

# 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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