

[ROB MORRIS, "YOUR HOPE"]

When your arms are covered in blood

You don't admit it

And your bank account

Is nothing it once was

You don't seem to regret it.

And your room

Is too small to walk through

It seems a pity

And everyone you meet

Is quick to forget you

And still you say you are ready

To finally go

You know your hope is silent still

You know your hope is fresh out of pills

It's the overstatement of the year.

Well, so long

And don't forget your music

'Cause I know your [? lover ?]

Is behind the couch

On top of your scriptures

And still you say you are ready

To finally go

You know your hope is silent still

You know your hope is fresh out of pills

It's the overstatement of the year.

And I don't suppose you could be wrong

Your faith and your faith is far too strong

And you never saw that for yourself.

It's hard to propose a different view

When yours is beyond what's false or true

It's kind of like staring in the sun.

Yeah

You know your hope is silent still

You know your hope is fresh out of pills

It's the overstatement of the year

Yeah

Your know your hope is silent still

You know your hope is standing still.