

Naïveté In Black

Black Sabbath

Guess we're all running out of time
So live your own life and let me live mine
To each their own to question why
We're all just links that forge the chain of life

But who am I to interfere
Think for yourself and keep your conscience really clear

Learn from each other so they say
But no-one listens to them anyway
Inactive factions stir in time
Procrastination at the scene of the crime

There's no return, no guarantee
Accept the terms and let your fate be free be free

You gotta let yourself see
And let your feelings go free
Accept your own ability
Don't want to end up like me

A dynasty of doubt and hate
Religion, politics, self-mutilate
The privilege of being here
All born from nothing 'til we disappear

There's no return, no guarantee
Accept the terms and let your fate be free, you're free