

Kristoph Klover

"After Midnight"

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In the dead dark hours after midnight
When the world seems to stop in it's place
You can see a little more clearly
You can look your life in the face

You can see the things that you have to
Speak the words too true for the day
In the dead dark hours after midnight
Little friend will you listen and stay

In the time when I never knew you
I could view the world as my own
I was God's own gift to his creatures
And I wore an armor of stone

I was wise and faithful and noble
I was pompous, pious and cold
I was cruel when I never meant it
Too cold to touch or to hold

[Interlude]

It was you who broke through my armor
It was you who breached through the walls
With your pain and your desperation
How could I not answer your call

How could I have guessed you would touch me
And in ways I couldn't control
How could I have known I would need you
Or have guessed you have seen to my soul

For as I taught you so you taught me
How to love and why to care
For your love had thawed my winter
Taught me how to feel and dare

When I looked tonight I discovered
I could not against and oppose
In the dead dark hours after midnight
I learned that I owed you my heart

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