

Voltaire, The Night

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

the night, she calls me
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

heed the call the time has come
for all you children of the night
gather 'round like suckling dogs
mothers come she is the night
come with me to the other side
make the girl in black your bride

the night, she calls me
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

it just seems very strange to me
not her quiet lonely streets
and draped in all her mystery
could be so sweet and comforting

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she sways in her velvet dress
and pulls me towards her in the dark
while the others rest