Coming Home

ASP

At night I lie awake
And not a minute longer can I take
The voices I can hear
Chanting of my end, creeping nearAngel, spread your wings
How beautiful it sounds when sirens singComing home
Coming home
To the tiles, the tiles, the tiles, the tiles, the tiles
Tiles, the tiles, the tiles, the tiles, the tilesI 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 payAngel, spread your wings
How beautiful it sounds when sirens singComing home
Coming home
To the tiles, the tiles, the tiles, the tiles, the tiles
Tiles, the tiles, the tiles, the tiles, the tilesKein Weg zurck
Kein Weg hinaus
Kein Weg zurck
Kein Weg hinaus
Kein Weg zurck
Kein Weg hinaus
Kein Weg zurck
Kein Weg hinausBeware - 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 careComing 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
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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

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