

## One Hundred Percent

### The Forecast

giving in to the comforts of an empty room  
i'm so afraid of losing all the faith i have in you  
starlight will guide us home under the dark sky  
so wait for me  
i confess as soon as we met  
i gave you my best one hundred percent of me

smoke is rising faster and we'll fall behind  
wait this out with me  
slowly crawling back to what we left behind  
waiting now we're wasted  
and in my head i feel undressed  
i'm hanging by a thread  
locked down shut out and your smile's  
just throwing fuel on the fire