

INFECTED RAIN, VIVARIUM

The walls are high, the ceiling low, so low
The air is thick, we are so slow, so slow

So low
So slow
So low
So slow

Create a world of balance and symmetry
Far from reminders of our mortality
It will split the spirit to the bone
Because in this crowd we feel alone

In this cage we call our own
We are surrounded by a world of stone
Like birds that cannot fly
In this poisoned, empty sky
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Like birds that cannot fly
In this poisoned, empty sky

This man-made Eden is a prison
A place of horror and treason
This is a prison
Of horror and treason

A glass garden, a world of illusion
A place of confinement and self delusion

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The air is thick, we are so slow, so slow
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With each step strive for resurrection
Escape the horde, find your direction
Embrace your pain, your imperfections
Become a child of your own creation
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Become a child of your own creation

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