

Damnatio Memoriae
Two Gallants

This tab is NOT an accurate depiction of how Adam plays it.
This is just an optional bare bones alternative.
These chords can be transcribed to play WITHOUT A CAPO
where:

C = E
F = A
G = Bm
Em = G#m

But even then, it is not accurate.
Unfortunately for the amateur guitar players (i.e. Myself),
Adam has been given some divine talent to turn four basic chords into
absolute beauty.
Nonetheless, enjoy the chords.

Capo:fret 4

C
Well, its just the fault of circumstance,
F
The game of youth, the threat of chance.
C **G** **C**
And I cant seem to find another way,
C
To justify my loss of words,
F
But some day, they say Ill be cured,
C **G** **C**
But, be assured Ill always be this way.
F **G**
And we all suffer guilt and shame,
F **C**
In the frame of skin and bones,
F **C**
Little one, youre not alone,
Em **F** **C**
I think its time you stepped out of the shade,
F **G**
But who among your chosen ones,
F **C**
Am I to be so bold?
F **C**
To the one who cant be told?
Em **F** **C**

No dont, believe, a single thing I say.

C

But I recall that night right well,

F

We stood the streets while darkness fell,

C

G

C

Said, you could tell I had something to say.

C

Well I tried to leave but you said no,

F

That eventually we all must go,

C

G

C

so we search the town to find out why we stay.

F

G

And now the days are growing thin,

F

C

And the leaves litter the streets,

F

C

And the fog infests my sheets,

Em

F

C

And we are each to scared to even greet the day,

F

G

And all those resolutions

F

C

unfulfilled,I will soon repeat,

F

C

cant escape my own deceit,

Em

F

C

Oh, I do intend to meet myself someday.

C

And it sickens me to see you now,

F

With your pursed lips and your purchase crowd,

C

G

C

Spouting out self-evidence as proof,

C

But you are virtue, you are why,

F

Mothers weep and young men die,

C

G

C

For just the sight of the pyrite of your tomb,

F

G

But what shames me the most my dear,

F

C

Is the hate you left behind,

F

C

In the shallows of my mind,

Em

And the cold out lines,
F **C**
Where once you used to lay,
F **G**
So Ill pour out this parting glass,
F **C**
And attempt to wash my hands,
F **C**
Of what your memory demands,
Em **F** **C**
No, I never planned for things to end this way.