

# 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