

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...