

Back Home

And One

Straight to the stars, to ziggy on Mars, watching all the spiders
Flight to the back, to raise the Berlin flag, let's get down to Earth
From heaven we fell, to Satan in hell, burning down the people
It's quiet a mess, a failure how we guess, the devil's backstage pass

We are back home - becoming alive, a S.T.O.P. sign by our side
It's a straight tone, if you're alive and everything's alright
We are back home - the pleasure in you, it shows up in the night
You will feel true, when you arrive, cause we are on your side
We are back home, back home!

Fate never will, climbing up the hill, by it's own
Move to the top, your heart will never stop by it's own
That's why we sailing the seas, with shivering knees
Searching for an answer
A window, a ball, we tag the Essex wall
A-N-D-O-N-E

We are back home...

No matter if you'll crash on Mars
No matter if you'll paint the stars
No matter if you'll dry the sea
You should always find the way back to me