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TTTO "Under the Gripping Beast" by Cat Faber

Am G Am E
Five thousand years or more ago, a craftsman worked in hide
Am G C E
As gleaming-soft and human as the day the young man died.
C G F E
The feathered wax had crumbled, and the father had to look.
Em G Am G Am
He wept and gathered up the bones, and bound them in a book.

G F Am
Under the gripping beast is genius twined with grief
G F E
For you cannot write of feelings if you have not known their chief.
Am G F E
I bear no curse but knowledge of the pain that hearts must bear,
Em G Am G Am
The blunders they've committed and the wild joys they share.

Am G Am E
The craftsman wrote within me, told his tales in his own hand
Am G C E
And every artist after him has spun another strand.
C G F E
I carry now the stories of the human race entire
Em G Am G Am
And anyone who looks within finds madness touched with fire.

G F Am
Under the gripping beast is genius twined with grief
G F E
For you cannot write of feelings if you have not known their chief.
Am G F E
I bear no curse but knowledge of the pain that hearts must bear,
Em G Am G Am
The blunders they've committed and the wild joys they share.

Am G Am E
I hold the verse of Sappho written just before she leapt;
Am G C E
The weeping voice of Mozart and of countless more who wept
C G F E
The starry night that Vincent saw was painted on my page
Em C Am G Am
The graphs of the astronomers, the lessons of the sage.

G F Am
Under the gripping beast is genius twined with grief
G F E
For you cannot write of feelings if you have not known their chief.
Am G F E
I bear no curse but knowledge of the pain that hearts must bear,
Em G Am G Am
The blunders they've committed and the wild joys they share.

Am G Am E
So you who hold me in your hands, be careful what you learn
Am G C E
I do not wish to harm you, but your mind's own fire can burn.
Am G F E
Imagination's glories and its tortures lie within
Em G Am G Am
A journal bound in leather fine, as soft as human skin.