

# Wonder What's Next

## Chevelle

It sometimes feels like I'm burning,  
I want to succeed,  
Is this a good quality?

I wonder what's next.

Nothing.

More and more its an animal,  
Waiting to be seen,  
Face of someone's failures,  
I seek society in need, indeed, indeed.

Indeed.

In the beginning it seems that no one thinks beyond having fun,  
Which is why you write music in the first place,  
Always moving, defining, and pushing forward the art that once created,  
Looking to the right time to share it,  
And then the headaches of criticism,  
Senior advisers advising people above,  
Twisting, distorting that which we love,  
And never ending problems with money,  
Holding you back,  
Preventing progress,  
I thought you only started 'cause it was fun.

We play the blaming game,  
Yes I mind,  
Its not your turn.

We play the blaming game,  
Yes I mind,  
Its not your turn.

We play the blaming game,  
Yes I mind,  
Its not your turn!

We play the blaming game,

Yes I mind,  
Its not your turn!!

I wonder,  
I wonder what's next.

Yes we play the blaming,  
Yes I mind,  
Its not your turn.

We play the blaming game,  
Yes I mind,  
Its not your turn!

We play the blaming game,  
Yes I mind,  
Its not your turn!

We play the blaming game!

We play the blaming game!

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