

What was it like to see
The face of your own stability
Suddenly look away
Leaving you with the dead and hopeless?

Eleven and she was gone
Eleven is when we waved goodbye
Eleven is standing still,
Waiting for me to free him
By coming home.

Moving me with a sound
Opening me within a gesture.
Drawing me down and in,
Showing me where it all began,
Eleven.

It took me so long to realize
You were the voice that's been
calling me back home.

Under a dead Ohio sky
Eleven has been and will be waiting,
Defending his light,
And wondering
Where the hell have I been?
Sleeping, lost and numb.
So glad that I have found you.
I am wide awake and heading home.

Hold your light,
Eleven.
Lead me through each gentle step by step
by inch by loaded memory.

I'll move to heal
As soon as pain allows so we can
Reunite and both move on together.

Hold your light,
Eleven. Lead me through each gentle step
by step by insufficient memory
'till one and one are one, Eleven,
So glow, child, glow
I'm heading back home.