

# Thrice, A Subtle Dagger

it infiltrates,  
insidious,  
it feigns at love,  
betrays our trust  
in what we've known,  
since we were born.  
the truth we've found in all we see

points to design,  
still our chests swell,  
we'll never find  
true answers from a wishing well.

so feed us all  
another lie,  
to steal our thoughts,  
appease our pride,  
so we wont have  
to change the way we see, we live, we love, we die,

our lust precedes  
our blasphemy,  
our logic reads  
like notes from tainted autopsy.

our souls they speak of something more,  
but we cant look beyond ourselves.  
we implore empty skies because  
our hearts hold room for no one else,

we extend our  
claws to grasp at shadows of the  
ideals we have,  
lost causalities of a subtle dagger,  
buried to the  
hilt in our hearts, blood on our hands.