

Ozzy Osbourne, Little Dolls

(Daisley - Kerslake - Osbourne - Rhoads)

Wrything 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 give birth to hell
Living a nightmare
Feelings of pity
You'll pray for your death
But he's in no hurry

The pins and needles prick the skin of little dolls

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
Vengeance 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 you'll do
Your kind of troubles
Running deeper than the sea
You broke the rules
You've been a fool
The little doll is you, yeah

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You'll live to his command
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