

## 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)