

Deorum - Dante

tom:
Some are staring death
Some are just waiting to rest
Some were born in light
And some remain in dark

That's the rule
Of the hill
You'll be down
Don't you thrill
That's a rule
Not created by us

When still
There's a soul
They can steal
Our black coal
And fulfill
This void with a heart

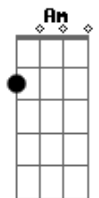
Ah black old heart
Ah non-controlled heart

(Am D7 C7)

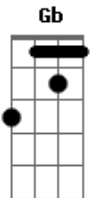
Somehow, I was here before
Somehow, I wasn't sure
Somehow, I just barely lose them
Or somehow, I manage to leave

Some were born

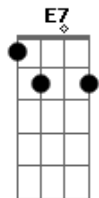
Acordes



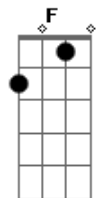
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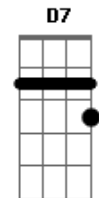
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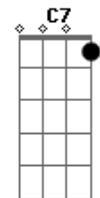
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In light
And conceal
All their bright
They can lie and
Shine with not care

Some were born
In the dark
Trying to find
All their bright
They can lie and
Hide their regret
Ah, so lonely heart
Ah, non-stable heart

Some are still
Trying to find
If there is a meaning
All behind
Isn't much
To pray without fear

Some are still
Seeking blind
They are screaming
As a wild
So, their body
Can go to somewhere

[Final] Am D7 C7