

## Seven

Nostradameus

Well, here I'm standing once again  
With nowhere to go, and all my confidence is gone  
I feel you're talking about us again  
As if I didn't know, but still you hide behind my back  
I've no respect left anymore  
I thought I could trust you, but now  
You've shown me who you are  
You told me this, and you told me that  
You're so full of shit, so much for honesty, but...

How do you like what the mirror reflects  
How do you feel when you look at yourselves  
How do you enjoy the time you have left  
And how could you think I would forget?

Seven  
Seven--fucking years of my life  
Seven  
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I hope it's worth the price you have paid  
And what you've achieved for money, just like Judas  
I guess you're sleeping well in your beds  
Since you're just denying your treason

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We won't be seeing each other no more  
'Cause I've promised myself to stay away from all your shit  
The kind of friendship you want to give to me  
Is of the kind that I'll be just as fine without

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