

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