

# Zero Hour

IQ

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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