

Cornucopia

Black Sabbath

Too much with the truth they say
Keep it 'till another day
Let them have their little game
Illusion helps to keep them sane

Let them have their little toys
Matchbox cars and mortgage joys
Exciting in their plastic ways
Frozen food in a concrete cage

You're gonna go insane
I'm trying to save your brain

All right, I don't know what's happening
I am all torn inside
People say I'm heavy
They don't know what I hide

Take a life it's going cheap
Kill someone no one will weep
Freedom's yours, just pay your dues
We just want your soul to use

You're gonna go insane
I'm trying to save your brain