

Almah? - Bullets On The Altar

Tom: C

CM7
 Are we beloved indeed?
 What is creed and what is crime?
 Heavenly? Out of one's mind?
 People love, esteem
 And cherish who they crucified
 As victims we pretend to cry
 Tragedy, end of days?
 Or it's just the blindness of a man
 Loyalty or fanaticism?
 Hopeless, it makes me feel so lonely
 C
 Homicide
 Felony
 A gunfire
 Am
 Agony
 You rest the bullets on the altar
 C
 And you die
 And you kill
 Dead inside
 Am
 You reveal
 Your aberration under your faith
 G

Taken dreams, taken lives
 Taken angels from the innocence's arms
 Priory, house of pain!
 It's drivin' nails in the cold rain
 But i feel the end of the storm
 And free the twelve caught souls
 When we see the burnin' crosses for relief
 CM7
 We rely on the unknown to leave our guilt behind
 Mercy won't erase your lies
 CM7
 Face the evidence that god is something to relieve
 Heaven is freedom and hell is here
 Taken dreams, taken lives
 Taken angels from the innocence's arms
 Priory, house of pain!
 It's drivin' nails in the cold rain
 But i feel the end of the storm
 And free the twelve caught souls
 When we see the burnin' crosses for relief
 Now i see the end of the storm
 And glance the twelve taught souls
 They are free somewhere resting in the memories

Acordes

