

Lord of This World

Black Sabbath

You're searching for your mind don't know where to start
Can't find the key to fit the lock on your heart
You think you know but you are never quite sure
Your soul is ill but you will not find a cure
Your world was made for you by someone above
But you chose evil ways instead of love
You made me master of the world where you exist
The soul I took from you was not even missed
Lord of this world
Evil possessor
Lord of this world
He's your confessor now! You think you're innocent you've nothing to fear
You don't know me, you said, but isn't it clear?
You turn to me in all your wordly greed and pride
But will you turn to me when it's your turn to die?

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