

A - Intro

Sepultura - The Hunt

Tom: A

B - Pre-verse

mitigating circumstance...

We went to town on tuesday night...

C - Verse

B(addF) Bm

And we could spend our whole lives waiting for some thunderbolt to come...

H - Post-verse

Bb G Ab Ab Bb

Eb

You'll pay the price for my own sweet brother and what he has become...

D - Alternative Verse

C Bb C Eb

Unless we make our own...

G

F G Ab

No police, no summons, no courts of law! No procedures, no rules of war! No

F - Chorus

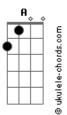
G

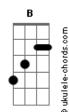
I - End

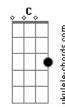
C Ab Bb G G

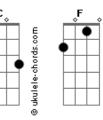
Acordes

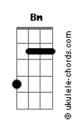
Eb



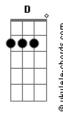


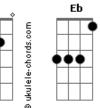


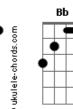


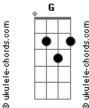


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Ab

