

Fly to the Moon

Axel Rudi Pell

We're leaving, the crown up in the air
closing doors from yesterdays, on ashes of despair
We don't know...
Cold days in hell, dreamings of paradise
cursed by the chains, too much unholy nights

Escaping the world of the evil
going down on and on
believing the world of tomorrow
the spell and the charm

We need to fly
all ships are burning
we need to fly
to the moon
tide's turning high
no one is learning
we need to fly
to the moon
to the moon

we said goodbye
the wings of turning
we need to fly
to the moon
to the moon

Dragons and demons
jokers and fools
trying to tear out our souls
the wicked breed, the evil seed
stealing the rainbows
from far you hear the bells toll