

Von Ra, Drinker's Hour

Welcome to the Drinker's Hour,
two thirty-five a.m.
Welcome to the cold dark time,
when I admit to what I am
I'm scared to death and all alone,
Lord, please give me the power
To fight the demons one more time
I'm in the Drinker's Hour
Welcome to my world of fear,
where I wonder what I said
Before I started throwing things,
and crashed off into bed
I've got to change, I swear I will,
Lord please give me the power
To fight the demons one more time
I'm in the Drinker's Hour
She's lying here beside me now,
with tear stains on her cheek
She cried herself to sleep again,
for the fifth time in a week
I know I'm running her life too,
our world is going sour
Thoughts like these are terror, friend
Here in the Drinker's Hour
My children think that I'm a fool,
I guess I've proved them right
By doing all the stupid things,
I do most every night
They look away, they've lost respect,
the strength's gone from the tower
I'm reaping now, my just reward
Here in the Drinker's Hour
I'm afraid I've traded off my life,
my hand's slipped from the throttle
I've lost the people living here,
my love lies in a bottle
I need your love - I want you back,
you were my brightest flower
For me there's only darkness here
I'm in the Drinker's Hour