

Absolem's Treasure Chest



July 3, 2017

Contents

William Morningwood	4	Periphery	8
I placed my hand upon her toe	4	The Way the News Goes	8
Pain of Salvation	6	Rage	9
Meaningless	6	Straight to Hell	9
Undertow	6	Subway to Sally	10
		Kleid aus Rosen	10
		Tangerine Kitty	11
		Dumb Ways to Die	11
		Tenacious D	12
		Fuck Her Gently	12

William Morningwood

1 *I placed my hand upon her toe*

Capo IIIrd fret

1. ^{Am} I placed my hand upon her toe
^G Yo-ho, yo-ho
^{Am} I placed my hand upon her toe
^C Yo-ho, yo-ho
^C I placed my hand u-pon ^{G/B} her toe
^{Am} She said "Phi Psi you're ^G way too low"
^C Shove it in ^{G/B} shove it out ^C quit fuckin' a-bout ^{G/B}
^{Am} Yo-ho, ^G yo-ho, ^{Am} yo-ho
2. I placed my hand upon her thigh
Yo-ho, yo-ho
I placed my hand upon her thigh
Yo-ho, yo-ho
I place my hand upon her thigh
She said "Phi Psi you're way too sly"
Get in get out quit fuckin' about
Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho
3. I placed my hand upon her tit
Yo-ho, yo-ho
I placed my hand upon her tit
Yo-ho, yo-ho
I place my hand upon her tit
She said "Phi Psi go for the clit"
Get in, get out quit fucking' about
Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho

4. I placed my hand upon her snatch
Yo-ho, yo-ho
I placed my hand upon her snatch
Yo-ho, yo-ho
I place my hand upon her snatch
She said "Phi Psi go for the hatch"
get it in get out quit fuckin' about
Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho
5. I placed my cock inside her mouth
Yo-ho, yo-ho
I placed my cock inside her mouth
Yo-ho, yo-ho
I placed my cock inside her mouth
She said "Phi Psi AGH-AAAAA!!!"
Get in get out quit fuckin' about
Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho
6. And now shes in a wooden box
Yo-ho, yo-ho
And now shes in a wooden box
Yo-ho, yo-ho
We laid her out in a wooden box
She died from sucking a Phi Psi cock
Get in get out quit fucking' about
Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho

7. We dig her up every now and then

Yo-ho, yo-ho

We dig her up every now and then

Yo-ho, yo-ho

We dig her up every now and then

We fucked her once we'll fuck her again

Get in get out quit fuckin' about

Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho

8. And for my sins i'll go to hell

Yo-ho, yo-ho

And for my sins i'll go to hell

yo-ho, yo-ho

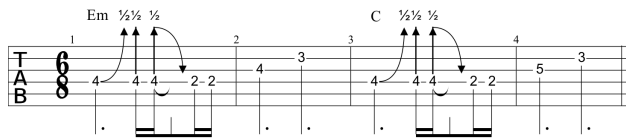
and for my sins i'll go to hell

But hey i'll fuck the devil aswell

Get in get out quit fucking about

yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho

Pain of Salvation

1 *Meaningless*

1. *B/D#* *Em* *Cm*
I still smell of sweat
B/D# *Em* *Cm*
Still the scent of my giving in
B/D# *Em* *Cm*
Try to feel re-gret
B/D# *Em* *Cm*
But I want it to stay on my skin
B/D# *Em* *Cm*
I still fanta-size
B/D# *Em* *Cm*
Close my eyes to be wrong again
B/D# *Em* *Cm*
Still those fuck-me eyes
B/D# *Em* *Db*
As I'm licking the palm of my hand

Em
How the hell am I supposed to
C
keep myself when you are so damn
Em
far away, and everything feels
C
meaningless, and I am not mine(×2)

2. I still smell of sex
Still her taste on my fingertips
Try to feel remorse
But it's hard with her wet on my lips

How the hell am I supposed to
keep myself, when you are so damn
far away, and everything feels
meaningless, and I am not mine
How the hell am I supposed to
keep myself, when you are so damn
far away, and all I do seems
meaningless, and I am not mine

I need something of my own

Something with a locked door

A room just for me alone

Something that I can control

Em I need something of my own

C I need something cutting to the

Am bone, I need something that is

Am mine - *Bm* *C* If that must be *D* guilt, then

Em fine! I wanted something nice, but

C fine, this guilt is a hole but it's

Am mine, I wanted something

Am *Bm* *C* *D*
nice, this guilt is a hole but it's

mine!

2 Undertow

Drop D

1. Let me go, let me go

Let me seek the answer that I need to know

Let me find a way, let me walk away

Through the Undertow

Please let me go

2. Let me fly, let me fly

Let me rise against that blood-red velvet sky

Let me chase it all, break my wings and fall

Probably survive

So let me fly

Let me fly

3. Let me run, let me run

Let me ride the crest of chance into the sun

You were always there, but you may lose me here

Now love me if you dare

And let me run

Interlude: *G Dm C B^bsus2*

Vm V/I9 Vm IV
I'm a-live and I am true to my

II9
heart now, I am

VIm V/I9 VIm
I, but why must truth always

IV9
make me die?

4. Let me *D* break! Let me bleed!

Let me tear *G (V)* myself apart I need to breathe! *B^b*

Let me lose my *G* way! Let me walk a-stray! *E^b*

Maybe to pro-ceed... *Dm*

Just let me *E^b* bleed!

5. Let me drain! Let me die!

Let me break the things I love I need to cry!

Let me burn it all! Let me take my fall!

Through the cleansing fire!

Now let me die!

Let me die

Let me out

Let me fade into that pitch-black velvet night

Periphery

1 The Way the News Goes

C
Wake up as I stumble into a

D
blinding light

C
Deeper breaths enough to

Em *G*
kill the highest highs

C
Take one good look I'm

at the lowest *D* low again

C *Em* *G*
Down at the bottom, but I'm fine

Am Tears march to lullabies and

beat *Dsus2* *F* me like a drum

Am *C* *F*
It's not your a-verage fucking mi-sery

Am This heart has chords, but not a

Dsus2 *F*
single one sounds new or fun

Am *C*
Hit strings in dissonance

F
Pick on, and on, and on

Am *C*
Show them how to fly away

Em *D*
when this world is torn

Am *C*
If you feel like dying, lose that

G *D*
fore-ver, you're shining and it shows

C *D*
You're shining and it

C *Em* *D*
shows, living through the highest highs

C *D*
You're shining and it

C *Em* *G*
shows, down at the bottom, but I'm fine

Am I try to feed it, but it still wants more

Give me that feeling that I'm

C *G*
looking for

Chorus

C
Wake up

As I stumble into a

D
blinding light

C
Deeper breaths enough to

Em *D*
kill the highest highs

C
Take one look and I'm

at the lowest *D* *C* low a-gain

Em *G*
At the bottom, but I'm

Em *G*
fine, at the bottom, but it's

Am *G/B*
all so wrong

C *D*
Wake up, at the bottom, but it's

Am
all so wrong

E5 Tears march to lullabies and

beat me like a drum *F#5* *C5*

A5 It's not your average fucking misery

B5 *F#-A*

C5 This heart as chords, but not a

single one sounds new or fun

A5 - *G5* - *A5*
So long to sanity

For now that's how it goes *B5* *D5* (×2)

Rage

1 *Straight to Hell*

Drop D

- Hear me, what I've got to say
I know you and get you anyway
See me walking by your side
I'm with you forever day and night

I look like the easy way

The truth to be found

I seem to be innocent

I'm coming around, I'm coming around

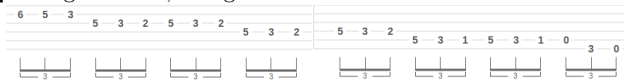
Chorus

Dm Hey man, I'm your *C/D* worst choice
Dmsus4 You don't know, I want *D* it so *Csus4* *C*

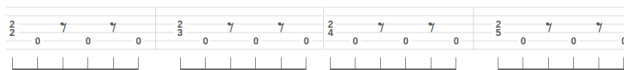
Hey man, I'm your dark voice

You don't know where we will go

Straight to hell, straight to hell



- Listen, listen what you say
I've taught you and you have learned your lesson
Feel me, when you feel the pain
I want you and I am going to get you.. anyway



C I look like the easy way *A^b/C*
F5 (III) The truth to be found *G (V)*
C I seem to be innocent *A^b/C*
A^b (VI) I'm coming a-round, *B^b (VIII)* I'm coming around

I'm your worst choice

You don't know, I want it so

Hey man, I'm your dark voice

You don't know where we will go

You don't know where we will go

Straight to hell, straight to hell

Subway to Sally

1 *Kleid aus Rosen*

Chorus

1. Ein gutes Mädchen lief einst fort,
Verließ der Kindheit schönen Ort;
Verließ die Eltern und sogar
Den Mann, dem sie versprochen war.
Vor einem Haus da blieb sie steh'n,
Darinnen war ein Mann zu sehn
Der Bilder stach in nackte Haut,
Da rief das gute Mädchen laut:

Meister, Meister gib mir Rosen,
Rosen auf mein weißes Kleid,
Stech die Blumen in den bloßen
Unberührten Mädchenleib

2. "Diese Rosen kosten Blut",
So sprach der Meister sanft und gut,
"Enden früh dein junges Leben,
Will dir lieber keine geben."
Doch das Mädchen war vernarrt,
Hat auf Knien ausgeharrt
Bis er nicht mehr widerstand
Und die Nadeln nahm zur Hand.

Chorus

Und aus seinen tiefen Stichen
Wuchsen Blätter, wuchsen Blüten,
Wuchsen unbekannte Schmerzen
In dem jungen Mädchenherzen
Später hat man sie gesehen
Einsam an den Wassern stehen
Niemand hat man je erfahren
welchen Preis der Meister nahm

Tangerine Kitty

1 Dumb Ways to Die

- Cj7 Fj7 Cj7 Fj7*
 Set fire to your hair
Cj7 Fj7 Cj7 Fj7
 Poke a stick at a grizzly bear
Cj7 Fj7 Cj7 Fj7
 Eat medi-cine that's out of date
Cj7 Fj7 Cj7 Fj7
 Use your private parts as pi-ranha bait

Cj7 G/B Am7 Gm7 C9
 Dumb ways to die, so
F7 D7 G7/13-^b13-5
 many dumb ways to die
Cj7 G/B Am7 A^b7 G7sus4 C9
 Dumb ways to di - ie - ie, so
F7 G7
 many dumb ways to die
Cj7 Fj7 Cj7 Fj7

- Get your toast out with a fork
 Do your own electrical work
 Teach yourself how to fly
 Eat a two-week-old un-refrigerated pie

Chorus

- Invite a psycho-killer inside
 Scratch a drug dealer's brand new ride
 Take your helmet off in outer space
 Use a clothes dryer as a hiding place

Chorus

- Keep a rattlesnake as a pet
 Sell both your kidneys on the Internet
 Eat a tube of superglue
 I wonder, what's this red button do?

Chorus

Am7 G/B Cj9 Em7
 Dress up like a moose during hunting
Fj7 G7
 season
Am7 G/B Cj9 Em7
 Dis-turb a nest of wasps for no good
Fj7
 reason
G7 Am7
 Stand on the edge of a train station platform
Em7 Fj7
 Drive around the boom gates at a level crossing
G7 Am7 Em7
 Run across the tracks between the platforms
Fj7 G7
 They may not rhyme but they're quite possibly

Cj7 G/B Am7 D9 G7
 The dumbest ways to die
Cj7 G/B Am7 D9 G7
 The dumbest ways to die
Cj7 G/B Am7 A^b7 G7sus4 Em7
 The dumbest ways to di - ie - ie - ie
F7
 So many dumb
G7
 So many dumb ways to
Cj7 G/B Am7 A^b7 G7 C9 F7 G7 Cj9
 die

Tenacious D

1 Fuck Her Gently

D You don't always have *F#m* to fuck her hard,
Em In fact, sometimes that's not *A* right to do
D Sometimes you gotta make *F#m* some love
Em And fucking give her some *A* smooches too

Bm Sometimes you got to *G* squeeze
Bm Sometimes you got to say *G* please
D Sometimes you got to say *A* hey:

I'm gonna *D* fuck you... *F#m* softly
Em I'm gonna screw you *A* gently
I'm gonna *D* hump you... *F#m* sweetly
I'm gonna *Em* ball you... *A* dis-cretely

Bm And then you say, *G* Hey I brought you flowers
D And then you say, *A* Wait a minute sally!
Bm I think I got something in my teeth,
Em could you get it out for me? *A* That's fuckin' Teamwork!

D What's your favorite *F#m* po-sish'?
Em That's cool with me it's not my *A* favorite but I'll do it for
D you - What's your favorite *F#m* dish?
I'm not gonna *Em* cook it but I'll order it from *A* Zanzibar!

Bm And then I'm gonna love you *G* com-pletely
D And then I'll fuckin' fuck you *A* dis-cretely
Bm And then I'll fuckin bone you *G* com-pletely
D But then... I'm gonna *Em* fuuck *A* yooou
C *G* *D*
ha-aaaa-aaaa-aard
Bb7 *C* *D*
haaa-aaaa-aard