

Sabaton - Smoking Snakes

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Their forgotten story
                           tom:
                                                                                     Eb D
                                                              Cobras Fumantes, eterna é sua vitória
           [Primeira Parte]
                                                              [Refrão]
Three men stood strong, and they held out for long
                                                              Rise, from the blood of your he-roes

Cm

Bb

F
Going into the fight, to their death that awaits
                                                              You, were the ones who refused to surrender
Crazy or brave, will it end in the grave?
                                                              The 3, rather die than to flee, know that your memory
                       Bh
As they're giving their lives as their honor dictates
                                                                                Cm F Bb
                                                              Will be sung for a cen-tu-ry
[Pré-Refrão]
                                                              [Ponte]
Far, far from home, to a war
                                                              Sent over seas to be cast into fire
Fought on foreign soil and
Gm Far, far from known, tell their tale
                                                              Fought for a purpose with pride and desire
                                                              Blood of the brave they would give to inspire
                                                                                  Bb F
Their forgotten story
                                                              Cobras Fumantes, your memory lives
Gm F Bb
Cobras Fumantes, eterna é sua vitória
[Refrão]
                                                              Sent over seas to be cast into fire
                                                              Fought for a purpose with pride and desire
Gm
Rise, from the blood of your he-roes
Rh F
                                                              Blood of the brave they would give to inspire
You, were the ones who refused to surrender
                                                                           Bb F
                                                              Cobras Fumantes, your memory lives
The 3, rather die than to flee, know that your memory
                Cm F Bb
                                                              [Solo] Bb F Cm Bb F Bb F Gm
Will be sung for a cen-tu-ry
                                                                     Gm Eb Bb F
[Segunda Parte]
                                                                     Gm Eb Bb Gm F
                                                                     Gm F Bb Cm
                                                                     Gm F Bb Cm
3 took the blow, while impressing their foe
                                                              [Pré-Refrão]
Throwing dice, with their lives as they're paying the price
                                                                             Bb
                                                                                      Eb
                                                              Cobras Fumantes, eterna é sua vitória
Sent to raise hell, hear the toll of the bell
                Bb
It is calling for you as the Wehrmacht devised
                                                              [Refrão]
[Pré-Refrão]
                                                              Gm
Rise, from the blood of your he-roes
                                                                                      Bb
Far, far from home, to a war
                                                              You, were the ones who refused to surrender
Fought on foreign soil and
                                                              The 3, rather die than to flee, know that your memory
                                                                               Cm F Bb
Far, far from known, tell their tale
                                                              Will be sung for a cen-tu-ry
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Acordes

