

# Lord of This World

Black Sabbath

You're searching for your mind don't know where to start  
Can't find the key to fit the lock on your heart  
You think you know but you are never quite sure  
Your soul is I'll but you will not find a cure

Your world was made for you by someone above  
But you chose evil ways instead of love  
You made me master of the world where you exist  
The soul I took from you was not even missed

Lord of this world  
Evil possessor  
Lord of this world  
He's your confessor now!

You think you're innocent you've nothing to fear  
You don't know me, you said, but isn't it clear?  
You turn to me in all your wordly greed and pride  
But will you turn to me when it's your turn to die?