The Small Hours

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Look hard 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 mirrors crumble
At the end of the day, ahaDark 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 seaAnd I try to get through to you
In my own special way
As the mirrors crumble
At the end of the dayDo not take for granted powers out there
Don't step into the demons lair
Time is an illusion rising from time
Steep is the mountain which we climbAnd I try to get through to you
In my own special way
As the mirrors crumble
At the end of the day

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