

## 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?