

# Sonata Arctica - Picturing the past

tom:  
Ab (forma dos acordes no tom de A )  
Afinação: Eb Ab Db Gb Bb Eb

Intro: Dm Eb A Dm  
Dm Eb A Dm  
Dm Eb A  
Dm C F  
Dm Eb A  
Dm C F

Dm Eb A Dm  
In a house where no one never sleeps  
Lays a man who sees more with his eyes

Picturing the past before him  
In a bed, alone, with clothes on

Paying for a service  
He doesn't really need

( Dm Eb A )  
( Dm C F )

Dm Eb A Dm  
With his eyes, he sees more love and lust  
More tears, far too much to handle

Can't tell a soul, not this time

They'd lock him right up

Too much of burning bushes

Too much for his weak soul

( Dm Eb A )  
( Dm C F )

Bb  
In his mind, oh so jaded

Gm  
He's gone too far behind

Eb  
Of all the visions seen, this one makes him scream

Dm C Dm  
He cannot live neither die in this world  
F Gm Am Dm  
Burning sensation inside, you know how that hurts?

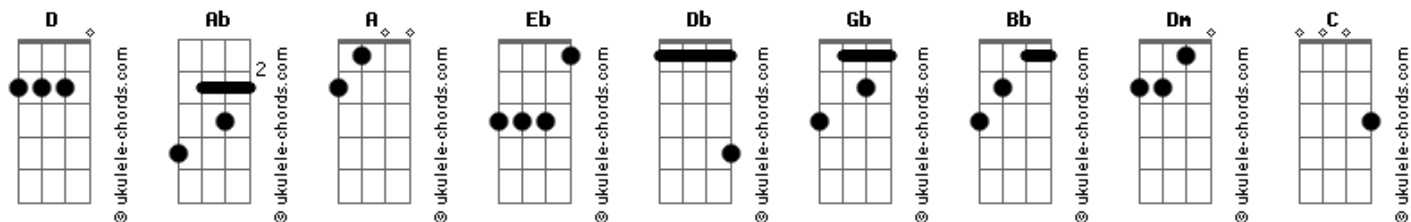
Making up for the crimes of your life

F  
With scythe as your sword

Gm A Dm C  
You must fight 'till the end of time

( Bb F Gm A )  
( Em D Em D )

## Acordes



( Gm F Gm F )  
( Cm Gm Cm Gm )

Eb Bb Cm D D Dm C Bb A  
Don't look behind, or you will fall through the time

Dm Eb A Dm  
Only time can make you see behind

C  
Of the curtain hiding the secret

( A Dm C Bb Gm )

A Bb  
Your time is up when you see the light  
( A Dm C Bb Gm )

Eb Bb C  
You can live as a noble man but when time  
D D Dm C Bb A  
You won't be left behind

Dm Eb A Dm  
With the sound of time ringing in his head

C Dm  
He leaves the house where no one never sleeps

Eb A Dm  
Job well done knowing that at least one will be pleased

C Bb  
Hiding is always useless

Gm F C Dm Eb  
Pictures will fade with time

( A Dm C F )

Bb Gm  
Seeking for a winner of the day, prize of life is here

Eb A  
Of all the visions seen this one makes him scream

Dm C Dm  
He cannot live neither die in this world  
F Gm Am Dm  
Burning sensation inside, you know how that hurts?

C Dm  
Making up for the crimes of your life

F  
With scythe as your sword

Gm A Dm  
You must fight 'till the end of time

Dm C Dm  
He cannot live neither die in this world  
F Gm Am Dm  
Burning sensation inside, you know how that hurts?

C Dm  
Making up for the crimes of your life

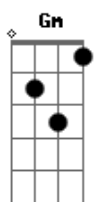
F  
With scythe as your sword

Gm A Dm C Bb A  
You must fight 'till the end of time

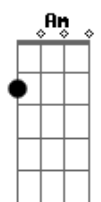
[Final] Dm C Bb A Dm



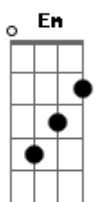
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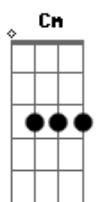
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