

Hide

Little May

Taking steps towards your door, I hadn't let myself before

I hear your name, call

She screams your name, call

As you take her to the floor

I think she likes it

I feel so haunted in your bed

Is it me or is it her, that's in your head.

And you found it, but you drowned it, and you washed it clean

Feed me words while you had her between your sheets

Bet she likes that.

Can you see me count to three...

No I won't play your hide and seek...

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