

Team Sleep, Tomb Of Liegia

In 1969
I killed a man of mine
In a small montana town
I was hunted down by hounds

Hear the night hawk call
His voice is dry and hollow
Hear the crowd cheer
They cheer me to the gallows

In 1985
I was doing time alive
I made a plan to escape
And live as the lady
Of the lake

Hear the crowd of ghosts
Their voices dry and hollow
Can't you hear their calls
They cheer me to the gallows

1995 Was the year
I came up for trial
I listened to his song
And watched the sun
Make the shadows long

Hear the night hawk cry
His voice is dry and hollow
Hear the crowd call
They cheer me to the gallows

Hear the night hawk call
His voice is dry and hollow
Here the night hawk call
In a voice that's hollow