

Lord of This World

Thou

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 ill, but you will not find a cure, yeah!

Your world was made for you by someone above
But you choose 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, yeah!

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 say, 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? Yeah!