

# The Night

Voltaire

The day is the wife whom I elude  
The one to whom I should be right  
Although forewarned by peers and kin  
I always get into the night  
Mother always warned me such  
Being a nocturnal soul  
Besides just being simply strange  
Spawns from some illness of the mind

'Cause the night, she calls me  
She calls me  
She calls me  
She calls me

She sways in her velvet dress  
And pulls me towards her in the dark  
While the others rest  
While the others rest  
While the others rest

Heed the call the time has come  
For all you children of the night  
Gather 'round like suckling dogs  
Mother's come, she is the night  
Come with me to the other side  
Make the girl in black your bride

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She calls me

She sways in her velvet dress  
And pulls me towards her in the dark  
While the others rest  
While the others rest  
While the others rest

It just seems very strange to me  
That her quiet lonely streets  
And draped in all her mystery  
Could be so sweet and comforting

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And pulls me towards her in the dark  
While the others rest  
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