

Kemopetrol, Night After Night

Night after night we pray to the moon
and we touch the sky
Night after night I don't know why
but I guess it's alright

We melt as we whirl on the edge of the world of a million words
Night after night he's the same but so different
it's so absurd

suddenly he stops
I don't know you I can't go on
I fear this dream could turn into

I don't know why
he's always saying goodbye as soon as we start to fly
I know he's happy but probably
just a bit too shy
In a dream there should not be any fear whatsoever
so it seems so strange
and I hate the fact
that it's my own imagination making you go away

so every time he stops
I don't know you I can't go on
I fear this dream could turn into