

# Kataklysm, In Worlds Of Desperation

These shades of gray are the essence of night  
They're the definition, I'll make your life  
Darkness and fright... your last cry  
Withstand my deadly grip  
Survivor of tyrants... survivor of emptiness... survivor of lies  
Your soul will die for me  
I'll take your wildest dreams  
I'll take your everything  
I'll be your resurrection, your annihilation  
I feel the day has come, it's come... for the end to rise  
One pain, one sin, one humiliation for this degradation  
We march in darkness... In desperation... In vital creation  
Son... burn my eyes, wake me from the dead  
Eternal whirlwind of sorrow  
I faced your hate and found nothing to repair the emptiness in you  
The life you want so much, this hollow sky that rots  
This world will swallow you whole and spit you out so cold  
Leaving you with nothing serene and nothing to die for  
Break the cycle of wanting all that is out of reach  
You want this far too much, temptation's endless trap, for a dying breed  
These shades of gray are the essence of night  
They're the definition, I'll make your life  
Darkness and fright... your last cry  
Withstand my deadly grip  
Survivor of tyrants... survivor of emptiness... survivor of lies  
Your soul will die for me  
In words of desperation  
Your cries are never heard  
In Words Of Desperation  
You sell your spirit to me