

# 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  
 C F Dm  
 Lays a man who sees more with his eyes

Eb A  
 Picturing the past before him  
 C F  
 Dm In a bed, alone, with clothes on

Bb  
 Paying for a service  
 F C  
 Gm He doesn't really need

( Dm Eb A )  
 ( Dm C F )

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

Dm Eb A  
 Can't tell a soul, not this time

Dm C  
 They'd lock him right up

Bb  
 Too much of burning bushes

Gm F C  
 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 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?

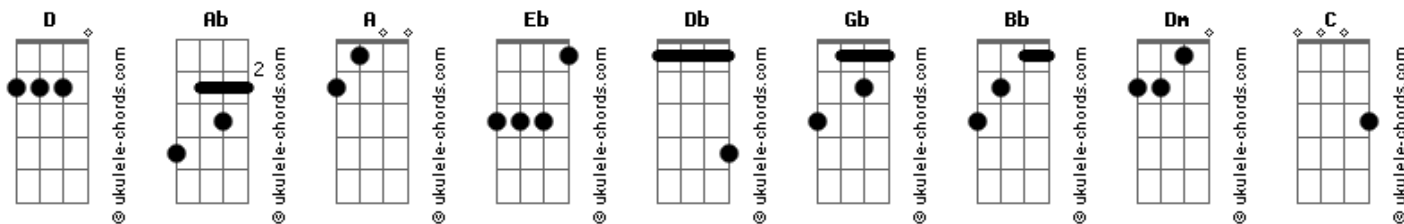
C Dm  
 Making up for the crimes of your life

F  
 With scythe as your sword

Gm A Dm 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

