

Black Sabbath, Born Again

As you look through my window
Deep into my room
At the tapestries all faded
Their vague and distant glories
Concealed in the gloom
The icy fingers of forgotten passions
Softly brushing my lips
At the tips of my primitive soul

As you look through my door
Deep into my room
Can you feel the mighty wall of power
It's waiting, waiting in the gloom
The distant shadows of forgotten champions
Those who live in me still
And will rise when we challenge and kill

Born again
You'll be born again

Look at this prince of evil
Fighting for your mind
Fighting all the priests of shame
For the thrust of my challenge is aimed
At the hearts of mutant gods
who think we're all the same
They're controlling our minds
And they use us for fortune and fame

As you look through my window
Deep into my room
At your future and freedom
The grey and plastic retards all floating in circles
And as you taste the fruits of new sensations
Softly brushing your lips
As we rise when we challenge and kill

Born again
You'll be born again

If you want to be king for a day
Just do what I say

Everybody's got to think like a hunter
Just search for your prey

Be alive through the night and the day
Just do it my way