

Black Sabbath

"Thrill Of It All"

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Inclination of direction, walk the turned and twisted
thrift
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 mister 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
'Cos I got no reason to lie, yeah
Forget your problems that don't even exist
And I'll show you a way to get by, 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

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

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