

# The Forecast, Freebird 2: This Time It's Personal

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