

Like Light to the Flies

Trivium

Behold our beloved revels
In tragedy (in tragedy)
Self-denying abhorrence for bloodshed
Behold hypocrite

Those who run will be burned
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Devoutly wished for blinded eyes
This tragedy's like light to the flies
This seems to suit you better
Bleeding out the eyes (bleeding out the eyes)
Hope's left in chain suspension
Holding onto lies, to make the truth

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