Sleep Token - Take Me Back To Eden

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Godmother, rise up
                            tom:
                Abm
                                                                                       Abm
Intro: Abm Gb
                                                                I need you to see me for what I have become
[Primeira Parte]
                                                                [Refrão]
Abm
                                                                Fbm
I dream in phosphorescence
                                                               My, my, those eyes like fire
Abm
                                                               Fbm
                                                                                           Gb
                                                               I'm a winged insect, you're a funeral pyre
Bleed through spaces
Abm
                   Gb
                                                               B
See you drifting past the fog
                                                               Come now, bite through these wires
                  F#sus
Gb
But no one told you where to go
                                                               I'm a waking hell and the gods grow tired
Abm
                                                               Abm
                                                                                   Gb
We dive through crystal waters
                                                               Reset my patient violence along both lines of a
Abm
Perfect oceans
                                                               Pathway higher
                                                                                   B
                                                                                          Abm
Abm
                   Gb
                                                               Grow back your sharpest teeth, you know my desire
But no one told me not to breathe
                 F#sus
Gb
And now the weightlessness recedes
                                                                (Gb E Abm)
                                                                (Ebm E F7)
[Refrão]
                                                                [Terceira Parte]
Abm
My, my, those eyes like fire
                                                               F7
                                                                            Db
                                                               I guess it goes to show, does it not?
Abm
I'm a winged insect, you're a funeral pyre
                                                               Db
                                                                       Bbm
Abm
                                                               That we've no idea what we've got
Come now, bite through these wires
                                                                       Fm
                                                               Bbm
                                                               Until we lose it (Until we lose it, until we lose
Abm
I'm a waking hell and th? gods grow tired
                                                               It)
                                                                     Eb7 Db
Gb
                                                                Fm
                                                                                            Bbm
Reset my pati?nt violence along both lines of a
                                                               And no amount of love will keep it around
                                                               Bbm
                                                                          Fm
                                                                If we don't choose it (Choose it)
Pathway higher
                    Dbm
                                                                   Eb7
                                                                                                 Rhm
E
        В
                                                                Fm
                                                                              Db
Grow back your sharpest teeth, you know my desire
                                                                And I don't know what's got its teeth in me
                                                               Bbm
                                                                           Fm
                                                               But I'm about to bite back in anger
I will travel far beyond the path of reason
                                                                Fm Eb7 Db
                                                               No amount of self-sought fury
Gb
Take me back to Eden
                                                               Db
                                                                   Bbm
                                                                                       Fm
                                                               Will bring back the glory of innocence
Gb
Take me back to Eden
                     В
Abm
           Dbm
                          Dbm
                                  Gb B
                                                                ( Db )
            Take me back to E -
                                      den
                                                                [Refrão]
(Abm B Dbm)
(Gb A Abm)
                                                                Fm
                                                               My, my, those eyes like fire
[Segunda Parte]
                                                                Fm
                                                                I'm a winged insect, you're a funeral pyre
         Ebm
                                                               Db
Well, yeah, I spit blood when I wake up
                                                               Come now, bite through these wires
                                                               Db
Sink porcelain stained, choking up brain matter and
                                                                I'm a waking hell and the gods grow tired
                                                               Bbm
                                                                                  Fb
Make-up
                                                               Reset my patient violence along both lines of a
                 Gb
                           В
Fbm
Just two days since the mainframe went down and I'm
                                                               Pathway higher
                                                                                    Ab
                                                               Db
                                                                                             Bbm
                                                               Grow back your sharpest teeth, you know my desire
Still messed up
Room feels like a meat freezer
                                                                Fm
                                                                (When we were made)
I dangle in like cold cuts
                                                                Eb
                                                                (I know)
В
                    Ebm
Missed calls, answer phones from people I just don't
                                                                Ab
Trust
                                                                (It was no accident)
Ebm
                                                                Bbm
Mirror talk, fake love
                                                                (You know my desire)
                                                                                          Eb
Ebm
          Db
                                    Gb
                                                               Db
But I'll take a pound of your flesh 'fore you take a
                                                                (We were tangled up like branches in a flood)
Piece of my paystub
                                                               I have traveled far beyond the path of reason
White roses, black doves
                                                               Db
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Take me back to Eden

Acordes

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