

Cries of the Dead

Chad VanGalen

I can hear the cries of the dead
Maybe its your neighbor eating 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 roads
Disappear in time
Weaved in trees that grow from seeds
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 paintings underneath our couch
And I wasn't there when you made it
but I feel like im there when im lookin' at it
Whoo, Whoo, Whoou..I can hear the cries of the dead
Maybe its your neighbor eating 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

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