

ELO, Queen Of The Hours

Queen of the hours lies waiting for the wind to blow away the veil of time.
Slowly now the threads of age are starting to unwind.

Queen of the hours,
Along, along, along the path of time, of time,
She is still
The clock shall tell the tale
When all is well, is well.

Black was the night that came in from the East and caused the land to sleep.
Riding on a storm, it carved a message in Isabella Creek.

Queen of the hours,
Along, along, along the path of time, of time,
She is still
The clock shall tell the tale
When all is well, is well.

Dawn is the death wish night has passed away, it left the sacred flower,
Opened up the grave and bowed its life unto the queen of hours.