

VERSE 1:

Am E G
After all these implements and texts designed by
D C D
intellects we're vexed to find evidently there's
G
still so much that hides.
Am E G
And though the saints dub us divine in ancient
D C D
fading lines their sentiment is just as hard to
G
pluck from the vine.

CHORUS:

F D
I'll try hard not to pretend
F D E
allow myself no mock defense as I

step into the night.

VERSE 2:

Am E G D
Since I don't have the time nor mind to figure
C D
out the nursery rhymes that helped us out in
G
making sense of our lives
Am E G D
The cruel, uneventful state of apathy releases me
C D G
I value them but I won't cry every time one's

wiped out.

CHORUS:

F D
I'll try hard not to give in
F D E
batten down to fare the wind
F D
rid my head of this pretense
F D E
allow myself no mock defense as I

step into the night

Am E C D E

E
La la la la
E
La la la la

C G
La la la la
Dm F G
la la la la la la

(Repeat this once)

C G
Mercy's eyes are blue and
Dm F G
when she places them in
C G
front of you
Dm F G
nothing holds a roman
C G
candle to
Dm F G
the solemn warmth you feel
F C F C
Inside

F C Bb G E

Now run through VERSE chords 1x
(no words)

CHORUS:

F D
I'll try hard not to give in
F D E
batten down to fare the wind
F D
rid my head of this pretense
F D
allow myself no mock defense as I
E
step into the night

Am E C D E

E
La la la la
E
La la la la

C G Dm F G

[AKORTR](#)