

BREATHE NO MORE

Written by
Amy Lee

Slow, half-time feel ♩ = 56

F#, C#

Bm G A Bm G A

mf

Verse:

Bm G A Bm

1. I've been look - ing in the mir - ror for so long
 2. Take a breath and I try to draw from my spir - it's well

G A Bm G A

that I've come to be - lieve my soul's
 Yet a - gain you re - fuse to drink

Bm G A Bm

on the oth - er side. All the lit -
 like a stub - born child. Lie to me;

G2

A2

Bm7(4)

G2

A2

tle piec - es fall - ing shat - ter; and
 con - vince me that I've been sick for - ev - er,

G A D A B A E B C# D F# D F# E G D A B A E

Bm7(4)

G2

A2

Bm7(4)

shards of me too sharp to put back to - geth -
 all of this will make sense when I get bet -

F# G D A B A E B C# D B F# D A

G2

A2

F#

G

er. Too But small I know to mat - ter, but
 ter. ter. I know the dif - f'rence be -

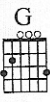
G D A B A E F# F# A

Bm

A

F#

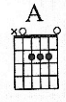
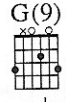
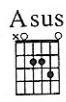
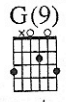
big e - nough to cut me in - to so man - y lit - tle piec -
 tween my - self and my re - flec - tion. I just can't help but to won -



es. If I try to touch her, and I }
 der: which of us do you love. So, I }

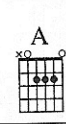
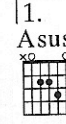
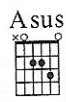
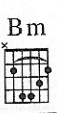
cresc.

Chorus:



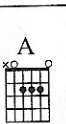
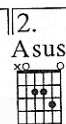
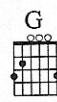
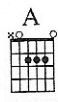
bleed, I bleed, and I

f *decresc.*



breathe, I breathe no...

mf



more. no...

cresc.

Chorus:

G(9) A Asus A G(9) A

Bleed, I bleed, and I

f *decresc.*

Bm A Bm A

breathe, I breathe, I

mf *decresc.*

Bm A Bm A N.C.

breathe, I breathe no more.

mp *rit. e dim.* *p*

Bm G A Bm G A Bm

mf a tempo *rit.*