

Textures

"Reaching Home"

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The ocean wants me, never had to look underwater
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 and I'm strong
These eyes have grown, these eyes have shown
Watching the horizon and hoping for
The clouds to rise above the shore.

The tide rises far above
The sky fades into the sea
The awareness slowly haves her way
As night surely will find me

This calm inside her womb
As the skies are filled with shades of blue
The watchers of time have have foretold
That this life will find it's way back home

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

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