

Vocal

The Sound of Silence

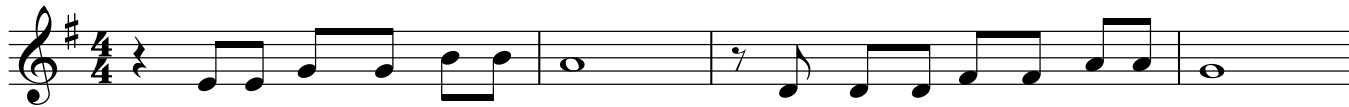
(Pure Version)

Gregorian

♩ = 100

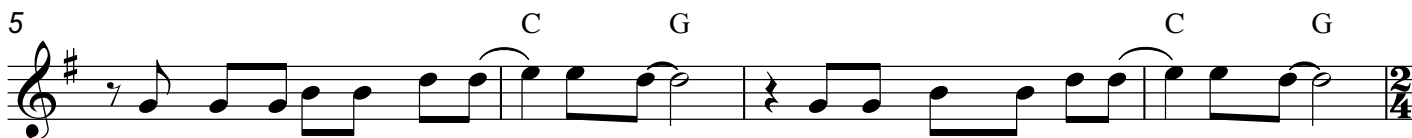
D

Em



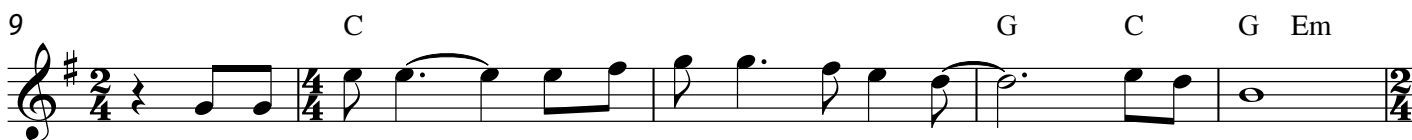
Hel-lo dark-ness, my old friend

I've come to talk with you a - gain



Be-cause a vi-sion soft-ly creep-ing

Left its seeds while I was sleep-ing



And the vi-sion that was plan-ted in my brain

Still re-mains



With-in the sound of si-lence

In re-stless dreams I walked a -



lone

Nar-row streets of cob-bles-tone

'neath the ha - lo of a



street lamp

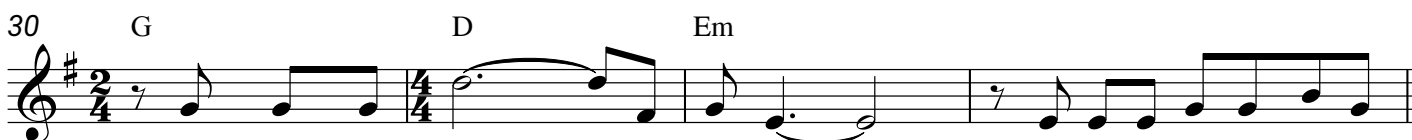
I turned my col-lar to the cold and damp

When my



eyes were stabbed by the flash of a ne-on light

That split the night



And touched the sound of si-lence

And in the na-ked light I