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

Αm

You reveal

F

Your aberration under your faith

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 (

But i feel the end of the storm

Dm Ai

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

But i feel the end of the storm

Om A

And free the twelve caught souls

C G Dm Am

When we see the burnin crosses for relief

C

Now i see the end of the storm

Dm An

And glance the twelve taught souls

C G Dm

They are free somewhere resting in the memories