

**Fire Of Heaven Altar Of Earth**  
**Matisyahu**

Artist: Matisyahu  
Song: Fire of Heaven/Altar of Earth  
Album: Youth

Capo 2

Intro: **Am G F G**

Riff:

	<b>Am</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>G</b>	
e	-----				
B	-----				
G	-----				X 4
D	---2-3-2-----2-----0-----				
A	-----3--0-----3--0-----3-----5-5-----				
E	-----3-----3---1--1--1---3-3---3-----				

Chorus:

<b>Am</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>G</b>
Fire descends from on high in the shape of a lion			
<b>Am</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>G</b>
Burn the sacrifice of pride and ride on Mount Zion			
<b>Am</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>G</b>
Fire descends from on high in the shape of a lion			
<b>Am</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>G</b>
Burn the sacrifice of pride and ride on Mount Zion			

<b>Am</b>	<b>G</b>
Rub me the wrong way, taking the highway	
<b>F</b>	<b>G</b>
Rubbing sticks together but your fire s man-made	
<b>Am</b>	<b>G</b>
Capitalize on hot air, soar like an airplane	
<b>F</b>	
Yearn to rise in the sky quick high like cocaine	
<b>G</b>	
False pride is suicide but you ve got nothing to gain	
<b>Am</b>	
Babylon s buildings raise like flames	
<b>G</b>	
Drowning in their champagne	
<b>F</b>	<b>G</b>
Explosion pulled the pin in the hand grenade	
<b>Am</b>	<b>G</b>
Soul stain blowing up, in your own domain	
<b>F</b>	<b>G</b>
Fire crackers ohh and aah, but they never maintain	

Bridge:

**F** **G**  
Fires burning, flames are dancing  
**Am** **G**  
Don't burn the house down Lord  
**F** **G** **Am** **G**  
Heavenly fire only resides on an altar made from the ground

Bridge

**Am** **G**  
One pair of eyes  
**F** **G**  
But see two different things  
**Am** **G** **F** **G**  
One person cries but the other one sings  
**Am** **G**  
You walk around like everybody owes ya something  
**G** **F**  
Take what you got, thank God for all that life brings  
**Am** **G**  
The poor man has it all but not content with anything  
**F** **F** **G**  
While the rich man's hands are empty but he's sitting like a king

Bridge

**Dm** **G**  
Backpack's getting heavy, moving at a steady pace  
**Am** **Em**  
Carrying bricks on your shoulders and lead around your waist  
**Dm** **Am**  
Making way, run in haste, there is no time to taste  
**Em**  
What you ate, we should be grateful got a plateful  
Fire burns like ice morsels falling fire like rain

Chorus