

The Seventh Year

Afterworld

When the seventh year comes strange things start to happen.
There is no reasonable explanation why this is so.
Things just start to fall apart.

There is plenty of time to learn it
There are years to let it grow
You got the keys and all the power
To make it die or let it live

The seventh year is now here
The end is already too near
Too many ways to drown it
Not enough desire to make it live again

Then it starts to live it's own life
External threat effects too much
Everything feels so different
No more laughter, just suspicious minds

When you think that you have come through it
It starts to scratch your veins and mind
Decision, too hard, again...

The seventh year is now here
The end is already too near
The state of mind is not clear
All that is left is the fear