

Boysetsfire, In Hope

In hope this little angel will be free from all of their poisons
And in hope I grind my knees into the floor
Praying that he'll never have to feel the pain I have felt
Walking through glass ignorant pain in my feet

His sweet little hands, innocent face so unaware of what lies in waiting
In hope, there will be forever waiting for you
And in hope you'll never look back and hate these days I've held your hands
Falling away
Changing each day to his own fate until
I am needed no more for his comfort or his joy (repeat X1)

In hope there's an answer
And in hope I cry
But I am beaten still the same by this subtle game
As he breaks away, (As he)
I turn my face to the sky for a way to decline
These fairy tales that will mold into nightmares
This fate laid out in my hands unatoned I descend into my
Own decision

In hope
In hope
In hope, I can turn this page
Falling away, Changing each day to this own fate
When I feel him I go running on his own
Wait for something that more there is not