

Asp, Coming Home

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 zurck
Kein Weg hinaus
Kein Weg zurck
Kein Weg hinaus
Kein Weg zurck
Kein Weg hinaus
Kein Weg zurck
Kein Weg hinaus

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