

Shawn James - Son Of The Wolf

Tom: E

Intro: Em Em Em A Am
Em Em Em Em

The wolf he has claws, fangs and old scars
His fur is covered in red
Stained by the blood of the innocent slain
He has no regret

There's no mercy for the weak of heart
They'll be trampled down and torn apart
And as ruthless as it all may seem
Well the wild cares not for the weaker beings
(Em Em Em Em)

Pursuing the scent, the stench of fear
It leads him to his prey
Cold and alone, forever he roams
Devouring all in his way

There's no mercy for the weak of heart
They'll be trampled down and torn apart
And as ruthless as it all may seem
Well the wild cares not for the weaker beings

And all that he knows is this life of murder
To feed his hunger woes
And he knows that his soul is damned
For what God would love such a wicked awful man

Acordes

