

G	Α				
pistols and countless eyes					
	G				
a trail of white blood betrays					
С	D	Α			
the reckless route your craft is running					
G		Α			
feed till the sun turns into wood					
G	Α				
dousing an ancient torch					
G		С	D		
loiter the whole day through and lose yourself in lines dissecting,					
С	D	С	D		
lose yourself in lines dissecting, lose yourself in lines dissecting					

blind to the last curse of the fair

Akorabi