

# Sepultura - The Hunt

Tom: A mitigating circumstance...

A - Intro

B - Pre-verse

A

G

F

We went to town on tuesday night...

C - Verse

And we could spend our whole lives waiting for some thunderbolt to come...

H - Post-verse

B B(addF) Bm

Ab Bb G Ab Ab Bb G

You'll pay the price for my own sweet brother and what he has become...

D - Alternative Verse

Unless we make our own...

C Eb Bb C Eb G G Ab

F G Ab

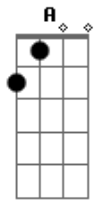
No police, no summons, no courts of law! No procedures, no rules of war! No

F - Chorus

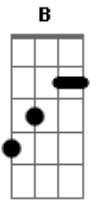
I - End

G Eb C Ab Bb G A G C

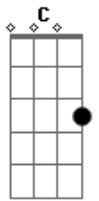
## Acordes



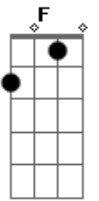
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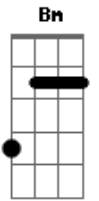
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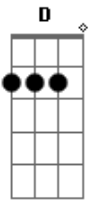
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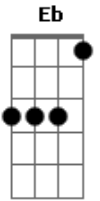
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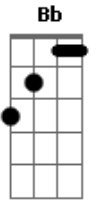
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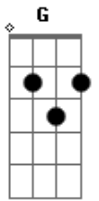
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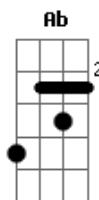
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