

Cornucopia

Black Sabbath

Too much near the truth they say
Keep it 'till another day
Let them have their little game
Illusion helps to keep them sane Let them have their little toys
That's what's caused them all this noise
Exciting in their plastic ways
Frozen food in a concrete maze You're gonna go insane
I'm trying to save your brain All right, I don't know what's happening
I am all torn inside
People say I'm heavy
They don't know what I hide Take a likely story
Kill someone or one will be free
Freedom's yours, just pay your dues
We just want your soul to use You're gonna go insane
I'm trying to save your brain

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