

Converge, Homesong

For words,
Two minutes,
Three years
For my fingertips to grow numb.

Could this be the moment,
When the "finally" becomes the "wish I could"?
Desperation and outstretched memories,
Now I see you only in bad dreams.

I never reset,
I only see you in bad dreams.
Let me explain...
Close enough to feel your words,
Far enough to read your flesh.