From Megadeth - *Dystopia*

**Fatal Illusion**

Written by Megadeth

**A**

Moderate \( j = 120 \)

All guitars tune down whole step: (low to high) D-G-C-F-A-D

Gr. 3 (dist)

Gr. 2 (dist)

*Rgr. 1

*Rhy. Fig. 1

End Rhy. Fig. 1

P.M.

Gr. 1 w/ dist. & doubled throughout.

Ambient guitar noise fades in and carries throughout first few measures (tremolo bar dive/raises)

\[ E5 \quad F5 \quad F^\#5 \quad G5 \quad G^\#5 \quad F^\#5 \quad F5 \quad Em \quad D^\#m \quad Gm \quad C^\#m \]

Gr. 3: w/ Rhy. Fig. 1 (7 times)

Copyright
Lost inside the system, locked away without a key. No

one will ever miss a menace to society. A

gross lack of potential, bad decisions made in spite. A
touchy hair pin trigger and such a wasted life.
Try breaking the mold of a broken family.
Fighting damn sure failure, and living on his knees.

Guilty of the crime of non-conformity. A

A lethal injection, now they watch the body

P.S. ---------------

End Rhy. Fig. 4
Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 3

Jerk.

Ex.

Gtr. 2

Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 4

terminate the problem, except it didn't

Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 3

work.

Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 4

Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 3
F

Faster \( \frac{4}{4} \) \( \frac{4}{4} \) = 160

Gtr. 1 & 2 tacet
Gtr. 4: w/ Rhy. Fig. 5 (15 times)

No

vi - tal sign of life, they de - clared it wasn't there.

Co - ron - er nev - er checked, be - cause he did - n't fuck - ing care.

Pass - ing off the bo - dy, they all be - lieve he died.
Starting up the hearse, set out for a final drive. Like

whistling past a graveyard, when walking by

It's a fatal illusion to think that evil never dies.

G

Gtr. 4: w/ Rhy. Fig. 4 (3 times)

Gtr. 4: w/ Rhy. Fig. 5 (2 times)

Gtr. 4: w/ Rhy. Fig. 6 (2 times)
In a

darkened mortuary, reeking of formaldehyde. A

roused from deadly slumber, something opened up his eyes.
Spilling all their blood was a promise that he'd keep.

Hate so strong revived him from a deep necrotic sleep.

Let ring

Clawing away the casket lid until his fingers bleed. He
grabbed a knife and set out on a viviscation spree.

butcher, hell bent, massacr ing each one with his blade. From the
first one to the last, he dispatched them to the grave.

Gtr. 4: w/ Rhy. Fig. 7 (2 times)

It's a fatal illness.

lu - sion

It's a fatal illness.

lu - sion