

Black Sabbath

"The Thrill Of It All"

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Inclination of direction, walk the turned and twisted rift
With the children of creation futuristic dreams we sift
Clutching violently we whisper with a liquefying cry
Any deadly final answers that are surely doomed to die
Won't you help me Mr. Jesus, won't you tell me if you
can?
When you see this world we live in, do you still believe
in Man?
If my songs become my freedom, and my freedom
turns to gold
Then I'll ask the final question, if the answer could be
sold
Well, that's my story and I'm sticking to it
'Cause I've got no reason to lie, yeah

Forget your problems that don't even exist
And I'll show you a way to get high, oh yeah
Oh yeah!
So come along, you know you matter to me
Remember freedom is not hard to find, yeah
Time to stop all your messing around
Don't you think that I know my own mind, oh yeah
Oh yeah!
Why can't you believe, it's not here to perceive
Do you always have to be told, yeah
For you have been taught that if your mind has been
bought
Life's entire answer was sold, oh yeah
Oh yeah!

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