

Bullets On The Altar

Almah

CM7

Are we beloved indeed?

Am7

What is creed and what is crime?

CM7

Heavenly? Out of one s mind?

People love, esteem

Am7

And cherish who they crucified

F

As victims we pretend to cry

G

Tragedy, end of days?

F

Or it s just the blindness of a man

G

Loyalty or fanaticism?

Hopeless, it makes me feel so lonely

C

Homicide

Felony

A gunfire

Am

Agony

You rest the bullets on the altar

C

And you die

And you kill

Dead inside

Am

You reveal

F

Your aberration under your faith

G
Taken dreams, taken lives
 F
Taken angels from the innocence s arms
 G
Priory, house of pain!

Am
It s drivin nails in the cold rain

C **G**
But i feel the end of the storm
 Dm **Am**
And free the twelve caught souls
 C **G** **Dm**
When we see the burnin crosses for relief

CM7 **Am7**
We rely on the unknown to leave our guilt behind

Mercy won t erase your lies
CM7 **Am7**
Face the evidence that god is something to relieve
 F
Heaven is freedom and hell is here

G
Taken dreams, taken lives
 F
Taken angels from the innocence s arms
 G
Priory, house of pain!
 Am
It s drivin nails in the cold rain

C **G**
But i feel the end of the storm
 Dm **Am**
And free the twelve caught souls
 C **G** **Dm** **Am**
When we see the burnin crosses for relief

C **G**
Now i see the end of the storm
 Dm **Am**
And glance the twelve taught souls
 C **G** **Dm**
They are free somewhere resting in the memories