

Black Veil Brides - Saints of Blood

```
[Refrão]
                          tom:
                                                                       Dbm
Intro: Dbm A B
                                                           So get your hands up
                                                                       D
[Primeira Parte]
                                                           Pray for the holy ones
                                                           Your words are more
                                                                 Ah
 I?m the one you betrayed
                                                           Than enough
    В
              Dbm
                                                           To break the walls
Suffocate on the fame
Life eternal spent
                                                           For the flood
 A B Dbm
Conjuring your ghost
                                                           Hands up
Here in death I agree
                                                           Pray to the skies above
      В
                                                           Your fear is left in the dust
With the selfish and free
Trust is nothing but a
                                                                     Ab
                                                           We are the saints of the blood
      В
Knife across your throat
                                                           [Ponte]
The end is coming for us
                                                            Dbm
We?ve had enough
                                                           Whoa
                                                            E A
[Refrão]
                                                           Whoa
                                                            В
           Dbm
                                                           Whoa
So get your hands up
           D
                                                          We are the saints of the blood
Pray for the holy ones
Your words are more
                                                            Dbm
      Ab
                                                          Whoa
Than enough
                                                            E A
                                                           Whoa
To break the walls
                                                            B
                                                           Whoa
For the flood
                                                            Ab
                                                           We are the saints of the blood
Hands up
            D
                                                           We are the saints of the blood
Pray to the skies above
                                                           Your fear is left in the dust
We are the saints of the blood
                                                           [Ponte]
[Segunda Parte]
                                                            Dbm
                                                           Whoa
In my circle of shame
                                                            E A
  В
                                                           Whoa
           Dbm
Hero only in name
                                                            В
                                                           Whoa
More like Judas left
A B Dbm
                                                            Ab
Dead beneath the cross
                                                          We are the saints of the blood
Every night we obey
                                                            Dbm
                                                           Whoa
       В
Justice has to be paid
                                                            F A
                                                           Whoa
To the evil that comes
                                                            В
   В
           Dbm
                                                           Whoa
From all the cost
                                                            Ab
                                                           We are the saints of the blood
The end is coming for us
                                                           We are the saints of the blood
We?ve had enough
                                                           (Dbm A B)
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Acordes

