

## Royal Hunt "Seven Days"

Visit "[Seven Days](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

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 that Paradise skam?..  
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.

[Spoken:]

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

Zooming in - the shores of Paradise...  
Those billboards're - 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  
Hell or heaven - the same merry-go-round.  
Pieces of one puzzle - cut'n'paste.  
Tell me, is this really  
The best way which you've found  
While sitting on that holy ground,  
Wearing that shiny, golden crown  
For seven unforgettable days?  
Seven deadly sins - those remarkable days...

Visit [Royal Hunt](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.