

Over and Over

Black Sabbath

Sometimes I feel like I'm dying at dawn
And sometimes I'm warm as fire
But lately I feel like I'm just gone away
And it goes over and over and over again, yeah Too many flames with too much to burn
And life's only made of paper
Oh, how I need to be free of this pain
But it goes over and over
And over and over again Sometimes I cry for the lost and alone
And for their dreams that will all be ashes
But lately I feel like I'm just gone away
And it goes over and over
And over and over again

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