Freebird 2: This Time It's Personal

The Forecast

Step into the light my dear
Drink up and drown your fears
With a bottle of poison sold
Now we know we wont be cold
Our guardian angels
Can't help us with this one
Now that your mind is numb
Let the truth spill out from
Our mouths into our souls
And pray that the morning comes
Tomorrow to save us from ourselves
In the morning we will realize
That we're taking our own lives
Today will be the last day of our lives
But together we will rise and face these trials
Triumph if we can its not that bad

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