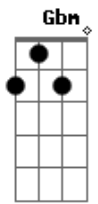


Blood Ceremony - Lord Summerisle

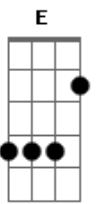
tom:
 Oh, how now?
 Harvest seeds in summer drown
 The first of May on the 'morrow's light
 Yet Gods on high bring ancient night
 Autumn's frost and winter's bone
 Have come and gone with arid sun
 Will they dance with us this night?

The answer lies with Summerisle
 (Gbm E Gbm B Gbm)
 (Gbm E Gbm B Gbm)
 We'll sing to those whom we hold dear
 Of orchard tombs where death lies near
 Of barren earth and orphaned sun
 Of crop-yields promised; still to come
 Will they dance with us this night?
 The answer lies with Summerisle

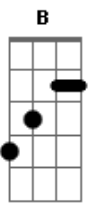
Acordes



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