

Hopelessly Hopeful

Asking Alexandria

Staring eyes wide open gazing into nothing
Running in place again, going through the motions
In and out as the oceans, repeating
Numb to the silence, to the absence of emotion
The sum of the script, nothing but a click in the rotation
Sick of the peace of mind that goes along with keeping on
And I can't keep on going on inside

It feels like I'm stuck here, suspended, at best, underwhelming
. What's wrong with me?
My conscious is calling but the world isn't all it's cracked up
to be
I'm hopelessly hopeful that I'm not stuck here suspended
In a world I pretended was right for me

Strung out on the same old
Got an itch for something painful
To feel something real once
To remind myself it's not in my head

Sick of the calm coinciding with sticking in and with the line
And I can't keep on going on inside

It feels like I'm stuck here, suspended, at best, underwhelming
. What's wrong with me?
My conscious is calling but the world isn't all it's cracked up
to be
I'm hopelessly hopeful that I'm not stuck here suspended
In a world I pretended was right for me

When I close my eyes
When I leave the light

Inside it feels like I'm stuck here, suspended, at best, underw
helming. What's wrong with me?
My conscious is calling but the world isn't all it's cracked up
to be
I'm hopelessly hopeful that I'm not stuck here suspended
In a world I pretended was right for me