

B B A C#M

VERSE 3

B A C#m
Bitter, strangled, my hair's tangled
B A C#m
But roots have always been a part of me
B A C#m
Questions on changing, and we're all still aging
B A C#m
But I'm not scared to embark on something new

CHORUS 2

F#m A
When beasts grow old
A E
Where do they go?
B
Time marks the journey into the mangrove
F#m A
And so must I
A E
Look with my own eyes
B
And search for the truth that lies in the unknown

INSTRUMENTAL

B B A C#m
B B A C#m
B B A C#m
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CHORUS 3

F#m A
When beasts grow old
A E
Where do they go?
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B

And search for the truth that lies in the unknown

OUTRO

B B A C#m

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