

Skulker, Half Past Midnight

I had you in the palm of my hand
& I let you go & I'll never understand...

We sit, we sit here in the dark
We talk about life, we talk about the past

I don't know more than you
You don't know more than
But I know I don't know
What I did to you & me

I had you in the palm of my hand
& I let you go & I'll never understand
I cannot see white flowers are my feet
Only emptiness that swallows me...

We hurt, we hurt with our words
We know not what we do
When we say what we say &

You had it all arranged, it shouldn't be this way
But one thing I know is, I am all I despise &

I know, & I know you too &
I know that I will never see you
Round here anymore

I had you in my hand ... they say, they say speak
They know just how I, know just how I feel!
But how can they know ?
How can they know just how I feel ?

I had you in the palm of my hand
& let you go & I'll never see you again...