

## Back Home

### And One

Straight to the stars, to ziggy on Mars, watching all the spiders  
Flight to the back, to raise the Berlin flag, let's get down to Earth  
From heaven we fell, to Satan in hell, burning down the people  
It's quiet a mess, a failure how we guess, the devil's backstage pass

We are back home - becoming alive, a S.T.O.P. sign by our side  
It's a straight tone, if you're alive and everything's alright  
We are back home - the pleasure in you, it shows up in the night  
You will feel true, when you arrive, cause we are on your side  
We are back home, back home!

Fate never will, climbing up the hill, by it's own  
Move to the top, your heart will never stop by it's own  
That's why we sailing the seas, with shivering knees  
Searching for an answer  
A window, a ball, we tag the Essex wall  
A-N-D-O-N-E

We are back home...

No matter if you'll crash on Mars  
No matter if you'll paint the stars  
No matter if you'll dry the sea  
You should always find the way back to me