

# Peter Green, Seven Stars

(Peter Green)

Seven stars are in his hand  
And he walks among seven lampstands  
Holds a book with seven seals  
At his throne where the angels kneal

Seven stars  
Light seven lamps  
Seven seals opened by the lamb  
Seven horns  
And seven eyes  
Seven spirits from the skies

He is coming with the clouds  
And every eye will surely see he  
All the tribes of the earth will mourn  
Even so the ones who pierced him

Seven horns the angels sound  
Hail and fire at earth were thrown  
Seven torches burning bright  
Dry the rivers and darken the night

Thunder spoke in seven peals  
There shall be delay no longer  
Soon the mystery is revealed  
By him who lives for ever

Solo

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