

## Home Song

Converge

For words, two minutes, three years  
for my fingertips to grow numb  
Could this be the moment  
when the "finally" becomes the "wish I could"?  
Desperation and outstretched memories  
now I see you only in bad dreams  
I never reset  
I only see you in bad dreams  
Let me explain  
Close enough to feel your words  
Far enough to read your flesh