

Yeah...

In a world of hate pollution  
we can't breathe anymore.  
We've to leave and this time you,  
the pawn, have won.  
On our quest for nowhere island  
we set off to the sea.  
You call surrender what we call  
a calm before the storm...

Pounding thoughts of home they make me know:  
I will return! I don't live my life for you,  
it's too short to get burned.  
Stand upright and face the wind!

Time to go back where I belong...  
No one can prevent me from  
raising towers in Babylon.

Time to go back where I belong...  
No one can accuse me  
for I do not fear Babylon

You only can love me if you can convert me  
to attitudes of your brain.  
You blame us for doing things  
that you don't know.  
You tell me what you'd do if you were me but you are you and I  
am I  
Lucky you, but this time I say: "No!"

Pounding thoughts of home they make me know: "I will return!".  
I don't want to hurt you but you'll have to learn:  
You are you and I am I!!!

Ooohhh...

Oh yeah...

(...and like the vision of my urge to salvation told me,  
I built up a tower to widen my horizon, whatever they might say  
...)