

Chad VanGalen, Cries Of The Dead

I can hear the cries of the dead
maybe it's your neighbor
beating his dog in the basement.
I can hear the cries of the dead,
muffled by the ground
but still loud enough to make it out.
monkey-webs of concrete road
disappear in time
weeds and trees that grow from seed
will cover us in time
swallowing all of the buildings
and every single piece of trash
I can hear the cries of the dead
maybe its your neighbor
playing his trumpet in the basement
I can hear the cries of the dead
muffled by the ground
but still loud enough to make a sound
You went to the mountains, true
and painted what you saw
you came back late and hid the painting
underneath our couch
and I wasnt there when you made it
but i feel like i'm there when i'm lookin' at it
oh-oh-ooowoo (x2)
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