

pm pm pm pm

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LYRICS: (Narrator: Nik Van-Eckmann)

"My father's land, my mothers tongue
Mislead me, so shamelessly
For many years I misbelieved
The hatred is the path for me"

Father I have killed many angels,
I think I will now walk in the sea
I hope you will someday forgive me
Please moor my empty boat on a pier

I can blame for the blue blood that runs in my veins
But I seem to forget that we are all the same

pm..| pm..| pm..| pm

In your own blaze of hate you've spawn a fear in many lives
You've taken action thinking it was all said on the signs
You cannot heal the feeling burning deep inside your spine
You now collapse, cave in revealing the scabby marks of life

pm.....
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Mother I've seen too much, I hate to live my life
Forgot every word you told me, stubborn little child, (angel
of your life)
I have to find my Eden now, the gates I left behind
But the pain will remain
No power to gain

G-----
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D-----
-/3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3|

Now I have time to dwell on self awareness, dreadful crime
I saw the colors too bright, not knowing that I was blind
I slayed a man who took a chance and drank the forbidden wine
The map I draw reveals that I have been complete , machine in
team

pm.....
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Father I've seen too much, I hate to live my life
Forgot every word you told me, stubborn little child, (angel
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pm.....| pm.....|

Mother where's your son
When has this begun?
Who has been the fool?

pm.....| pm.....| pm.....|
pm.....|

No one was born to be a servant of a slave
Can you tell me the color of the rain?
In the world that we live on, the things said and done
They can well overrun
The power of one

pm.....| pm.....|

No one was born to be a servant of a slave
Can you tell me the color of the rain?
In the world that we live in, the things said and done
They can well overrun
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=TABLATURe EXPLANATION=
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To let live and die
To give hope and take life
Is that what you're here for?

A.H. = Artificial Harmonic

pm..| = Palm mute

To think you are right
To make sure it won't fly
Is a making of a hate crime

h = hammer on

p = pull off

In the home of the brave
In the homes of the land slaves,
We are all same

/ = slide up

\ = slide down

I need to believe
There's more that the eye can see
All colors of rainbow

~ = Vibrato

b = Bend

No one was born to be a slave
Seek the past and place the blame
Tell me the color of the rain
No one was born to be a master

x\ = Pick Slide

In the land we live, we die
Praise the oneness, praise the lie
To bind a web around the faker
We will need a true
Rainmaker

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No one was born to be a slave
Seek the past and place the blame
Tell me the color of the rain
No one was born to be a master

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The keys that I grant thee, The sacred land
Are dry desert sand on the palm of your hand
Without the water, the wisdom of past
Will run through your fingers, forgotten so fast
Thus when I leave you, I'm truly blind
This blindness, this blessing, the hope of mankind..."

"Children of Abel, Children of Cain
Can now live in a harmony, without a shame

"And I fucking touched the mic, hold on..."

Acordes

