

# The Morning Of, Pilot To Base

Pilot to base. flight 13 is falling fast.  
We've lost power and i don't know how much longer we will last  
And wont it be a beautiful sight.  
A single streak of fire moving across  
The amber sky knowing i'm in side.  
Chances are i wont survive  
And when they find this black box in the sea  
I hope they see its you not me because they never "meant it anyway".  
We're falling faster to the ground and when we crash  
I hope it doesn't make a sound because they never know "what to say";  
And wont it be a beautiful sight.  
A single streak of fire moving across  
The amber sky knowing i'm in side.  
Chances are i wont survive  
You used to command this flight but now its my turn  
And i'm bringing her down fast.  
There's 40 parachutes on this plane  
And you're number 41  
And wont it be a beautiful sight.  
A single streak of fire moving across  
The amber sky knowing i'm in side.  
Chances are i wont survive