

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