

Notarthomas Jamie, Hope For The World

Sometimes I wonder... Is there hope for the world?
And then I wonder... Is it up to me?
Is there hope for me?
Is there hope for you?
The world has finally found its way to my door
I hear it breathing right outside of my room
Oh Lord, Deliver me from the beast
The world has worked its way right into my music
I'm not sure if I can be real anymore
Am I more than those who put me here?
The world has pried its way right into my soul
It's rotting inward; it feels so cold
Take it out. Don't let me be a channel of its hatred
Sometimes I wonder... Is there hope for the world?
And then I wonder... Is it up to me?
Is there hope for me?
Is there hope for you?