

Halford, Weaving Sorrow

You never know me
Cause I won't let you in
Not all I am
Is on the surface

Always concealing what
Is lying within
Ain't fellin' guilt
When there's no purpose

It's too late
To turn around
No tomorrow

Obvious truths are for
The dumb and the weak
Go on pretending in your fake world

Bring your insanity but don't ever speak
Your fucking life is like a circus

It's too late
To turn around
No tomorrow

It's your fate today
You're weaving sorrow