

The Small Hours

Metallica

Originally performed by Holocaust
You're drawn 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 air.

So 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.

And what of the future,
what is to be,
as the rivers flow into the sea.

So I try to get through to you,
in my own special way,
as the barriers crumble,
at the end of the day.

Do not take for granted,
powers out there,
don't step into the demon's lair.

Time is an illusion,
rising from time,
steep is the mountain which we climb.

So I try to get through to you,
in my own special way,
as the barriers crumble,
at the end of the day.