

Winds Dark Poem
Mount Eerie

Hey, so this was a surprisingly difficult song to work out.

I mean, firstly the song is something of an exercise in dissonance, I am fairly sure there are different chords layered all over themselves, the most notable being the Abm with the C#m, and the B with an F#5 rumbling beneath it, but here I have opted for the chord that makes the most sense, and which can be played on one guitar and sung along to.

So necessarily this tab has ended up being a combination of things, a video of Phil performing an acoustic version helped, but I tried to make this reflect the studio version, with that being the most familiar.

The timing of the post-wind noise section, it is a bit off-kilter in the acoustic thing, so the chords here are mapped to the studio-recorded vocals.

Enjoy.

THERE ARE LITTLE BITS IN THE VERSES SOMETIMES HERE THEY ARE:

(1)

```
e|-----|
b|-----|
g|-3----|---slight bend on the g string
d|----4-|
a|-----|
e|-----|
```

(2)

```
e|-----|
b|-----|
g|-4--3-|---go ahead and whack a slight bend on these too
d|-----|
a|-----|
e|-----|
```

I WILL REFER TO THEM BELOW AS (1) AND (2)

IT IS THE EASIEST WAY I COULD THINK TO DO IT

The intro is a frantically picked Abm for about 30 seconds,
then this happens:

```
e|-----|
b|-----5~~~~|
g|-9--8-----11-8--6~~~~|
d|-----6~~~~--6~~~~|
a|-7--6--6~~~~9--6--4~~~~|
e|-----4~~~~-----|
```

Carry on frantically picking C#m for a while,
then two single massive strums of Abm,
and then...

Abm **B**
...voice of wind, the air in the branches

(1) **E** **Abm**
Sounded like words, whispering a spell on me

(2) **E**
Until I heard

Abm
Now I see shapes in the low light

B
The earth quakes in the twilight

C#m
I see flames in my calm life

E
Hear the wind s dark poem

((frantic Abm picking with violent wind, if there is some nearby))

Abm
You can see from above, the rocks sticking out of

B (1)
the yard behind the house make stone constellations,

E **Ebm** **Ebm7**
half-buried in the dusk, the unformed stories

Abm

coming to life while I sleep.

B

The breath moves branches saying words that I don't know,

(1) **E**

a new poem, a song I sang in a dream.

Ebm

Ebm7

The lights of town faint,

Abm

something is exhaling in the sound of traffic far away.

B

(1)

Something is happening. Wind's dark poem describes,

E

Ebm

Ebm7

calligraphy of branches writes, stone constellation alive.

Abm

B

The house is built on a boulder, soil returns to the wind.

(1)

Bones will blow in pink light.

E

The distant sound is saying my name,

Ebm

Ebm7

the wind is taking pieces.

Abm

Abm

Wind's dark poem is about the constantly roaring decay

F#5

The destruction of every day, and every morning's waking.

((stop playing, sing against the gentle hum of silence))

But even as spring is bringing blossoms back among leaves,
the cold wind blows when night falls,
and the bare branches bend.

((gentle hum of silence becomes tidal wave of sound))

((end))