

Deorum - Dante

tom:

Some are ^{Am} staring ^{Am} death ^{E7}
 Some are just ^F waiting ^{E7} to rest
 Some were ^{Am} born ^{E7} in light
 And some ^{Am} remain ^F in ^{E7} dark

That's ^{Am} the ^{D7} rule
 Of the ^{Am} hill
 You'll ^{D7} be ^{Am} down
 Don't ^{D7} you ^{Am} thrill
 That's ^{D7} a ^{E7} rule
 Not ^{D7} created ^{E7} by us

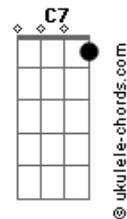
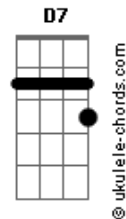
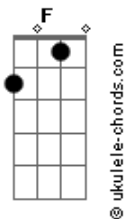
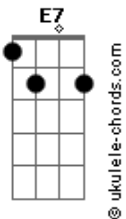
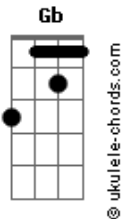
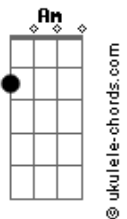
When ^{Am} still ^{D7}
 There's ^{Am} a ^{D7} soul
 They ^{Am} can ^{D7} steal
 Our ^{Am} black ^{E7} coal
 And ^{D7} fulfill ^{E7}
 This ^{D7} void ^{E7} with a heart

Ah ^{Am} black ^{D7} old ^{C7} heart
 Ah ^{Am} non-controlled ^{D7} heart ^{C7}
 (^{Am} ^{D7} ^{C7})

Somehow, I ^{Am} was ^{Am} here ^{Am} before ^{E7}
 Somehow, I ^{Am} wasn't ^{Am} sure ^{E7}
 Somehow, I ^{Am} just ^{Am} barely ^{Am} lose ^{Am} them ^{E7}
 Or ^{Am} somehow, I ^{Am} manage ^{Am} to ^{Am} leave ^{E7}

Some were ^{Am} born

Acordes



In ^{D7} light
 And ^{Am} conceal
 All ^{D7} their ^{Am} bright
 They ^{D7} can ^{E7} lie and
 Shine ^{D7} with ^{E7} not care

Some ^{Am} were ^{D7} born
 In ^{Am} the ^{D7} dark
 Trying ^{Am} to ^{D7} find
 All ^{Am} their ^{D7} bright
 They ^{Am} can ^{D7} lie ^{E7} and
 Hide ^{D7} their ^{E7} regret
 Ah, ^{Am} so ^{D7} lonely ^{C7} heart
 Ah, ^{Am} non-stable ^{D7} heart ^{C7}

Some ^{Am} are ^{D7} still
 Trying ^{Am} to ^{D7} find
 If ^{Am} there ^{D7} is ^{E7} a meaning
 All ^{D7} behind
 Isn't ^{Am} much ^{E7}
 To ^{D7} pray ^{E7} without fear

Some ^{Am} are ^{D7} still
 Seeking ^{Am} blind
 They ^{D7} are ^{Am} screaming
 As ^{D7} a ^{Am} wild
 So, ^{Am} their ^{D7} body ^{E7}
 Can ^{D7} go ^{E7} to somewhere

[Final] ^{Am} ^{D7} ^{C7}