don't you fear the turning tides
all is ending
on the cosmic strings we ride
never ending

once from out of depths of time we were rising once again, time after time there will be another dawn

now before the gate we stand
waiting for the last command
silver trumpets' call welcomes us home

on a lonely globe in space
all is ending
but I will see this place again
there will be another dawn

now before the gate we stand
waiting for the last command
silver trumpets' call welcomes us home

so before the gate we fall and the longing is no more another journey is over

welcome home