

7 & 7 Is "L'orbis"

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L'orbis, la musique du monde,
Le son des spheres, personne sait, personne entend,
Mais, si cette musique est la nourriture d'amour, alors
nous jouerons l'orbis.

Well, I got me a taste of the hideous waste that was
built around the worship of my beautiful face,
And now I bow before the wrinkles and the lines I'd love
to leave behind, leave behind.

Well, I'd made some promises I did not keep, so I
thought that I'd pretend that I said them in my sleep,
Now I can't afford to buy back all the time, the precious
time, when all the talk was cheap and all the words
were mine, words were mine, words were mine,
All my promises, they got left behind.

Now I've lost my way I'm praying for the day when I will
pay the price, and make the sacrifice to do what's good
and right,
But I'm so selfish, and I'm blind when all the world
needs seeing eyes to lead them from the darkness to
the light.

Tell Icarus to let go of my wings and let me fly,
Oh, Satan, get behind me,
Let the sun shine 'til it blinds me.

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