

We ran  
Into the sky  
On silver birds  
We built to fly  
And We  
So very few  
Left it behind  
For something new

On the world  
We knew as home  
The fires burned  
And water rose  
Foolish man  
Made dust of sand  
Oh Albatross

We fell  
Out of the stars  
On Martian soil  
We tilled our hearts  
Four hundred moons  
We lived as one  
Until Earth's men  
Put out the sun

On the world  
We knew as home  
The fires burned  
And water rose  
Foolish man  
Made dust of sand  
Oh Albatross

Waiting out the coldest days on Mars...