



pm pm pm pm

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LYRICS: (Narrator: Nik Van-Eckmann)

"My father's land, my mothers tongue  
Mislead me, so shamelessly  
For many years I misbelieved  
The hatred is the path for me"

Father I have killed many angels,  
I think I will now walk in the sea  
I hope you will someday forgive me  
Please moor my empty boat on a pier

I can blame for the blue blood that runs in my veins  
But I seem to forget that we are all the same

pm..| pm..| pm..| pm

In your own blaze of hate you've spawn a fear in many lives  
You've taken action thinking it was all said on the signs  
You cannot heal the feeling burning deep inside your spine  
You now collapse, cave in revealing the scabby marks of life

pm.....  
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Mother I've seen too much, I hate to live my life  
Forgot every word you told me, stubborn little child, (angel  
of your life)  
I have to find my Eden now, the gates I left behind  
But the pain will remain  
No power to gain

G-----  
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D-----  
-/3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3|

Now I have time to dwell on self awareness, dreadful crime  
I saw the colors too bright, not knowing that I was blind  
I slayed a man who took a chance and drank the forbidden wine  
The map I draw reveals that I have been complete , machine in  
team

pm.....  
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pm.....| pm.....|

Mother where's your son  
When has this begun?  
Who has been the fool?

pm.....| pm.....| pm.....|  
pm.....|

No one was born to be a servant of a slave  
Can you tell me the color of the rain?  
In the world that we live on, the things said and done  
They can well overrun  
The power of one

pm.....| pm.....|

No one was born to be a servant of a slave  
Can you tell me the color of the rain?  
In the world that we live in, the things said and done  
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=TABLATURE EXPLANATION=  
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A.H. = Artificial Harmonic

pm..| = Palm mute

h = hammer on

p = pull off

/ = slide up

\ = slide down

~ = Vibrato

b = Bend

x\ = Pick Slide

To let live and die  
To give hope and take life  
Is that what you're here for?

To think you are right  
To make sure it won't fly  
Is a making of a hate crime

In the home of the brave  
In the homes of the land slaves,  
We are all same

I need to believe  
There's more that the eye can see  
All colors of rainbow

No one was born to be a slave  
Seek the past and place the blame  
Tell me the color of the rain  
No one was born to be a master

In the land we live, we die  
Praise the oneness, praise the lie  
To bind a web around the faker  
We will need a true  
Rainmaker

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No one was born to be a slave  
Seek the past and place the blame  
Tell me the color of the rain  
No one was born to be a master

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The keys that I grant thee, The sacred land  
Are dry desert sand on the palm of your hand  
Without the water, the wisdom of past  
Will run through your fingers, forgotten so fast  
Thus when I leave you, I'm truly blind  
This blindness, this blessing, the hope of mankind..."

"Children of Abel, Children of Cain  
Can now live in a harmony, without a shame

"And I fucking touched the mic, hold on..."

## Acordes

