

# Make Everything Okay

From Ashes to New

I can't stand it, can't manage, to understand how we cause this damage.  
The world that we've been handed, torn apart and took for granted.  
We demand it, then panic when it doesn't go the way we planned it.  
Damn it, we need a bandage not a new way to take advantage.  
Not a new way to point the blame.  
Not a new way to voice the hate.  
These choices made to poison everything is how we destroyed this place.  
How can it change?  
Since we were kids it was ran this way.  
We can't escape  
From the mess that we made when we damned this place.

Why can't we make everything okay?

How can we make it if the world is changing every where we go?  
Everywhere we go.  
How can we make it fi the world is hating everything we know? E  
verything we know.

We keep changing, keep making everything we do frustrating.  
There's no such thing as patience  
We want the world to hand us greatness.  
Make us famous and pay us and kiss our ass on a daily basis.  
We bitch our situation sucks, but we're the ones who made it.  
Yea we're the ones that made it shit.  
We made it worst case for all the kids.  
Made a wasteland without a game plan  
And claimed there's no way of saving it.  
Complain again and again like everything's a negative  
But stay in it like the only way out's on a waiting list.

How can we make it if the world is changing every where we go?  
Everywhere we go.  
How can we make it fi the world is hating everything we know? E  
verything we know.  
In a world divided can we fight and stay alive if we're along?  
How can we make it if the world is hating everything we know? E  
verything we know.

We look away.  
We're still in this hell, we're killing ourselves.  
We look away.  
We stare at the end playing victim again.  
We look away.

We look away but there's nowhere to escape.  
We're killing ourselves.