

# Reaching Home

## Textures

The ocean wants me  
Never had to look under water  
Has it been ruled?  
The never ending current pulls me through  
Waiting, waiting  
I have been flowing since I was a boy  
Swimming, lightning  
Coming home, I am going home

Wash it all away, end up strong  
These eyes have grown, these eyes have shown  
Watching the horizon, hoping for  
The cliffs to rise above the shore

The tide rises far above  
The sky fades into the sea  
The awareness slowly ebbs away  
As light surely will find me

As calm as inside a womb  
As the skies are filled with shades of gloom  
The watchers of time have foretold  
That this life will find its way back home

Even a man who fights the cold  
fears the depths of his own soul  
Under the stars that share his light  
Sinking slow and reaching home