

# One Brief Moment

[Natacha Atlas](#)

I miss him  
That man I almost met  
How can it be  
That we shared a secretIn one brief moment  
Our eyes were windows  
And in those moments  
I hope for him againHis gentle spirit  
Whispering words  
Whispering words  
To dreams long forgottenHis eyes like candles  
In the temple  
A mirror to the core of my soul

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