

Dark As The Grave

Steve Hackett

Dark as night
Dark as the grave
Dark wherein my friend is laid
Sleepwalkers fill the boulevards
Pretty girls and backward boys
All the voices can be heard
An opera of the absurd

Dark as night
Dark as the grave
Dark wherein my friend is laid
We welcome you
We welcome you
The world of chaos far away
As the crowd of mourners said
Tragedy is nothing new

Dark as night