Sophie Zelmani, There Must Be A Reason

Decided to leave my
Past years to the gods
It wouldn't be fair
It wouldn't be right
To choose myself to be the judge

I learned to keep my mouth shut And I tried to understand That you must have a good heart If you could win, My mother's hands

I'm sorry mother
There must be another reason
I'm sorry mother
But now we are done

She was caught in the middle Wanted to save her from wars So I started to live for the day I could move my life outdoors

The distance burried My thoughts of revenge It was a relief to think Of you as a friend Now it occurs to me How we have changed Since I've grown up It suddenly stopped

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There must be a another reason
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But now we are done