

Coming Home

Zapp

At night I lie awake
And not a minute longer can I take
The voices I can hear
Chanting of my end creeping near Angel, spread your wings
How beautiful it sounds, when sirens sing Coming home
Coming home
To the tiles, the tiles, the tiles, the tiles, the tiles
Tiles, the tiles, the tiles, the tiles, the tiles I can hear them moan
In the wind so cold it cuts through flesh and bone
Now I am prey
They will come for me and I will have to pay
Angel, spread your wings
How beautiful it sounds, when sirens sing Coming home
Coming home
To the tiles, the tiles, the tiles, the tiles, the tiles
Tiles, the tiles, the tiles, the tiles, the tiles Kein Weg zur Ä1/4ck
Kein Weg hinaus
Kein Weg zur Ä1/4ck
Kein Weg hinaus
Kein Weg zur Ä1/4ck
Kein Weg hinaus
Kein Weg zur Ä1/4ck
Kein Weg hinaus (Outside the wind is howling
You can sense something prowling around
Under your skin it's crawling
Forever you'll be falling down)
Beware - no false move
I don't know why I have to reach the roof
And I run up the stairs
The steps all rotten, but I no longer care Coming home
Coming home
Coming home
To the tiles, the tiles, the tiles, the tiles, the tiles
Tiles, the tiles, the tiles, the tiles, the tiles
Tiles, the tiles, the tiles, the tiles, the tiles
Tiles, the tiles, the tiles, the tiles, the tiles
Coming home
Tiles, the tiles, the tiles, the tiles, the tiles
Coming home

Tiles, the tiles, the tiles, the tiles, the tiles
To the tiles, the tiles, the tiles, the tiles, the tiles
Tiles, the tiles, the tiles, the tiles, the tiles
To the tiles, the tiles, the tiles
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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