

The Rebel Troubadour - Ignis Fatuus

tom: Em Fm In the depths of the mind where whispers roam There's a flicker of hope in the shadows it's shown An Ignis Fatuus emerging from the dark But beware, it's allure in the mind's quiet park Em Ignis Fatuus, in the dead of night A prisoner of the Mind in its ghostly flight Whispers and shivers confusions embrace In the realm of thought It finds its space In the twilight grasp where dreams entwine Am The Ignis fatuus in darkness does shine The tricksters life. So hollow and absurd It draws you near, with its ghostly world In the depths of night a prisoner's silent gloom A prisoner of thought, in its spectral room

Whispers and echoes, confusion's disguise G Bm In the mind's vast expanse, it tells its lies In the labyrinth of thought, where echoes play The ignis fatuus whispers, a mysterious say $\overset{\text{\rm D}}{\text{\rm C}}$ It speaks of dreams, and visions untold But in the mind's depths, its tale is cold But in the mind's depths, it's tale is cold Em Whispers, a mysterious say It speaks of dreams, and visions untold ${\color{black} C} {\color{black} D} {\color{black} Em} {\color{black} M}$ But in the mind's depths, its tale is cold Am In whispers of shadows, it spins its thread D Em A flicker of hope in the vast mind's spread

With shivers, it calls, in the dark, so deep $\begin{tabular}{ll} Em & D & C & G \end{tabular}$

Lost in the maze of a mind's gentle sleep

Acordes

