

Eye of the Quarrel

Converge

Eye of the quarrel open wide as the wound
I still reach for the sun in spite of all of you
I'm my own man built by my own hands
Despite all the flaws which remind me of you
Eye of the quarrel, is bearing down
Eye of the quarrel, bestows the crown
Frayed as these veins have always been
I still have to wonder who let dysfunction in
The little lies, distorted truths
Smeared the perspective and made me love you
Queen of the garbage, prince of the weeds
My legacy won't inherit disease (from me)