

Black Sabbath, Little Dolls

Writhing and screaming, the pain just won't go
He'll show you no mercy
Your image in his hands, it's useless to try
Escaping his curses
The pins and needles prick the skin of little dolls
Tortured and flaming, you'll give birth to hell
Living a nightmare
It is a pity, you'll pray for your death
But he's in no hurry
The pins and needles prick the skin of little dolls
(CHORUS)
Nowhere to run
Your fate is in his hands
Your time has come
You'll live to his command
I'm warning you
The worst is yet to come
The killer who
Remains a mystery
I that believe in the stories of old
Would never fight it
Demons and curses that play on your soul
Like something ignited
You never imagined such a fate could follow you
(You never thought it was true)
And when it's your time I wonder how
(And what you'll do)
Your kinds of troubles running deeper than the sea
(So what you gonna do about it)
You broke(the rule)
You've been(a fool)
The little doll is you, YEAH!
(CHORUS)
Writhing and screaming, the pain just won't go
He'll show you no mercy
Your image in his hands, it's useless to try
Escaping his curses
(CHORUS)