

## Made For More

Chunk! No, Captain Chunk!

This is what I get hope I don't regret  
Wasting all the time that I have jumping to conclusions  
I can tell that you're miserable by the hate you spew

I can see your toxins fuming  
On a roll never been before  
I just want to feel right now that I have some meaning  
'Cause what you think doesn't mean a thing  
Have you looked around to see all the

Curtains closed and I'm locked up in my room  
Anchored to my bed head filled with gloom  
Everyone thinks they're safe 'til they're not  
While you're losing faith, losing face, something's off  
If this is a dream then why can't I wake up

Empty streets  
Ghosts on the concrete  
All I can hear is static playing on the radio  
And I'll get by (and I'll get better)  
If I keep tracing steps  
It might hard with all this misinformation though

Curtains closed and I'm locked up in my room  
Fingers crossed that this could be ending soon  
Everyone thinks they are safe 'til they're not  
If this is a dream then why can't I wake up

So where do we go now  
When the whole world I know  
Is going down in flames  
We are meant for more than this  
False sense of safety

How long must we bite this bullet  
Living in a world that's going straight to hell

Curtains closed

And I'm locked up in my room  
Fingers crossed that this could be ending soon  
Everyone thinks they're safe 'til they're not  
If this is a dream then why can't I wake up