

Psycho Man

Black Sabbath

The midnight hour approaches
The killing chill takes over him
His victims will not know when he appears
The lust of deaths possession
Will over take his psycho mind
He won't be happy till he smells their fear

(He's the angel of death, angel of death)
Psycho Man, Psycho Man
(He's the angel of death, angel of death)
Looking for a victim wherever he can
Psycho Man, Psycho Man
He's the killer

Addicted to the madness
The taste of death that lives within
He loves it when he takes their final breath
Stalking gives him pleasure
Killing is the final act
He takes no pity with his lust for death

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Psycho Man, Psycho Man
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Looking for a victim wherever he can
Psycho Man, Psycho Man
He's the killer

Playing in his twilight zone
He knows that he's the best
Creeping through the streets alone
Till he finds his victims next
Killing gives him pleasure
Sleeping gives him pain
The only time he's feeling good
Is when he's killed and killed again

When he's killed again
When he's killed again
When he's killed again
When he's killed again

When he's killed again
When he's killed again
Watch out!

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Looking for a victim wherever he can
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He's the killer
He's the killer