

Steve Hackett, Dark As The Grave

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

Dark as night, dark as the grave
Dark wherein my friend is laid