

## Higher

You can have all the seven wonders  
Whatever yours are  
Dig for gold under seven colours  
All your life  
But the hole in your soul that's bone dry  
Despite all you have  
Argues the greatest things in life won't satisfy

*Don't you know that you were made for something so much  
Higher, higher  
Made for something higher, higher  
Made for so much more*

Chasing dreams that will fade tomorrow  
And never fulfill  
On the treadmill of life that's moving nowhere fast  
When the world you have built starts quaking  
Its promises flawed  
There is a stronger purpose that will free your soul

What's your final destination?  
Life can quickly end  
There's a hope that can't be taken  
When you comprehend

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