

# The Small Hours (1994 Version)

## Holocaust

Look out at the darkness... and you will see  
Just call my name and I'll be there  
You cannot touch me... you would not dare  
I am the chill that's in the airAnd I try to get through to you  
...in my own special way  
As the barriers crumble  
...at the end of the dayDark rivers are flowing... back into the past  
You are the fish for which I cast  
And what of the future... what is to be  
As the rivers flow into the sea?  
And I try to get through to you  
...in my own special way  
As the barriers crumble  
...at the end of the dayDo not take for granted... powers out there  
Don't step into the demon's lair  
Time is an illusion... rising from time  
Steep is the mountain which we climb  
And I try to get through to you  
...in my own special way  
As the barriers crumble  
...at the end of the day...

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

Lyrics provided by

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