

Soraya, Almost

Last night I slept on a bed of ambition
Spooning with my world on a pillow of wishes
As a child I'd imagine this scene
Playing out my part in a mirror of dreams.

Then in just seconds
I lost all that I had trusted
The convictions in my soul
Were replaced by injustice.

Maybe it's not me
Must be a mistake
My ground broke to pieces
Shook my pride and faith

I almost fell apart that day
I almost came undone in that haze
I almost lost the hold I had on my life
And all that I still had to write
In the story of my days
Reaching for a truth, I found it holding on to you.

I see in my reflection the eyes of a stranger
Blocking my view of what I once held tender
Why me, why now, why this
The answers are smiling hiding deep within

Maybe it's not me
Must be a mistake
My ground broke to pieces
Shook my pride and faith

I almost fell apart that day
I almost came undone in that haze
I almost lost the hold I had on my life
And all that I still had to write
In the story of my days
Reaching for a truth, I found it holding on to you.
When the only sound that breaks the silence
Is your beating heart
In between the pounding you will find who you are. . .