

Miracle of sound - Halfmans Song

Tom: C
Intro: tab:
E|-----0--0-----0-----5-
----0-----|
B|-----3--1--0-----3--1--0-----1--3-
-3-3-3--1-----1-----0-----|
G|-----2-----0--0-----0-2-----2-----
-----2-2-----1-2-|
D|--2-----2-----2-----
-----2-3--3-2-----|
A|-----
-----|
E|-----
-----|

There are some who are born distinguished
There are some who are raised in praise
But me I was always the last in line
A blot in my father's gaze

No cheekbones chiselled on a feline face
No skill or savvy with a sword
But this game we all play is won in wily ways
And sly is this littlest lord

Cruel tricks of romance
Degraded by their spite
You snub your cub too many times
You just might feel his bite...

Beware beware of the words I twist
I am small but my reach is long
And the ravens black against the winter's mist

Are whispering the half-man's song
Whispering the half man's song...
(Intro riff)
The land is a blooming orchard
With fruits so juicy and ripe
With a clink of a coin loose the lion's loin
Play a tune on the half man's pipe

In the arms of a whore I made a promise
Sinking deeper into danger every day
Cut through all their shit with a brazen wit
Moulding puppets from their minds of clay

I'm no man of honour
Myself is my true king
But somewhere deep within me
The bells of conscience ring

Beware beware of the words I twist
I am small but my reach is long
And the ravens black against the winter's mist
Are whispering the half-man's song
Whispering the half man's song...
They're whispering the half man's song...
Whispering the half man's song...
(Intro riff)

Acordes

