

## Asking Alexandria

### "This Is"

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THIS IS:

These are the hands of a tired man,  
This is the old man's shroud,  
These are the eyes of the blood crazed tiger...  
Staring at the maddening crowd,  
This is the face of a teenage mother,  
This is the child she bears,  
This is the soul of her broken lover,  
Searching for the smiles she shared,  
These are the feet of the punished pilgrim  
And in his book of punished love,  
You see his eyes,  
You see no surprise...  
Waiting for a lie that's true.  
Everybody hits you with this feeling  
Nobody seems to understand  
You stop, you look...  
You're searching for the meaning  
Wasting your life away  
These are the dreams of a sleeping father  
And in his long lost days,  
He sees a child...  
He sees his eyes...  
Waiting for the price he's paid  
These are the tears of a fallen idol,  
And in his smile of shattered love,  
You see his eyes...  
You see no surprise...  
You just see lights then realise  
Here with you  
No one here but you  
No one moves but you  
Nobody touches like you  
You...  
Nobody moves like you  
But everybody hits you  
Everybody knocks you down  
These are the feet of a punished pilgrim  
And to the book he prays  
You see his eyes  
You see no surprise

You just see lights then you realise

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