Triumph Of Disintegration Of Montreal

TRIUMPH OF DISINTEGRATION - OF MONTREAL

Created by: dcolspector

 $G\#m7 - x \times x + 11 + 9 + 7$ (not really a G#m7 because it has no D#, but it serves the G#m role from the verses.)

C#7 - x x x 10 9 7 (not really a C#7 because it has no C#, but it serves the C# role from the verses.)

F#* - x 9 11 11 11 x

Ebm - x68896

G#m - 466444

C# - x46664

F# - 244322

B - x24442

D - x57775

B* - 799877

D# - x68886

Ddim - x5676x

Fdim - \times 8 9 10 9 \times

G#m7 C#7

The last ten days have been a motherfucker,

F#* Ebm

I didn t know if I d survive.

G#m C# F# Ebn

Ooh ooh, ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh.

G#m C# F# Ebm

Ooh ooh, ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh.

G#m C:

The voice with the synapse that calls,

F# Ebm

Blood bats into action has now entered the tablelands.

G#m C#

It s only natural to feel a little imbalanced,

F# Ebm

It s a symptom of your hysterical need to be understood.

G#m C# F# Ebm

Ooh.

You had to forgive your enemy cause,

It was making you psychotic to keep fighting him inside of your head. But how could you allow these people that you don t even respect, To rape your self-concept and make your inner world an ugliness? Ooh.

```
C#
                 F#
G#m
                         Ebm
Ooh.
G#m
        C#
F#
                                              C#
Thrashed through the forest like a tormented brute,
I had to make myself a monster just to feel something,
Ugly enough to be true.
                                                C#
And then scratching wildly at the mirror in my heart to see their doleful faces.
                                  C#
                         В
What is the flaw in just running away?
        в*
                   D#
Running away fixes everything,
           F#
How can I, why should I stay?
                 G#m
Just to view the triumph of disintegration?
        C#
G#m
                 F#
                         Ebm
To live beneath language, or far above,
It s really not that different.
At least now that the one thing that is good about me,
Has begun to express itself in malicious ways.
Ooh.
G#m
         C#
                F#
                         Ebm
                                  G#m
                                            C#
Ooh.
F#
                                   В
Thrashed through the forest like a tormented brute,
                       в*
I had to make myself a monster just to feel something,
      F#
Ugly enough to be true.
                                                C#
And then scratching wildly at the mirror in my heart to see their doleful faces.
                         В
What is the flaw in just running away?
         в*
                   D#
Running away fixes everything,
          F#
How can I, why should I stay?
Just to see the triumph of disintegration?
Victories of devastation?
```

в*

D#

F#

В

F#

C#

D

В

