

Defiler "Horsemen Of The Apocalypse"

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My soul is the eye of the storm.
Their battered faces tell stories of better places
Because the scars I bear will make you want to turn and
run forever.

Now, hell is real.
I know because I tore it down.
We made a deal,
But he didn't hold his end of the bargain.
There's a heaven, too.
I know because they threw me out
And I was burned by my demons on the way down.

My soul is the eye of the storm.
Their battered faces tell stories of better places
Because the scars I bear will make you want to turn and
run forever.(x2)

Look around at the pawns
They never had a chance at survival
Everything I've endured is the reason I'm alive and
well.
They failed because they are prone to the feeling of
guilt.
Whereas I have taken lives and laughed at their rotting,
lifeless expressions.

My soul is the eye of the storm.
Their battered faces tell stories of better places
Because the scars I bear will make you want to turn and
run forever.(x2)

The few like me
The same side of the rusted coin,
Will be the ones to put an end to your misery.
We are the horsemen of the apocalypse
If you wont serve us
Serve the last of the growing green.

This is far from a threat, but a promise.
Help us help you win the battle and be rewarded.
But if you try to cast your own shadow

Face the wrath of the Regulators.

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