

Seven, Black Circle

Hear the needle touch
Joy fills my heart when the
Black circle starts to spin
See how proud it stands
An old faded cover tells
Stories from glorious days

Hear the circle sing
The genuine sound
Bring back memories
From forgotten times

I know their time is over
Their place on the throne is gone
They won't reach another level
But they're always staying alive

Size is evident
Pictures of heroes on covers
You're seeing them clearly
I bleed for this passion
Thunder delivered!
It's far beyond borders I know

Hear the circle sing
The genuine sound
Brings back memories
From the forgotten times
Atmosphere so great
Strikes the ground
Though their time is lost
They're never gonna die