

Balance Of Power, Seven Days Into Nevermore

-We don't know with what weapons world war three will be fought, but world war four will be fought with sticks and stones. This is not the end of predicted danger.

It's your disgrace
But you made it well,
So the world can tell
It's your face
It's on the fire that burns inside
And I see the light

The colours of your heart
And they're slowly changing
The colours of your mind
And they're slowly fading

It's all in vain,
So time does what it will,
Try asking whose to blame,
For a throw away existence
I see...the light, the way
Nothing of the past
And were disappearing
And nothing gonna last
The end is nearing

(chorus)
Changes changing
Seven days into nevermore
Learning turning,
Seven days into nevermore

You're a grain of sand
In the desert that was mankind
I don't understand
How all of us are blinded,
By the light, blinded

Turn another page, and there's no beginning
We are just at an age, and time is winning

(chorus)

Seven days...nevermore, grain of sand
You know the score, desert man...
He needs one more, seven days to nevermore

To nevermore, to nevermore, forevermore