

# Quarrel

Moses Sumney

He who asks for much  
Has much to give  
I don't ask for much  
Just enough to live  
But in the light  
Morning will reveal the spoils of night  
Through the walls of Jericho  
Lies a heart of stone  
With you, half the battle  
Is proving that we're at war  
I would give my life just for the privilege to ignore

Don't call it a Lovers' Quarrel  
Don't call it a Lovers' Quarrel

To whom much is given  
Much is required  
Luxurious liver  
You never inquire  
It ain't right, you see  
Who is your family?  
If I don't have tools to fight  
Calling this a quarrel isn't right  
Quoting this a quarrel  
So immorally implies  
We're equal opponents  
And we both antagonize

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We cannot be lovers  
'Cause I am the other  
We cannot be lovers  
Long as I'm the other