

The Thrill of It All

Black Sabbath

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, 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, oh yeah, oh yeah

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