

Royal Hunt, Seven Days

Seven days

Seven days to build this 'perfect' world
So beautifully unfolded, fat baby on your lap
Seven signs before you'd lose your cool
Obnoxious, pompous fool?
I'd say you're full of crap

So you're still selling the Paradise scam?
While keeping a hell of a poker face
Well, nothing's really changing at all, so I'll be damned, boy
Thank you for those seven priceless days
Seven

Please, don't be a stranger, look inside my life
Full of it? As you are, with a touch of pride
Cut me open, rip me up inside
What's the matter? Busy? Blinded by the light?

Zooming in on the shores of Paradise
Those billboards full of lies
Unchaining gates of Hell
Tears of joy on salesman's pretty face
He's screwing us with grace
I hope I'll live to tell
I hope, live to tell

Hell or heaven, the same merry-go-round
Pieces of one puzzle, cut 'n' paste
Tell me, is it really the best way which you've found
While sitting on that holy ground
Wear that shiny, golden crown
For seven unforgettable days
Seven days

Seven deadly sins, those remarkable days
Seven days
Seven days
Seven days