

# Deorum - Dante

tom:  
 Some are staring death  
 Some are just waiting to rest  
 Some were born in light  
 And some remain in dark

That's the rule  
 Of the hill  
 You'll be down  
 Don't you thrill  
 That's a rule  
 Not created by us

When still  
 There's a soul  
 They can steal  
 Our black coal  
 And fulfill  
 This void with a heart

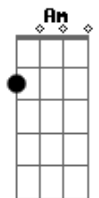
Ah black old heart  
 Ah non-controlled heart

( Am D7 C7 )

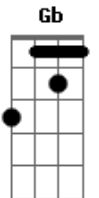
Somehow, I was here before  
 Somehow, I wasn't sure  
 Somehow, I just barely lose them  
 Or somehow, I manage to leave

Some were born

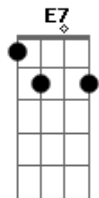
## Acordes



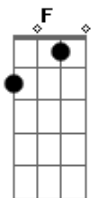
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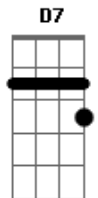
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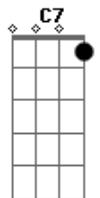
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In light  
 And conceal  
 All their bright  
 They can lie and  
 Shine with not care

Some were born  
 In the dark  
 Trying to find  
 All their bright  
 They can lie and  
 Hide their regret  
 Ah, so lonely heart  
 Ah, non-stable heart

Some are still  
 Trying to find  
 If there is a meaning  
 All behind  
 Isn't much  
 To pray without fear

Some are still  
 Seeking blind  
 They are screaming  
 As a wild  
 So, their body  
 Can go to somewhere

[Final] Am D7 C7