

Zero Hour

Savage Messiah

The day has come, The lies are gone
The weakness cries, The sky undone
And all abound, To which lay waste
As reasons lost and in their place

Memories are tainted
The lines that crack the sky
The march to depravation
Assuring no one with their

Words of solace
Cast to the fire
All is lost
With words untrue
They wait in line for the

ZERO HOUR
ZERO HOUR - They wait in line for the
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And in sleep the thoughts remain
A prisoner of this domain
Setting down what once was lost
Without a thought to count the cost

Privacy forsaken
The iron grip of fear
The crushing weight of power
Manipulating with their

Words of solace
Cast to the fire
All is lost
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You're never free, Not only me, You're never where I want to be
All in life is lost in death, As they mourn to set you free

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