

Converge, The High Cost Of Playing God

Falling head over heels for burden and a bright light,
A high cost of playing god I guess,
Please, tell me how to survive in this,
The unforgiving role of seeing too much.

Under the dead wake of morning,
Finding solace in a diseased heart
And finding love in acts of desperation,
You're no angel my friend, you're no angel.

And here we are,
Teetering on the edge of tried departure,
And there you are with a blessing from below.

One drop for every callous ending,
And one drop for every ungranted wish,
Spare me the day when I discover a new found low.