

Miracle of sound - Halfmans Song

Tom: C

Intro: tab:

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E|-----0--0-----0-----0-----5-
----0-----|
B|-----3--1--0-----3--1--0-----1--3---
-3-3-3--1-----1-----0-----|
G|-----2-----0--0-----0-2-----2-----
-----2-2-----1-2-|
D|--2-----2-----2-----
-----2-3--3-2-----|
A|-----
-----|
E|-----
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There are some who are born distinguished

There are some who are raised in praise

But me I was always the last in line

A blot in my father's gaze

No cheekbones chiselled on a feline face

No skill or savvy with a sword

But this game we all play is won in wily ways

And sly is this littlest lord

Cruel tricks of romance

Degraded by their spite

You snub your cub too many times

You just might feel his bite...

Beware beware of the words I twist

I am small but my reach is long

And the ravens black against the winter's mist

Are whispering the half-man's song

Whispering the half man's song...

(Intro riff)

The land is a blooming orchard

With fruits so juicy and ripe

With a clink of a coin loose the lion's loin

Play a tune on the half man's pipe

In the arms of a whore I made a promise

Sinking deeper into danger every day

Cut through all their shit with a brazen wit

Moulding puppets from their minds of clay

I'm no man of honour

Myself is my true king

But somewhere deep within me

The bells of conscience ring

Beware beware of the words I twist

I am small but my reach is long

And the ravens black against the winter's mist

Are whispering the half-man's song

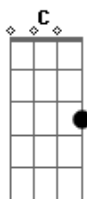
Whispering the half man's song...

They're whispering the half man's song...

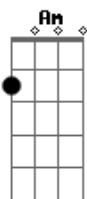
Whispering the half man's song...

(Intro riff)

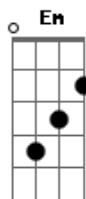
Acordes



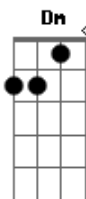
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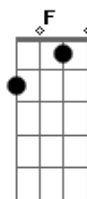
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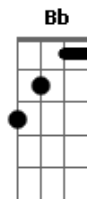
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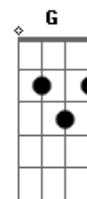
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