

Bring Me The Horizon - And The Snakes Start To Sing

Tom: D

(com acordes na forma de Capostrate na 2ª casa)

I've lost the plot again
Tell your friends to sharpen their teeth
There's a few quid to be made...
And my soul's a sorry state
So come on down, you're empty lovers.
Worms come out of the woodwork
And the snakes start to sing.

Do you feel the chill,
Clawing at the back of your neck?
I start to spill.
Did you really think that you could fix me?
They'll sell your bones for another roll.
Well sharpen your teeth.
Tell yourself that it's just business.

Worms come out of the woodwork.
Leeches crawl from out of the dirt
Rats come out of the holes they call home,
I fall apart.
And the snakes start to sing.

Don't say I'm better off dead,
'Cause heaven's full and hell won't have me.
Won't you make some room in your bed?
Oh, well you could lock me up in your heart,
And throw away the key.
Won't you take me out of my head?

I'm just a would've been, could've been,
Should've been, never was and never ever will be.
Well, sharpen your teeth.
Tell yourself that it's just business.
Would've been, could've been,

Should've been, never was, and never ever will be.
Worms come out of the woodwork,
And the snakes start to sing.
Worms come out of the woodwork.
Leeches crawl from out of the dirt
Rats come out of the holes they call home,
I fall apart.
And the snakes start to sing.

If you can't soar with the eagles,
Then don't fly with the flock.
Are you still getting high?
Did you catch your own reflection,
In the knife my mother held?
Or the hell in my father's eyes?

If you can't soar with the eagles,
Then don't fly with the flock.
Are you still getting by?
Was I your knight in shining armour?
The apple of your eye?
Or just a step to climb?

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Then don't fly with the flock.
Are you still getting high?
Did you catch your own reflection,
In the knife my mother held?
Or the hell in my father's eyes?

If you can't soar with the eagles,
Then don't fly with the flock.
Are you still getting by?
Was I your knight in shining armour?
The apple of your eye?
Or just a step, a fucking step to climb?

Acordes

