

Holocaust

"The Small Hours"

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Look hard unto 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 air.

(chorus)

And I try to get through to you,
In my own special way,
As the barriers crumble,
At the end of the day.

Dark rivers are flowing,

Back into the past,
You are the fish for which I cast.

But what of the future,
What is to be,
As the rivers flow into the sea.

(chorus)

take not for granted,
Powers I bear,
Don't step into the demon's lair.

Time is an illusion,
Life is but time,
Steep is the mountain which we climb.

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