Reaching Home

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

Textures