

# Converge, Eagles Become Vultures

in new day dreams a promise gives way  
to a star struck death and a gold disease  
a hollywood end for a once great man  
who found death on his knees  
cashed in crashed and burned  
sore sour sore  
our eagles become our vultures  
i've searched with pen and paper  
i search to show you  
just how far i broke from myself  
in the name of fear and doubt  
in a better world there would be a better me  
without the chase that won't leave me be  
wolves at my door keep all your wars  
i'm going home to bed  
i've paid more death than you will ever live