

# Dark Night

## The Dead Brothers

It's a dark night  
It's a dark night of the soul  
One soul is for sale  
And you all go to hell  
'Cause it's a dark night of the soul

From the rooftops they shout  
With foam at the mouth  
Revolution!  
In the churches they cry  
With hands held up high  
Kyrie eleison!

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The train must be kept running  
The factories must be kept burning  
With souls and with coals  
At the crossroads you stand  
With a contract in your hand  
And it's the last light of the day

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Well, the poor man slays the rich man  
Then he moves into his house  
But when his brother comes and knockin'  
Well, he too loses his life

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