

# Trivium, Like Light To The Flies

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

Those who run will be burned  
Those who run will be burned  
Those who run will be burned  
Those who run will be burned

Devoutly wished for blinded eyes  
This tragedy's like light to the flies  
This seems to suit you better  
Bleeding out the eyes  
Hope's left in chain suspension  
Holding onto lies, to make the truth