

We ran
Into the sky
On silver birds
We built to fly
And We
So very few
Left it behind
For something new

On the world
We knew as home
The fires burned
And water rose
Foolish man
Made dust of sand
Oh Albatross

We fell
Out of the stars
On Martian soil
We tilled our hearts
Four hundred moons
We lived as one
Until Earth's men
Put out the sun

On the world
We knew as home
The fires burned
And water rose
Foolish man
Made dust of sand
Oh Albatross

Waiting out the coldest days on Mars...