The Small Hours

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.

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