

Natacha Atlas, One Brief Moment

I miss him
that man I almost met
how can it be
that we shared a secret
in one brief moment
our eyes were windows
and in those moments
I hope for him again
his gentle spirit
whispering words
whispering words
to dreams long forgotten
his eyes like candles
in the temple
a mirror to the core of my soul
in some brief moments
we shared a secret
and in those moments
I hope for him again