

# Blooming

Hollyn

Could it be?  
Are you sure it's me?  
What if I can't hold  
This kind of gold?

Oh, I'm sure  
Nothing's more pure  
Than a heart that's been tried  
You've got a fire inside

Oh and hope can come back in  
Let your hands fall out of a fist

Maybe it's time  
To open my eyes  
And realize the night  
Is fading to light  
Maybe it's time

Oh my part was getting hard to handle  
When for everybody  
I would hold a candle  
Comparison has been cold  
So I'm shedding this mold  
I sense walls are folding for

Hope to come back in  
Let your hands fall out of a fist

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To open my eyes  
And realize the night  
Is fading to light  
Maybe it's time

I'm runnin' out of a haze  
Towards what is clear  
I'm runnin' wings of the dawn  
Have brought me here  
I'm fallin' back in love all over again  
Finally blooming in my own skin

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