

Michael Kiske, In The Night

In the night I'm calling you - be my guide, help me through,
In the night I call your name - you're the light in times of shame.
The songs I sing, all my love - I bring for you.

I always try to make things better, everything that has gone wrong,
Mighty plans in the right direction but very little has been done.
Everyday when I try to get forward - I find myself another mile back,
Help me fighting, help me breathing - why am I falling down instead?
Every useful minute seems to be the thought of you,
Every hour seems like wasted, filled with things that I might do.
Without love in my reactions seems the saddest thing, but it's true.

In the night I'm calling you - be my guide, help me through,
In the night I call your name - you're the light in times of shame.
The songs I sing, all my love - I bring for you.

Free from ourselves and free from this world we may find,
The freedom we search, 'cause all that we need is inside.
The hours we waste - we may not get back for a while,
And when it gets dark - no chance will be there for a try.

When I wake up early in the morning I catch a book and jump inside,
I fill my head with a million wonders and try to fill the night with light.
The moment when I get things clearer - I see another mountain to climb.
And always when I think I'm nearer - I realize there is no time.

In the night I'm calling you - be my guide, help me through,
In the night I call your name - you're the light in times of shame.
Sometimes I cried after all I lied to you.

[Rhythm Guitar - Michael Kiske]