blowing rounds off in they schoolmates is a brand new
fad
But they donâ€™t realize the impact that doing this has
Tell me you selfish prick, what if that was your mom
and dad?
And for the Vatican
I hope your vigilance burns
They way your genitalia does
From every child you hurt
Call me the demon
I'm lyrically vile, the truth hurts
Now our government damns you
To die in the dirt
I say fuck that
Illuminati ain't the devil
We are simply illuminated
We take you to a level
Where the strong survive
Where the sheep collect and thrive
We give an equal balance to life
You die off as a clay born ego of a false god
You are thus, resurrected with new laws
So I call to the lineage of Qayin
Rise from the ash
For you are truly awakened

I call out to thee
I brand thee
Thy antagonist, protagonising
Truth from the seven seas
Part ways, take my hand be free
As I eviscerate your body from the tomb
Light my Patchouli
Paint the image of satan into the minds of those
awakened
I'm no laveyan, I'm the reincarnation
Of you
Light the fires of my vengeance
Resurrect me in the image of my mistress
As I command you
Force feed the fuckin gullet of a culprit
With the bone meal of a pedophile
One day we hope that
We can make it through another day
I see no other way
We must wash it all away
And I pray that we will make it through
Instead of following what others do
Make a point to be unique and carry through

You are the fire, I am simply the steam
That emanates out of the walls of your quarantine

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