

## Eustace

### This Day & Age

Who am I without this hope? You're holding on, I'm letting go.  
And so I drift out of control; a tragedy without your hope. (Who  
am I without this  
hope?)... Progress is getting away, but I still see it, and I will  
follow. What would become of me if I stayed here? I'd rather  
not know... Knock me down,  
please knock me down; I'm better off when I'm on the ground. You  
say so much without a sound; I'd hear you more if I'd just slow  
down.