

# 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"

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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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And give them something back  
We are in fact the children of the night