

Tony Iommi, Patterns

Life is a story
Go ahead and find your sight
Life is your glory
Go ahead and live the night

But to live means to be here
In the present now
Do try to bow for the gift of your day
Then you cede to the morning sun, sun

Pretending that we live doesn't make us alive

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Go ahead and find your sight

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Pretending that we live doesn't make us alive

What is it that makes us lose sight?
True sight of what is real and essential
I'll take organized patterns of chaos
Over the chaotic organizations of man any day

Pretending that we see doesn't give us the sight
Pretending that we live doesn't make us alive
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