

Betrayal Is a Symptom

Thrice

Faith,
is not something that I grasp
it's something that I fake,
as I'm slipping, as I'm falling through the cracks,
Faith
without actions is a mask,
for making the same mistakes
as I'm slipping as I'm falling through the cracks.

somehow I find beauty in our failings,
somehow I find meaning in these lies
somehow I'm made perfect in this fracture,
your back is begging sweetly for my knives,

I'm spilling blood,
glancing down to hide my face,
I walk with eyes closed tight through monuments of grace,

somehow I find beauty in our failings,
somehow I find meaning in these lies
somehow I'm made perfect in this fracture,
your back is begging sweetly for my knives!

my faith is a front, I'm spilling blood,
glancing down to hide my face, I walk with eyes closed
through monuments of grace, I'm spilling blood
glancing down to hide my face I walk with eyes closed
through monuments of grace

isn't it sweet how,
trusted with angels,
and how so quickly
I break my promises?
isn't it sweet, isn't it sweet, isn't it sweet, isn't it sweet?