

## Converge

# "The High Cost of Playing God"

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Falling head over heels for burden and 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  
Im finding solace in a diseased heart  
and im finding love in acts of desperation  
You're no angel my friend, your no angel  
And here we are teetering on the edge of tired  
departure  
and there you are with a blessing from below  
With one drop for every callous ending  
and one drop for every un-granted wish  
Spare me the day when i discover a new found low

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