

The Children Of The Night

Blues Traveler

We climb slowly out from under the rock
We were hiding
To greet the sun as it leaves the sky
On the cycle, it were riding

And we stand new
Beneath the blanket of stars
So vast it sways our stance

Swaying, we continue to rise
Until it becomes one outright dance

And the moon keeps watch as the howling grows
Into one single petal from a very different rose
And when we all get lost in
The throbbing throng's exhaustion

We actually touch those flickering lights
And give them something back
We are in fact the children of the night

A spark of smoke in the air
Commands the revelries I attend
It says, "Be not afraid beneath the heavens
For the evening is your friend"

And the moon keeps watch as the howling grows
Into one single petal from a very different rose
And when we all get lost in
The throbbing throng's exhaustion

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