

Sons Of Perdition - The Shadow Of The Undertaker

Tom: **E**

A **E**
The shadow of the Undertaker
A
creeps across your floor.

Gbm
Go lock up all your children
B7 **E**
And paint blood upon your door.

A **Gbm**
These hills are filled with whispers
B7 **E**
Of a man all dressed in black
Gbm **B7**
And the toll of death's now, He climbs from hell
E
To drag some poor soul back

(repeat sequence of achords)
That ol' bible speaks of angels
Doing service unto the lord
The Undertaker knows no master
He drinks from any cup poured.
Just as Banshees wail their warning
That someone that same day will die
The Undertaker, he states the same
I'll be goddamned if he tells a lie

The Undertaker raises no hand,
But I'll fear him, just the same?
His presence pre-tells both blood and death,
Yet he shoulders
Not the blame.
Like the shadow of the vulture
Circlin' blackly overhead,
The Undertaker is drawn to death
Like a knife is drawn to red

Acordes

