

# 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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We are surrounded by a world of stone  
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  
The walls are high, the ceiling low  
The air is thick, we are so slow

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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