

# Sons Of Perdition - The Shadow Of The Undertaker

Tom: E

A E  
The shadow of the Undertaker  
A  
creeps across your floor.

Gbm  
Go lock up all your children  
B7 E  
And paint blood upon your door.

A Gbm  
These hills are filled with whispers  
B7 E  
Of a man all dressed in black  
Gbm B7  
And the toll of death's now, He climbs from hell  
E  
To drag some poor soul back

(repeat sequence of achords)  
That ol' bible speaks of angels  
Doing service unto the lord  
The Undertaker knows no master  
He drinks from any cup poured.  
Just as Banshees wail their warning  
That someone that same day will die  
The Undertaker, he states the same  
I'll be goddamned if he tells a lie

The Undertaker raises no hand,  
But I'll fear him, just the same?  
His presence pre-tells both blood and death,  
Yet he shoulders  
Not the blame.  
Like the shadow of the vulture  
Circlin' blackly overhead,  
The Undertaker is drawn to death  
Like a knife is drawn to red

## Acordes

