

Spirit Of The Jag
Tyla J Pallas

SPIRIT OF THE JAG
(Tyla, Twinch)

Em D Am7 (through the entire song except where noted)

Locked in a world of silence
Your eyes are bathed in gold
The spirit of the jaguar
It roams around his soul
He smells flesh as he breeds
With the decadence he sees
With the spirit of the jag

The spirit of the jaguar

Stoned and charmed with a maiden
The temptress of sleep
Misconstrued, misguided
Misconcieved
The shame of the fame sat on the bed
His head held next to that which aimed
He felt misused
His kind regards abused
It was all he could do to remember
Life is the worthy asylum
In which we wait for death

C **G** **D**
The spirit of the jag is in your, oh

Life is the worthy, like I said, like he said
He felt in his head
He felt in his eyes
In which he aimed he never despised
And he felt misused
His kind regards abused
All I could do was remember that you said
All I could do was remember that you said
All I could do was remember
All I could do was remember

The spirit of the jaguar
The spirit of the jaguar
The spirit of the jaguar