

# Hour of Zero

## My Life With the Thrill Kill Kult

Change

Go back to the beginning  
Thoughtless words are like shadows  
from a world of icons and idols  
from a world where words are craven images  
upon the tablets of time. There's no time for love / where the wild ones live  
It's the way of the wicked / where the wild ones live  
born victims of fear,  
born into a life where pain is your very best friend. It could've been me, it could've been you  
Left on the doorstep to the human inferno  
in the hour of zero. One life, one fire  
Get back to the beginning  
in between birth and death we shall go  
backwards and forwards and round and round  
we talk we twist we turn we blow our circuits.  
get back the beginning. pulling away, pushing it back  
c h a n g e  
we will take that chance  
c h a n g e  
we will move on...

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