

Silje Nergaard, What Might Have Been

A door left ajar
lets whispering from afar
breath life into... a dream of me and you

I will the spark to die
But still it lights my eye
Still makes me feel that this alone is real

And though I know it
I dare not show it... or let this madness makes a kill
By dwelling on what might have been
Or giving sadness space to fill
I'll balance on the edge a while but won't... fall in

I'll retrace every step
I've ever run or crept
Hoping I will see what is bleeding me

And when I know it
I won't show it... or let this madness make a kill
By dwelling on what might have been
Or giving sadness space to fill
I'll balance on the edge a while but won't... fall in