

Defiler

"Movin' On Up The Nation's Chain"

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the temple coruscates of voices, of the selfish and
sullen. i can feel them breathing down my neck, my
blackened heart cant save me now. the force at work is
unbeknownst to me, but its crushing my chest and
taking
over me. soon to desecrate and swallow survivors, this
must be this is power, this is hatred in its truest
form. broken down and coupled with possession of the
weak
and the willing to suffer. survival rests upon the
shoulders of I. but echoes taunt me, silence haunts me
and theyre getting closer. wasting hours as i cower
here, am i the last one left? the temple coruscates of
screams, of the dead and devoured. i can see the
blood
drip from my blade, it seems my blackened heart has
saved
me now.

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