

# Nicole Dollanganger - Poachers Pride

Tom: G

I shot an angel with my father's rifle  
 I should have set it free, but I let it bleed  
 Made it into taxidermy, hung it on my wall  
 On my wall  
 ( C D )

I shot an angel, kept it in my backyard  
 Hung it out to dry on the clothing line  
 Pinned above my bed like the cross  
 D C D

Of Jesus Christ on my wall

( C D )  
 And I know one day hell will catch up with me  
 And I'm sure that I will burn eternally  
 One day it will come to claim its pound of flesh  
 When it's done, there won't be anything left

I shot an angel, dragged it to my basement  
 Starved it till it died and I did not cry  
 Sickness of poacher's pride

## Acordes

