

# Notarthomas Jamie, Hope For The World

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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?