

# Schaeffer, Oh, Hopeful

Oh, Hopeful. The room stands still.  
And hearts they race to set the pace.  
Oh tears, they flow as fear is taking hold.  
As anger grows, shes letting go  
Hell find his way back home, his heart still fights.  
But with a body broken, hope is fading slowly out of sight  
tonight.  
Oh painful awaking.  
As nerves are reacting.  
A light perhaps, as eyes they crack.  
And the smile on her face  
Hell find his way back home, his heart still fights.  
And as the eyes they open, hope is fading slowly into sight.