

# Strangers in the Night

Ten

The most regrettable part of shaping history,  
Is when it ends, it's done,  
Oh, it kills the mystery,  
So take good care of your heart, and it's polyphony,  
For if you practice hard,  
Oh, love is a symphony,

It can't let go; I've seen the light,  
I feel my passion grow,  
So let this fire burn tonight,  
Release my undiscovered soul,

Taking my hand beyond twilight,  
Feeling my pulse as it grows,  
Feeding the flames of this fire like  
Strangers in the night  
Pushing the realms beyond finite,  
Steeped in the love as it flows,  
Finally tasting desire like  
Strangers in the night...

The truly terrible part, is all the misery,  
For every wound and bruise,  
Oh, is done maliciously,  
The unforgettable part, is contradictory  
For when you win you lose  
Oh, it's not a victory

It took so long for me to fight,  
To feel this night unfold,  
We'll bring this sad old world to life,  
You are my love; with you I'm whole,

Taking my hand beyond twilight,  
Feeling my pulse as it grows,  
Feeding the flames of this fire like  
Strangers in the night...  
Pushing the realms beyond finite,  
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What we have is love reborn,  
We can spread out wings and soar,  
I will be there to catch you if you fall.  
Now we know what love is for,  
We can have it all and more,  
I will be there to answer when you call...  
Taking my hand beyond twilight,  
Feeling my pulse as it grows,  
Feeding the flames of this fire like  
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