

Afterworld, The World of Hypocrates, Part 2

There is always hope even when it seems very bad.
Far from the southern vulcanic sirens comes the hope through the winds...

Don't try to talk, don't even try to move
You are too weak to think, or try to pull it through
We are the good ones, and we surely know the way
To give you better words you could ever say

We know how you should live your life
Here are the details, you will see...

You must remember, you're nothing without us
Alone down there, you just don't have the guts
But with our help, you're the saint of the land
If you're in trouble, we give our helping hand

In our world there's no need to cry
'cos our spirit can live forever
With our trust, with our goodness, there's no need to die
It's the world of hypocrates

Believe in me there's no need to cry
'cos our spirit can live forever
With our trust, with our goodness, there's no need to die
It's the world of hypocrates