

Defiler

"The Regulators"

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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 see, hell is real. i know because i tore it down.
we had made a deal, but he didn't hold his end of the
bargain,
and there's a heaven too. i know because they threw
me
out,
and i was burned by my demons on the way down.

at the seventh plane of torment, despair staring down
the
throat
of destruction synthesized with never ending regret
gazing through a peephole, burning the iris, but it's
visage prevents you from looking away
the few like me, the same side of the rusted coin,
will be the ones to put an end to your misery.
we are empyreal founders of apocalypse,
if you wont serve us, you'll serve the last of the world
as soil.
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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