

# 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 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

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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

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