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Ultimate Devotion
Strung Out
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                      ULTIMATE DEVOTION - Strung Out
Tabbed by: Glorny
Email: glorny@fahr-zur-hoelle.org
One o one point one Fahrenheit
To some it s a fever, to her it s just right
And I can t hold her and it s bringin me down
Her blood runs hot but her heart beats cold
       C#
She s a devil with an angel s face I ve been told
                            G#
                                 G
I think I ll push my luck next time you re around
D#
Well I d walk through fire for you
I d burn in hell to make it all true
                                   G#
But I never loved anyone else in this world but you
C#
A thousand reasons why I try to prove to you I m not the other guy
I don t give a damn what other people think
F C# D#
F F C# D#
G# G F
A flare for the strange and a temper like a whip
 C#
A soft hand clutches a riding crop grip
Smell of latex rubber it drives me insane
Beat him once then send him on his way
There s no room in your life for anyone to stay
Engrave your moniker in welts of pain
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D#
There s nothing I wouldn t do to prove
To make these words I promised true
                      D#
                              G# G F
I d rather live my life alone than without you
You know I d rather die then to fuck this up wouldn t get another try
Got one chance there s nothing I wouldn t do
A#
You be my master, I ll be your servant
            D#
On my knees I beg to be abused
       A#
You can take the skin right off my back
With a riding crop or a leather strap
            D#
                     G# G
I d take it all just to be with you
D#
Well I d walk through fire for you
I d burn in hell to make it all true
                      D#
But I never loved anyone else in this world but you
A thousand reasons why I try to prove to you I m not the other guy
               D#
                            С
                                F F F
You re my goddess and I worship you
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