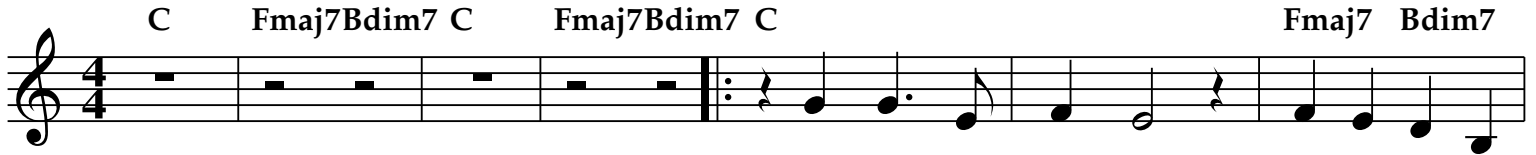


Burning Ages

Phillip Mills

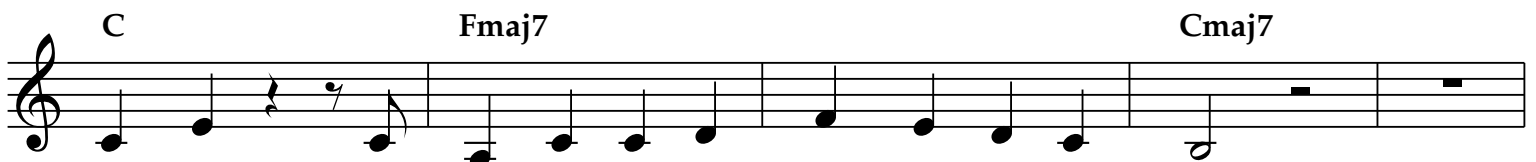
Capo 2

C Fmaj7Bdim7 C Fmaj7Bdim7 C Fmaj7 Bdim7



I'll walk the lost roads 'til I find a
I'll walk the lost roads 'til I find a
I'll walk the lost roads 'til I find a

C Fmaj7 Cmaj7



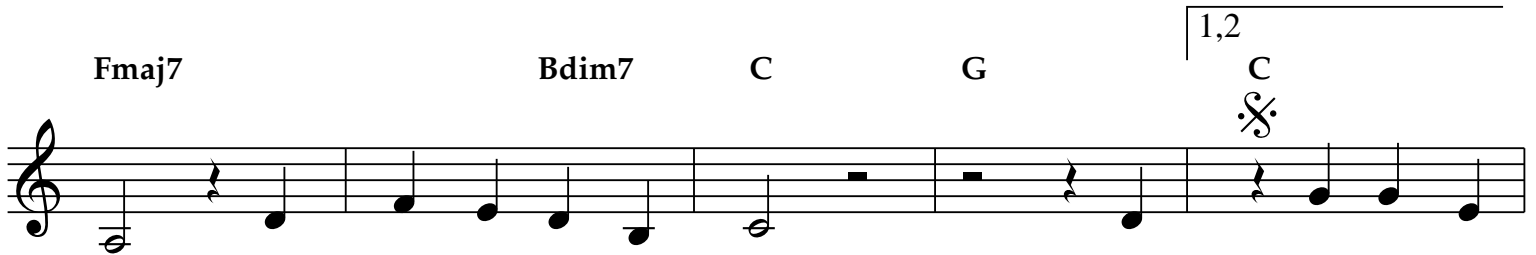
cit - y And Mat-thew of the Cit - y, I'll be named.
space-ship And Mat-thew of the Space-ship, I'll be named.
dra - gon And Mat-thew of the Dra - gon, I'll be named.

Fmaj7 C G



Eyes shut tight, I see its green-gold au - ra light the plain
Stand - ing at a star - port, gleam - ing sil - ver in the sun, I
Scales as red as morn - ing light, his eyes a sear - ing gold,

Fmaj7 Bdim7 C G C



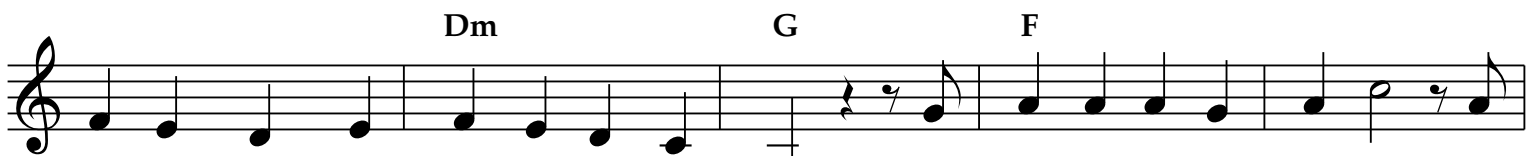
I found a
know. That's what the pict - ures show.

F G I Am7



pict - ure book when I was eight years old In the haunt - ed

Dm G F



for - est, wedged be - neath a paint - ed stone. The edg - es of the cov - er are

C F Am

black-ened, flaked, and charred. A hint of smoke still ris-es from the pag-es

F Fmaj7 Cmaj7 Am al Coda Am

That show me life be - fore the burn-ing ag-es. won-der if the

Dm Am

ci - ty peo - ple Broke a - part their space-ships, If dra-gons swept through

Dm Am

ci - ties, Tear-ing down their glow - ing shields. I won - der if bright

Dm

space - ships claimed the sky, De - feat - ing dra - gons. Were the

C Fmaj7 Bdim7 C G D.S.

dra - gons, space - ships, cit - ies ev - er real?

Fmaj7 Bdim7 C

History:

December, 2007