

# Born Again

Black Sabbath

As you look through my window  
Deep into my room  
At the tapestries all faded  
Their vague and distant glories  
Concealed in the gloom  
The icy fingers of forgotten passions  
Softly brushing my lips  
At the tips of my primitive soul

As you look through my door  
Deep into my room  
Can you feel the mighty wall of power  
It's waiting, waiting in the gloom  
The distant shadows of forgotten champions  
Those who live in me still  
And will rise when we challenge and kill

Born again  
You'll be born again

Look at this prince of evil  
Fighting for your mind  
Fighting all priests of shame  
For the thrust of my challenge is aimed  
At the hearts of mutant gods  
Who think we're all the same  
They're controlling our minds  
And they use us for fortune and fame

As you look through my window  
Deep into my room  
At your future and freedom  
The grey and plastic retards all floating in circles  
And as you taste the fruits of new sensations  
Softly brushing your lips  
As we rise when we challenge and kill

Born again  
You'll be born again

If you want to be king for a day  
Just do what I say

Everybody's got to think like a hunter  
Just search for your prey

Be alive through the night and the day  
Just do it my way