CONTENTS

6 TESTIFY
10 GUERRILLA RADIO
14 CALM LIKE A BOMB
19 MIC CHECK
23 SLEEP NOW IN THE FIRE
26 BORN OF A BROKEN MAN
30 BORN AS GHOSTS
34 MARIA
39 VOICE OF THE VOICELESS
44 NEW MILLENNIUM HOMES
48 ASHES IN THE FALL
53 WAR WITHIN A BREATH
56 Guitar Notation Legend
Testify
Written and Arranged by Rage Against The Machine

Drop D Tuning:
\( E^1 \) = \( E \)
\( B^2 \) = \( B \)
\( G^3 \) = \( G \)

Intro
Moderately \( \frac{4}{4} = 117 \)

**Gr. 1**
(N.C. play 4 times)
(Riff A End Riff A)

* w/DigTech Wammy Pedal set for f, slowly rock wah-wah pedal back and forth.

**Gr. 1 tacet**

Dm7

* Gr. 2 (slight dist.)
Rhy. Fig. 1

**Verse**

**Gr. 2 tacet**
Gr. 1: w/Riff A, 2 times
N.C. (D5)

1. The move- ie ran through me. The

- glam-our sub- due me. The tab-loid un- tie me.
I'm em-p ty please fill me. Mis-ter

Gr. 1: w/Riff A, 8 times

- an-chor as-sure me. that Bagh- dad is burn- ing. Your voice, it is- so sooth- ing, that
- ci-sion, you feed me. My wit- ness I'm hun- gry. Your tem- ple, it calls me so
cunning mantra of killing. I need you, my witness, to dress this up so bloodless. To
I can carry on. My slaving, sweating the skin right off my bones. On a bed of
numb me and purge me now of thoughts of blaming you. Yes, the car is our wheelchair. My
fire, I'm choked on the smoke that fills my home. The wrecking ball is rushing.

witness, your coughing oily silence mocks the legless ones who travel now in coffins. On the
Witness, you're blushing. The pipeline is gushing, while here we lie in tombs. While on the
corner the jury's sleepless. We found your weakness, and it's
corner the jury's sleepless. We found your weakness, and it's

Chorus
Gr. 1 tacet
Gr. 2: w Rhy. Fig. 1, 2 times
Dan7

right outside our door. Now testify.
right outside your door. Now testify.

right outside our door. Now testify.
right outside the door. Now testify.
right outside the door. Now testify.

To Coda (?)

Let's testify.
Now testify.
Testify.

It's right outside the door. 2. With pre
But it's right outside the door. Mass
graves for the pump and the price is set, and the price is set. Mass graves for the pump and the price is set, and the price is set. Mass

and the price is set. Mass graves for the pump and the price is set, and the price is set. Mass

guitars for the pump and the price is set, and the price is set.

Guitar Solo
Gtr. 3 tacet
Gtr. 2 w/Rhy. Fig. 1, 2 times
Dm7

Gtr. 1

Let ring: 4
* w/envelope filter

* DigiTech XP100, patch 11: + = toe down, 0 = toe up
Interlude
F5      C5   D5
Who controls the past now controls the future.  Who controls the present now controls the past.

F5      C5   D5
Who controls the past now controls the future.  Who controls the present now...

D.S. at Coda

right outside your door.
Guerrilla Radio
Written and Arranged by Rage Against The Machine

Intro
Moderate Heavy Rock \( \frac{d}{2} = 104 \)

N.C.(F♯5)

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{Chord Box} & \text{Riff A} \\
&\text{Chord Box} & \text{End Riff A} \\
&\text{Chord Box} & \text{Riff C} \\
&\text{Chord Box} & \text{End Riff C}
\end{align*}
\]

Verse

Gtr. 2 tacet, 2nd time

\[
F# \ 
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{Chord Box} & \text{Riff B} \\
&\text{Chord Box} & \text{End Riff B} \\
&\text{Chord Box} & \text{Riff C} \\
&\text{Chord Box} & \text{End Riff C}
\end{align*}
\]

1. Transmission on third world war third round. A cast for the mass who burn and toil, or for the cont 1 hi-jacked the frequencies.

Decade of the weapon of sound above ground. No shelter if you’re lookin’ for shade, I lick vultures who thirst for blood and oil? Yes, a spectacle, monopolized, they Block-in’ the Belt-way, move on D. C. Way past the days of bomb-in’ M. C.’s Sound

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Guitar Solo

N.C./F#5

*Gr. 1

Gr. 3 divisi

*Gr. 3

Gr. 1

F.S.

*Using a guitar with Les Paul style electronics, set lead volume to 6 and rhythm volume to 10.

Strike the strings while the pickup selector switch is in the lead position, then flip the switch to the rhythm position to simulate the attack. Flip switch in specified rhythm.

**Chord symbols reflect basic tonality.

**B5  A5  B5  N.C.

Gr. 2: w/ Riff B

Whispered: It

B5  A5  B5

B5  A5  B5  N.C.

B5  Bb m  Ab m  Gm

*Gr. 2: w/ wah-wah
Outro

Gtrs. 1 & 3: Gtr. 2: N.C.

N.C. (F♯5) N.C.

has to start some-where. It has to start some-time. What bet-ter place than here? What

Gtr. 2

wah-wah off

(F♯5)
bet-ter time than now?

All hell can’t stop us now.

Gtrs. 1 & 2: Riff D

End Riff D

Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Riff D, 2 times

All hell can’t stop us now. All hell can’t stop us now.

Gtrs. 3 & 2: Riff E

End Riff E

0 2 x 14 0 2 x 14 0 2 x 14

Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Riff E, 2 times

All hell can’t stop us now. All hell can’t stop us now.
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Calm Like a Bomb
Written and Arranged by Rage Against The Machine

Gtrs. 2, 4 & 5: Drop A Tuning:
1 = E  2 = B  3 = G  4 = A  5 = A

Intro
Moderately Slow \( \frac{4}{4} = 74 \)
N.C.

Whispered: Feel the funk blast.  Uh, feel the funk blast.  Shouted: Uh, feel the funk blast!

N.C. (Bm)

* Using a guitar with Les Paul style electronics, set neck pickup volume control to "10" and bridge pickup volume control to "0".  Flip pickup selector switch as fast as possible to simulate the sound.

** w/ DigiTech Whammy Pedal set for 2 octaves above when fully depressed.

** w/ DigiTech Whammy Pedal set for 2 octaves above when fully depressed.

Verse
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Riffs A & A1

Spoken: Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, check it out, yo, yo, yo,

1. I'll be walk-in'

* Sung behind the beat throughout.

god like a dog. My nar-ra-tive fear less. (My) world war re-turns to burn like Bald-win home from Par-i-s.

lim-in-al, feel tha crit-i-cal mass app-roach hor-i-zon. (Tha) pulse of tha con-denmed, sound-off A-mer-i-ca's de-mis-ing. Tha
steal from a furnace, I was born landless. This is the native son, born of Zapata's guns.

anti-myth rhythm rock shocker. Yes I spit fire. Hope lies in the smoldering rubble of empires. Yes.

Gtr. 1 tacet
N.C.(B5)

Stroll through the shanties and the city's remains. Some bodies buried hungry but with different last names. These

Gtr. 2 Riff B

Gtr. 2 w/ Riff B

vultures robbing every thing, leave nothin' but chains. They pick a point on the globe, yes the picture's the same. There's a

ev'ryone, leave nothin' but chains. Pick a point here at home, yes the picture's the same. There's a

Gtrs. 1 & 2 w/ Riffs A & A1, 2 times
N.C.(B5)

bank and a church, a myth and a hearse, a mall and a loan, a child dead at birth. There's a

field full of slaves some corn and some debt. There's a ditch full of bodies the check for the rent. There's a

widow pig parrot, a rebel to tame, a white-hooded judge, a syringe and a vein.

tap, the phone, the silence of stone. The numb black screen that be feelin' like home.

Gtrs. 1 & 2 tacet
N.C.

Spoken: And a riot through the rhyme of the unheard.

Gtr. 3 (slight dist.)

mf

* w/ wah-wah as filter

| 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 | 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 |

* toe down
Pre-Chorus
Gtr. 3 tacet
N.C. (Bm)

What-ch-a say, what-ch-a say, what-ch-a say, what?

End Riff C

Gtrs. 2 & 4: w/ Riff C, 3 times

What-ch-a say, what-ch-a say, what-ch-a say, what?

What-ch-a say, what-ch-a say, what-ch-a say, what?

Chorus
Bkgd. Voc.: w/ Voc. Fig. 1, 2 times
N.C. (Bm)

We’re calm like a bomb!

Riff D

End Riff D

Riff 1

wah-wah off

1. Gtrs. 2 & 4: w/ Riff D

2. This ain’t sub -

2. Gtrs. 2 & 4: w/ Riff D, 3 times

Calm like a bomb!

To Coda G

Bkgd. Voc.: w/ Voc. Fig. 1, 2 times

We’re calm like a bomb!

Voc. Fig. 1

Ignite, ignite, ignite, ignite, ignite, ignite, ignite, ignite, ignite.
Guitar Solo

Chart 2 & 4 tacet
N.C.

* Using a guitar with Les Paul style electronics, set neck pickup volume control to "10" and bridge pickup volume control to "0." Flip pickup switch in the specified rhythm to simulate the motif.

* Chart 1 w/ Ref A1, 4 times.

(Bm)

* w/ delay

** w/ Whammy Pedal

* Quaternote regeneration w/ 4 repeats

** w/ Digitech Whammy Pedal set for 1 octave above when fully depressed.
D.S. al Coda
(take 2nd ending)

Calm like a bomb!

Whammy Pedal off
delay off

outro
Gtrs. 2 & 4 taunt
N.C.

Calm like a bomb! Mass with-out roots, a priso-n to fill. There's a

Country's soul that reads, "Post no bills." There's a strike and a line of cops out-side of tha mill. There's a

right to o-bey and a right to kill. There's a right to o-bey, and there's the right to kill.
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Intro
Moderately $\frac{4}{4} = 97$

F\#m  F\#m9  F\#m  F\#m(maj7)

Wait a minute, now.

Gr. 1  Riff A
(slight det.)

mf
w/ delay

* Quarter note regeneration w/ 4 repeats.

Verse
Gr. 1: w/ Riff A, 2 times

F\#m  F\#m9

r to the e tha b to the e tha l never give up, just live up. Fed up mash-in with com-plex text fast and in a fash-ion that snap back necks. Quick-er than a

F\#m  F\#m(maj7)

on A-mer-i-ca, we be split-tin' it up, rip-pin' it up, ev-en a-mount in each cup. To my fed cash the com-pan-y checks. Come with the fire on-ly Mar-ley could catch, yes, this be tha
brothers burnin' bare feet on blacktop. whose curled 'neath the shades from the gaze of the cops. whose flame in the cellar beware. a nameless cold millions gaspin' for air, a naked and wage-
huntin' for nine to fives through factory locks is now hunted on this modern day auction block. less, now scream within cages, what they make you pull your shit just to get your share. One!

Chorus
Gr. 1: tacet
Gr. 3: w/ Riff B, 2 times, 3rd time
N.C.
Gr. 4: w/ Fill 4, 3 1/2 times, simple, 3rd time

Mic check, ha, ha, ha! I be tha anti myth rhythm rock shock-er.

Mic check, ha, ha, ha! I be tha anti myth rhythm rock shock-er one!

Mic check, ha, ha, ha! I be tha anti myth rhythm rock shock-er.

To Coda

Mic check, ha, ha, ha! I be tha anti myth rhythm rock shock-er one!

Interlude
Gr. 1: w/ Riff A

Check, check ta-check-a-ta-check ta-check wa, pack-in'. 2. Flexin' and

Fill 1
Gr. 4
Interlude

Gtr. 2 (clean)

Rhy. Fig. 1

End Rhy. Fig. 1

Gtr. 3 (dist.)

Riff B

End Riff B

mf

** w/ echo repeats

* slide down while picking ra rhythm

** quarter note regeneration w/ 3 repeats.

Gtr. 3: w/ Riff B

We'll come down with the war-ri-or sound... ah!

Gtr. 2

Guitar Solo

Gtr. 3 uses

Gtr. 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 1, 2 times

Gtr. 4 (dist.)

* Drag Allen wrench on sixth string with right hand while manipulating vibrato bar with left hand.
** Quickly wipe sixth string with right hand while muting the strings with the left hand.

3. With this

** P.S.

** P.S.

Verse
Gtrs. 2 & 4 tacet
Gtr. 1: w/ Riff A, 4 times
F#m
F#m9

"Who got the pow-er?" This be my question: Tha

F#m
F#m(maj7)

mass of the few in this torn na-tion? Tha priest, tha book, or tha con-gre-ga-tion? Pol-

F#m
F#m9

tricks who rob and hold down your zone? Or those who give that theives tha key to their homes? Tha

F#m
F#m(maj7)

pig who's free to mur-der one Shuck-lak. Or sur-vi-vors who make a move and mur-der one back? This

D.S. at Coda

F#m9
Sleep Now in the Fire
Written and Arranged by Rage Against The Machine

Intro
Moderately $j = 128$
N.C.(Am)

Gtr. 1 (right dist.)
Riff A

Gtr. 1 w/ Riff A, 7 times
Gtr. 2: w/ Riff A, 2 times

Verse
Gtrs. 1 & 2 tacet
A7(no3rd)

world is my ex pense,
the cost of my de sire.

2. Lie is my ex pense
the scope of my de sire.

Jesus
The party

Gtr. 3 (dist.)
Riff B
End Riff B

* Digitech Whammy Pedal

blessed me with his future
and I protect it with fire.

blessed me with its future
and I protect it with fire.

Gtr. 3: w/ Riff B

So raise your fists and march a round, just don't take what you need, or I'll

I am the Ni na, the Pin ta, the San ta Ma ri a, the
jail and bury those committed and smoother the rest in greed.

noose and the rapist, the fields overseer, the

Crawl with me into tomorrow or I'll drag you to your grave. I'm
agents of orange the priest of Hiroshima, the

deep inside your children, they'll betray you in my name._

cost of my desire._ Sleep now in the fire._

Chorus
Gr. 4 tacet
Gr. 1 & 2: w/Riff A, 2 times
N.C.(Am)

Hey! Hey! Well, sleep now in the fire._ Hey! Hey!

Interlude
Gr. 1 & 2 tacet
N.C.

Sleep now in the fire._

Verse

3. For it's the end of his try._

it's caged and frozen still. There is no other pill to take, so

Fill 1
Gr. 2

* Microphonic fòlk., not caused by string vibration.
D.S. at Coda
(take 2nd lyrics)

swal-low the one...
that made you ill...
3. The

Yeah!

Guitar Solo
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Riff A. 2 times
N.C.(Am)

Gtrs. 5

* Using guitars with Les Paul style electronics, set neck pickup volume control to "10" and bridge pickup volume to "0."
Flip pickup selector switch with in specified rhythm with right hand to simulate the sear attack while left hand manipulates vibrato bar.

Outro-Chorus
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Riff A. 2 times
Gtrs. 5 tacet

Sleep now in the fire...
Sleep now in the fire...

Sleep now in the fire...
Sleep now in the fire...
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Verse
Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 1
D5
D(#4) D6(#4) Dsus4 D6(no3rd) D5

fears hunt me down, capturing my memories, a frontier of loss. They try to escape across the
Gts. 2 & 3

D(#4) D6(#4) Dsus4 D6(no3rd) D5

streets where Jesus stripped bare and raped the spirit he was supposed to nurture in the name of my, in the name of my...

Chorus
Gtr. 1: n/c
Gtr. 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 2
Gtr. 3: w/ Rhy. Fig. 2, 2 times
N.C.(D5) F5 D5

Born of a brok-en man, but not a brok-en man.

N.C.(D5) F5 D5

Born of a brok-en man, nev-er a brok-en man.

N.C.(D5) F5 D5

Born of a brok-en man, but not a brok-en man.
Verse
Gtrs. 2 & 3 tuned
D5 D(#4) D6(#4) Dsus4

2. Like autumn leaves, his sense fell from him.
An empty glass of himself shattered somewhere within. His

D(#4) D6(#4) Dsus4 D6(no3rd) D5

thoughts like a hundred moths trapped in a lampshade somewhere within,

Gtr. 1: w/Rhy. Fig. 1, last 4 meas.
D(#4) D6(#4) Dsus4 D6(no3rd) D5

their wings banging and burning on through in this night. Forever awake, he lies shaking and stirring, praying for someone to turn off the light.

Gtrs. 2 & 3

Chorus
Gtr. 3 taqet
Gtr. 2 w/Rhy. Fig. 2
Gtr. 3 w/Rhy. Fig. 2, 2 times
N.C.(D5) F5 D5

Born of a brok-en man, nev-er a brok-en man.

N.C.(D5) F5 D5 F5 D5

Born of a brok-en man, but not a brok-en man.

N.C.(D5) F5 D5 F5 D5


Interlude
N.C.(D5)

Aw! Aw!

Gtrs. 2 & 3 Riff A

End Riff A
Born as Ghosts
Written and Arranged by Rage Against The Machine

Intro
Moderately \( \frac{d}{1} = 91 \)

N.C.(E5)

Verse

Gtr. 1: w/ Riff A, 2 times
N.C.(E5)

1. The hills find peace, locked armed guard posts.

Gtr. 1 (dist.)

Riff A

End Riff A

Gtr. 2 (dist.)

Riff B

End Riff B

w/ bar

w/ wah-wah as filter

w/ bar

T
A
B

0
-4 1/2
0
-4 1/2
0
-4 1/2
0
-4 1/2

5
(5)
(5)

5
(5)
(5)

Gtr. 2: w/ Riff B

Safe from the screams of the children born as ghosts.

Gates

Gtr. 1: w/ Riff A, 6 times

Gtr. 7: w/ Riff B, 6 times

guns and a-arms shape the calm of the dawn.

Peering

2. One book and a forty ghosts stuffed in a room,
down into the basin where death lives on the school as a tomb

Where

Where

young run fram-in' at the mouth with hate

home is a wasteland, taste the razor wire.
burning batons beat the freezing who shake. And thought is locked in the womb. Under the

Toxic sunsets they dine and toast. Their walls
tales that tear at the myth of the dream. (Myth of the dream, myth of the dream.) The

deny the terror face by the children born as ghosts. suffer that shocks the lives off the screen. (Myth of the dream, myth of the dream.) Born as ghosts.

* Gtr. 3 (dist.)
* doubled throughout

Chorus
Gtr. 1 (acct)
E5
D5 E5 D5
A warnin', who suffers who didn't speak a word. Born as ghosts.

Rhy. Fig. 1

Gtr. 3 w/ Rhy. Fig. 1, 3 times
E5
D5 E5 D5
A warnin', who suffers who didn't speak a word. Born as ghosts.
A warn' in', who suf-fers who did-n't speak a word. Born as ghosts.  We're the chil-dren born as ghosts.

Guitar Solo
Gr 3 tacet
N.C.

* Drag Allen wrench on sixth string with right hand while manipulating vibrato bar with left hand.
** Using a guitar with Les Paul style electronics, set neck pickup volume control to “10” and bridge pickup volume control to “0.” Pick the string and flip pickup selector switch in specified rhythm to simulate the reattack.

** DigiTech Whammy Pedal set for a Perfect 4th above.

* as before

** 5th above

*** octave above

**7th above

** Coda

E5  D5  N.C.(E5)

Born as ghosts.  born as ghosts.
Maria
Written and Arranged by Rage Against The Machine

Intro
Moderately \( \frac{J}{\text{bar}} = 99 \)
N.C.

Verse
Gtrs. 1 & 2: hold echo repeats, next 12 meas.
N.C.

blaze as Maria's foot touches the surface of sand, on northern land, as human contraband. Some quota, the needle and thread crucifixion sold and shipped across the new line, of Mason Dixon.

rico from Joris passed her name to the boss. She stuffed ten to a truck bed, she clutches her cross. Here rip-pinn through denim the point an inch from her vein. The foreman approach, his steps now pound in her brain. His

comes the exhaust and it rips, through her lungs. She's off fast to the pasture like cattle she'll cross. Degree one in-pre- sence, it tears and eclipses her days, no minutes to rest, no moments to pray. And with a
hundred and six, sweat and vomit are thrown, and she prays ___ and suffocates up on the memories of home. Of whisper he whips her soul chained to his will, ___ "My job is to kill ___ if you forget to take your pill." Her arms

Yanqui guns ___ for blood debts on the loans. ___ Of smoldering fields ___ rape rubble and bones. ___

Of graves hidden, trapped up in visions of war. Of nothing, no one, no body, no more.
Numb as her wrists split shots of blood to the floor. Of nothing, no one, no body, no more.

Pre-Chorus
N.C

E5

Those are her mountains and skies ___ and she radiates.
And through

Gr. 1
Riff A

(Whammy Pedal off)

End Riff A

Gr. 2
Riff A1

(delay off)
(Whammy Pedal off)

End Riff A1

N.C

E5

history's rivers of blood, she regenerates.
And like the sun disappears only to reappear.

N.C

E5

She eternally here.
Her time is near, never conquered but here...
Chorus
N.C.(E5)

To tear a-way at the mask.

Grs. 1 & 2

Riff B

End Riff B

1.

2. And now she's got a tear a-way at the mask.

Grs. 1

* w/ echo repeats
** w/ Whammy Pedal

21


21

* Held repeats through next 12 meas.
** DigiTech Whammy Pedal set for a whole step below.

Grs. 1 & 2: w/ Riff B, 2 times

To tear a-way at the mask.

Owl
Chorus
Gr. 1 & 2 w/ Riff B, 4 times
N.C. (E5)

To tear a-way at the mask...

Free Time
Gr. 2 & 3 tacet

Ra! To tear a-way at the mask...

Fill 1
Gr. 3

* w/ Whammy Pedal

* Digitech Whammy Pedal set for a whole step below.
Voice of the Voiceless

Written and Arranged by Rage Against The Machine

Intro
Moderately $\mathbf{j} = 86$

Chord Diagrams:
- E = 5
- B = 3
- G = 2

* Uptown notes result from manipulating Digitech Whammy Pedal in designated rhythms and pitches.

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Verse

Gtr. 2人次
N.C.

Steal walls, your voice blazin' on. True rebel my brother Mumia I reflect upon.

You bet tha spark, set the prairie fires on, make the masses a mas-to-don path to trample tha fascists on.
At fifteen, exposed Philly's finest killin' machine. Boots and mad guns, they pacify you young.

Cause and effect, smell that smoke and that breeze, my panther my brother, we are at war until you're free.

Chorus

Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Riff A
N.C. (Dm7)

You'll never silence the voice
of the voiceless.

You'll never silence the voice
of the voiceless. 2. What the powerful

Verse

Gtr. 2 tacet
N.C.

got nervous, cause he refused to be their servant. He spilt truth, that burned like black churches.

Gtr. 1

w/ Whammy Pedal

...
Prose and versus a million poor in hearse-ers. Watch decision of Dred Scott, as it reserves.

Long as the rope is tight around Mami-a's neck. Let there be no rich white life, we bound to respect. Cause and

effect. Can't ya smell the smoke in the breeze. My panther brother we are at war until you're free.

Chorus
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Riff A
N.C. (Dm7)

You'll never silence the voice of the voiceless. You'll never silence the voice of the voiceless.

You'll never silence the voice of the voiceless. 3. And
Orwell's hell
a terror er a coming through, but this

little brother's
watching, you, too.

And

little brother's
watching you, too.
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Intro
Moderately \( \frac{d}{d} = 93 \)
N.C. (ES)

Gtr. 1 (dist.) (bass)

\[
\text{pp} \quad \text{(12)}
\]

Gtr. 2 (dist.)

\[
\text{mp} \quad \text{flick} \quad \text{f} \\
\text{vol. swell} \quad \text{pitch: F#} \quad \text{E}
\]

Gtrs. 1 & 2 Riff A

End Riff A

\text{play 3 times}

\[
\text{(9)}
\]

Verse
Gtrs. 1 & 2 tacet
Gtr. 2: w/ Fill 1, 2nd time, see next page
N.C. (ES)

1., 2. Hungry people don't stay hungry for long.

They get hope from

Gtr. 3 (dist.) Riff B

End Riff B

\[
0 \quad 0 \quad 0 \quad 0 \quad 0 \quad 0 \quad 0 \quad 0 \quad 0 \quad 0 \quad 0 \quad 0 \quad 0 \quad 0 \quad 0 \quad 0
\]
fire and smoke as the weak grow strong.

Hungry people don't stay hungry for long.

They get hope from fire and smoke as they reach for the dawn.

1. Tha spirit of Jackson now screams through the ruins. Through factory chains and the ghost in the union. For terror of the new order athletes. Peer into the eyes of the child already on trial.

gotten remains disappear to their new homes. Knife the truck, the life burns to the raw bone. Army rip pin' families apart, get 'em on file. Con visions fit the stock pro file all the while films of

Blood on the floor of the tear is still drying. Cover the spreadsheets, the Dow Jones sky in.
dogs coming through homes, rip pin' skin from bones. Yes, the new millennium homes private

Cell block, live-stock, the bodies they buy in. Old South order, new North-ern horizon.

-tizing through private eyes an era rising of the Old South order, new North-ern horizon.

Fill 1

Fill 2

Pic W A
Pre-Chorus
Gr. 3 tacet
N.C.(E5)

Vîlence in all hands, em-brace it if need be.

Gr. 2
Riff C1

End Riff C1

| 0 0 0 7 7 7 0 0 0 | 0 0 0 7 7 7 0 0 0 |

Gr. 1
Riff C

End Riff C

| 0 0 0 7 7 7 0 0 0 | 0 0 0 7 7 7 0 0 0 |

Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Riffs C & C1, 2 times

Livâin' been war-fare, I press it to C. D. Vîlence in all hands, em-brace it if need be.

To Coda 1

Livâin' been war-fare, I press it to C. D.

Gr. 2

A

| 0 0 0 7 7 7 0 0 0 | 0 0 0 7 7 7 0 0 0 |

Gr. 1

| 0 0 0 7 7 7 0 0 0 | 0 0 0 7 7 7 0 0 0 |

Chorus
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Riff A, 3 times
N.C.(E5)

Fire in tha mas-ter's house is set.

A fire in tha mas-ter's house is set.

A fire in tha mas-ter's house is set.
fire in the master's house is set

Guitar Solo

* DigiTech Whammy Pedal set for a major third above.
** Tap string with Allen wrench with right hand while muting strings with left hand and rocking Whammy Pedal to specified intervals.

D.S.S. al Coda 2

*Microphonic falts not caused by string vibration.
Ta tabulatura pochodzi z www.tabulatury.of.pl@wp.pl
Ashes in the Fall
Written and Arranged by Rage Against The Machine

Tune Down 1 Step:
1 = D  2 = C  3 = A  4 = G  5 = F  6 = D

Intro
Moderate Rock \( \text{\textbf{\textit{j} = 140}} \)
N.C.

Fill A

Verse
Gtr. 1 tacet
N.C.

1. A mass of hands press on the mar- ket win- dow,
   ghosts of pro- gress dressed in slow death.
2. A mass of prom- i-ses be- gin to rup- ture
   like the pock- ets of the new world kings.

Riff B

End Riff B

Verse
Gtr. 2 dist.

Feed- ing on hun- ger and glar- ing through the prom- ise
like swollen stom- aches in Ap- pa- la- chia, like the priests
up- on the food that rots
slowly in the aisle.

A mass of name- less
whispered ho- ly things.

A mass of tears have
transformed to stones now.
that hides the graves beneath the master's hill. Buried for drinking, sharpened on suffering and woven into(slings). Hope lies in the rubble.

the river's water, while shackled to the line at the empty well. Of this rich fortress, taking today what tomorrow never brings.

Chorus

Gtr. 2 tacet
Dmaj7/F♯

Spoken: This is the new sound, just like the old sound. Just like the noise wound

* Gtr. 3 (also) Rhy. Fig. 1
End Rhy. Fig. 1

* Harmonized gtr. arr. for gtr.

o'er the new ground. This is the new sound, just like the old sound. Just like the noise wound

[1.

Interlude

Gtr. 2 w/Riff B, 4 times
Gtr. 3 tacet
N.C.

o'er new ground. Listen to the fascist sing: "Take hope here.

War is elsewhere. You were chosen. This is God's land. Soon we'll be free.

...of [blot] and mixture, seeds planted by our father's hand."
Interlude

Gtr. 1: w/ Riff A, 2 times
Gtr. 3 tacet
N.C.

o-ver the new ground. It's the new sound, just like the old sound.

Just like the noose wound o-ver the new ground.

Ain't the new sound just like the old sound?

Look at the noose now, o-ver the, o-ver the, o-ver the burn-ing ground.

Bridge

Gtr. 3 tacet
N.C.

Ain't it fun-ny how the fac-try doors close 'round the time that the school doors close?

Gtr. 2

P.H.

f Whammy Pedal off

*Harm.

*Located between 2nd & 3rd frets.

'Round the time that the doors of the jail cells o-pen up to greet you
like the reaper
Ain't it funny how the fac'try doors close

'round the time that the school doors close?
'Round the time that a

hundred thousand jail cells open up to greet you
like the reaper.

N.C.

Oh.
Oasis.
This is no oasis.

Chorus
Gtrs. 1 & 2 tacet
Gtr. 3: w/ Rhy. Fig. 1, 4 times
Dmaj7/ F#  

Spoken: This is the new sound, just like the old sound.

Just like the noose wound over the new ground. This is the new sound,

just like the old sound. Just like the noose wound over the new ground. Whispered: (Like

N.C.

ash es in the fall. Like ash es in the fall. Like ash es in the fall. Like

* Gtr. 4: Riff D, 4 times

End Riff D  *** Gtr. 1 (clean)

Outro
Gtr. 1 tacet
* Gtr. 2: w/ Whammy Pedal effects, till end
Gtr. 4: w/ Riff D, till end
N.C.

Play 7 Times & Fade

ash es in the fall. Like ash es in the fall. Like

* w/ dist., play notes randomly while rocking pedal back and forth rapidly.
** Whispered vocal is doubled by spoken vocal, till end.
Ta tabulatura pochodzi z
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War Within a Breath
Written and Arranged by Rage Against the Machine

Drop D Tuning. Down 1/2 Step:

Verse
Moderately $\frac{3}{4} = 102$

D5

Spoken: 1. Every official that comes in cripples us, leaves us maimed.
    Their existence is a crime. Their seat, their robe, their tie,
    their land deeds, their hired guns, they're the crime. Shots

Gr. 1: Rhy. Fig. 1

Gr. 1 (slower)

Gr. 1 (slower)

*Gr. 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 1, 8 times

fist rise through the jungle mist, clenched to smash power so cancerous. Black
heard under ground round the rapture, world's eye captured, at last, in a Mexican pas-

T

A

B

12
12
8
8

flag and a red star, a rising sun loom-in' over Los Angeles. 'Cause for-

Raza, livin' in La La is like Gaza. On to the dawn, Intifada.

four puppet governors in a line? Who shook all the world bankers who think they can rhyme?

Reach for the lessons the masked pass on. Seize the metropolis, it's you it's built on.

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Pre-Chorus

D5

Whispered: Ev - ry-thing can change _ on a New Year's Day _

Gtrs. 1 & 2

Riff A

let ring _ let ring _ let ring _ let ring _

D(b5)

Ev - ry-thing can change _ on a New Year's Day _

To Chorus

D

on a New Year's Day. Come on! _

War _ with _ in a breath, _

it's land or death _

D

Gtrs. 1 & 2

Riff B

let ring _

D(b5)

Ev - ry- thing can change _ on a New Year's Day _

Coda 1

D5

on a New Year's Day. Come on! _

War _ with _ in a breath, _

it's land or death _

1st time, D.C. al Coda 1

2nd time, To Coda 2

it's land or death. War _ with _ in a breath, _

it's land or death.

Coda 1

D5

D.S. al Coda 2

Oh _

Random mass grave.
A Tempo
Gr. 1 tacet
Gr. 2: w/ Riff B, 4 times
N.C.

Gr. 1 & 2: w/ Riff B, 8 times
N.C.

Yeah!

Oh.

Come on...

Well, come on...

Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

Outro-Chorus
D5

It's war - with-in a breath,

it's land or death.

War - with-in a breath,

it's land or death.

Gr. 1 & 2
End Rhy. Fig. 2

w/ bar

w/ bar

w/ bar

w/ bar

w/ bar

w/ bar

w/ bar

w/ bar

Grs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 2, 4 times, similar

War - with-in a breath,

it's land or death.

War - with-in a breath,

it's land or death.

Free Time
N.C.

Gr. 1 tacet

death.

Gr. 1

Gr. 2

Gr. 2

divisi

1/2 1/2 1/2 1/2

12 12 12 12

12 12 12 12

12 12 12 12

* Gr. 1 to left of dash in tab.