

Zero Hour

I.Q.

IQ - Zero Hour
Yesterday is up for auction
Souvenirs are in demand
In the rooms where rocking horses
Carried us on moonlit strands
Thunder crash and flash of lightning
Storms of metal raining down
Little hands that cradle ashes
Little eyelids heavy, head run aground
Will the cross and all its stations
Lead you where you want to go?
You say you want a revelation
Well, tell me something I don't know
Zero hour times are changing
Count the seconds one by one
Found a girl whose laughter turned me round
To face a brighter sun
Was it just hallucination
sent the artist off the rails?
Searching for communication
in the knife when all else failed
Zero hour tide is turning
Calmer waters from now on
Found a girl whose laughter turned me round
To face a brighter sun

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