

# Movin' On Up the Nation's Chain

## Defiler

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 it's crushing my chest and taking over me.

soon to desecrate and swallow survivors, this must be...

this is power, this is hatred in it's 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 they're 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.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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