Night has come to the world you live in,
There ain't nowhere to go.
Suicide is the way you give in,
The way you let us know.
Second thoughts at your own reflection.
Your doubt and blinded sight.

Where has the love for yourself run off to? Perhaps it's gone for good. There should have been much more than anger. Standing where you once stood. Second thoughts at your own reflection. Your doubt and blinded sight.

Ooh, yesterday's rain is tomorrow's sun. Yesterday I felt alive.

The sound of doom, the smell of pain,
Another soul completes it's task.
Noone but God can stop the rain,
Noone but you could ask.
Second thoughts at your own reflection.
Your doubt and blinded sight.

Yesterday's rain is tomorrow's sun. Yesterday I felt alive. Yesterday's rain is tomorrow's sun. Yesterday I feel the rain.

Second thoughts at your own reflection.
Your doubt and blinded sight.
Yesterday's rain is tomorrow's sun.
Yesterday I felt alive.
Yesterday's rain is tomorrow's sun.
Yesterday I feel the rain.
Yesterday's rain is tomorrow's sun.
Yesterday I felt alive.
Yesterday's rain is tomorrow's sun.
Yesterday's rain is tomorrow's sun.
Yesterday I feel the rain.