

## Almost

Soraya

Last night I slept on a bed of ambition  
Spoonng 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  
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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. . .