

## Make It Better

Silver End

Packed our bags we are ready to leave  
Come on  
Nothing left for us here to achieve  
I'm down  
We are going to a place where we can  
Finally move on

Getting closer getting closure indeed  
Let's go  
Ego's hungry and it's ready to feed  
Let's get it on

All the cowards that are waiting  
For the perfect opportunity  
All the stories that's corrupted by  
Your own damn insecurity

Just up your game  
Don't stay the same  
Believe in everything your instincts say  
Find your way  
To make it better

Nails are scratching on the board of your mind  
Such sin  
Let's get ready let this roadtrip begin  
All in  
Take the top off, roaming freely  
With a full speed ahead

The road is unknown man  
The end is unshown man  
Let the ending of the story just unfold  
On your way

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For the perfect possibility  
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Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud.  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears

Looms but the Horror of the shade,  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll.  
I am the master of my fate:  
I am the captain of my soul.

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For the perfect possibility  
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