

# 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

