

Night Terrors
Wild Sweet Orange

This is my first tab so bear with me.

CAPO 3

C
follow the black marks on the floor
Am
fallen through the bathroom door
G **F**
on his face, that s how it finds you
C
you built an alter of books and melting wax
Am
sackcloth and his panic attacks
G **F**
smears his eyes with the candle ash

C **B**
and oh, does God have a sound?
Am
like a family laughing loud?
F **G**
or a garden gate opening to
C
a world you never found.
B
but not everything s a metaphor
Am
you know somethings just are
F **G**
like the way she slams her bedroom door
C
that doesn t mean a thing

C Am G F

C
he tied a dirty towel around his waist
Am
washes his feet with the tears from his face
G **F**
aint it a shame, that s how you find him?
C
in the darkest closet behind the veil
Am
in his sweet and haunted hour of prayer

G his hands and feet claw the air **F**

C and oh, does God have a sound? **B**

Am
like a little girl crying out

F
from the attic of her house

G **C**
where she hid herself for days

B
but everything s a metaphor

Am
to blood stained over the door

F
to the bread crumbs on the floor

G
everything means something.

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