

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 were 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 oportunity
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
All the stories thats corrupted by
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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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