

Halford Rob, Weaving sorrow

You never know me
Cause I won't let you in
Not all I am
Is on the surface
Always concealing what
Is lying within
Ain't fellin' guilt
When there's no purpose
It's too late
To turn around
No tomorrow
Obvious truths are for
The dumb and the weak
Go on pretending in your fake world
Bring your insanity but don't ever speak
Your fucking life is like a circus
It's too late
To turn around
No tomorrow
It's your fate today
You're weaving sorrow