

Seven Stars

Peter Green

Seven stars are in his hand
And he walks among seven lampstands
Holds a book with seven seals
At his throne where the angels kneal

Seven stars
Light seven lamps
Seven seals opened by the lamb
Seven horns
And seven eyes
Seven spirits from the skies

He is coming with the clouds
And every eye will surely see he
All the tribes of the earth will mourn
Even so the ones who pierced him

Seven horns the angels sound
Hail and fire at earth were thrown
Seven torches burning bright
Dry the rivers and darken the night

Thunder spoke in seven peals
There shall be delay no longer
Soon the mystery is revealed
By him who lives for ever

Solo

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