

# 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