

Black Sabbath, Turn Up The Night

A rumble of thunder, I'm suddenly under your spell
No rhyme or reason, or time of the season, but oh well
The darkened deliver, I shake and I shiver down your soul
You know what to cover, I think for another it's a story told
So get a good hold, yeah

Regiment fooled you, you thought that you knew who you are
A simple equation, that's the relation, but that's gone too far
A time of suspicion, a special condition that we all know
So let it all go!

Turn up the night!
Turn up the night!
Turn up the night, it feels so right!

Nighttime sorrow, taken like a pain
Black will not become a white, it's all the same
Evil lurks in twilight, dances in the dark
Makes you need the movement, like a fire needs a spark to burn!

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So get a good hold, yeah

Turn up the night!
Turn up the night!
Turn up the night, it feels so right!
Turn up the night!
Turn up the night!
If it feels right
Turn off the light!
Turn up the night!