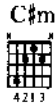
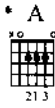


MY IMMORTAL

Written by
BEN MOODY, AMY LEE
and DAVID HODGES

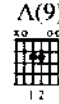
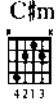
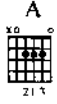
Slowly and freely ♩ = 80



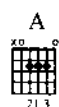
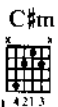
mp

*There is no guitar on this recording. Chords frames indicate suggested guitar chords only

Verse:



1. I'm so tired of be - ing here, _ sup-pressed - by all _ my



child - ish fears. _ And if you have to leave, _

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Authorized for use by *Massimo Orlandini*

C#m



A(9)



I wish that you would just — leave, 'cause your pre-sence still lin - gers here, —

C#m



F#m



C#m



and it won't leave me a - lone. — These wounds won't seem to heal. —

F#m



C#m



F#m



C#m



E



Esus



E



— This pain is just too real. There's just too much that time can - not — e - raise.

§ Chorus:

F#m



E/D



Esus/D



E



C#m



When you cried, — I'd wipe a - way all — of your tears. —

F#m



E/D



Esus/D



E



C#m



When you'd scream, I'd fight a way all of your fears.

F#m



E/D



Esus/D



E



C#m



F#m



E/D



Esus/D



And I've held your hand through all of these years, but you still

E



To Coda 1.

A



have all of me.

C#m



A(9)



C#m



Bridge:

2.

D(9)

312

F#m

134111

C#m

4213

all of me. I've tried so hard to tell my - self that you're

D

1332

C#m

4213

gone. And though you're still with me,

E/D

1

D

132

E

231

Esus

234

F#m

134111

D

132

I've been a - lone all a - long.

E

231

C#m

4213

F#m

134111

D

132

E



231

C#m

4213

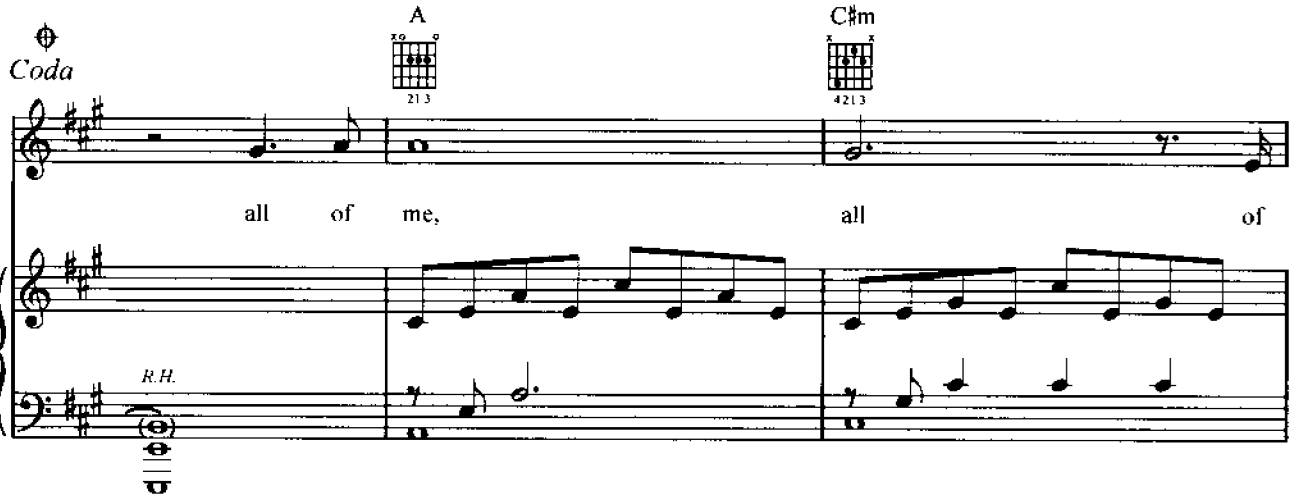
D.S. al Coda




Coda

A  C#m 

all of me, all of

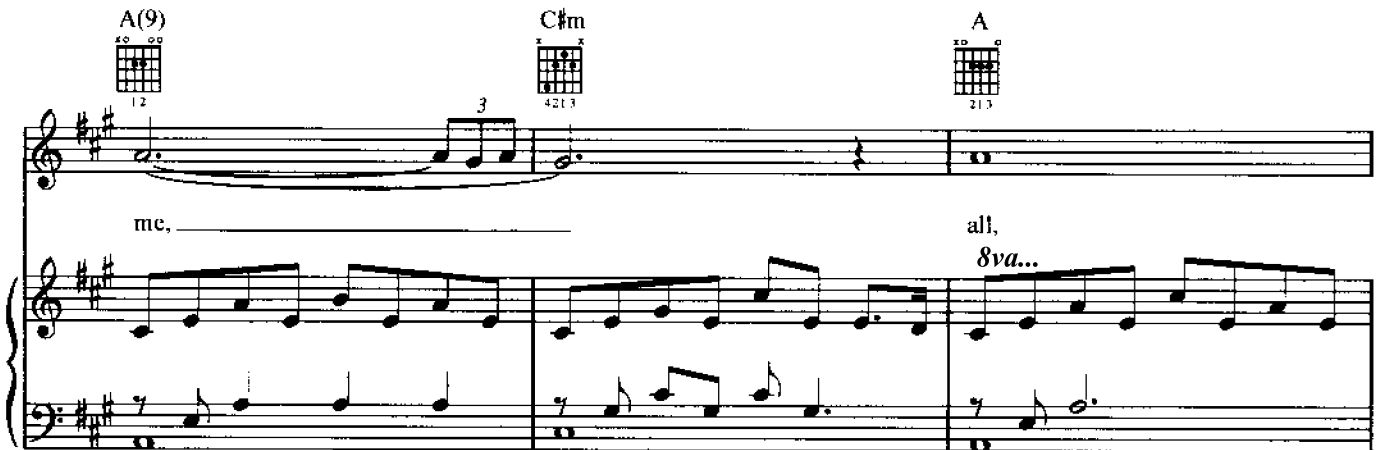
R.H.







A(9)  C#m  A 

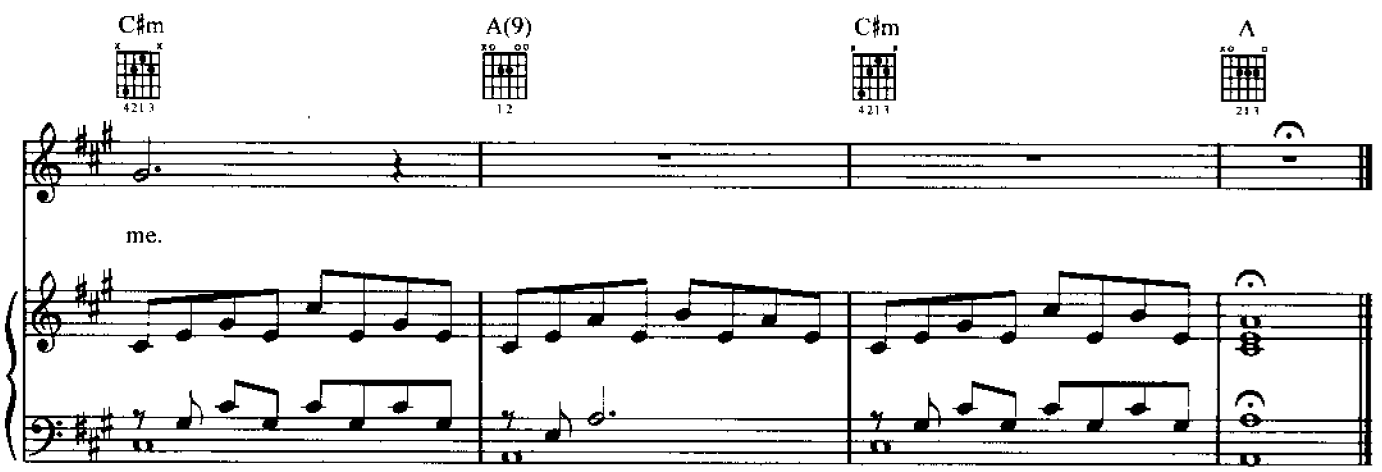
me, all,

8va...



C#m  A(9)  C#m  A 

me.



Verse 2:
 You used to captivate me
 By your resonating light.
 But, now I'm bound by the life you left behind.
 Your face, it haunts
 My once pleasant dreams.
 Your voice, it chased away
 All the sanity in me.
 These wounds won't seem to heal.
 This pain is just too real.
 There's just too much that time can not erase.
 (*To Chorus:*)