

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