

# Signs Of Betrayal, Crimson Hands

Caught your lies with no alibi,  
So discretely pretend like you had given in.  
Sold the crime broken ears and eyes will believe innocence,  
And watch them turn their heads.  
Ignoring so bitter sweet remorseful never heard of,  
It just keeps on feeding until...  
The city's gone red by your crimson hands,  
They're spreading our sins in vain.  
Cast the line catch and release it wise,  
Not to count is the game like parasites to prey.  
Permeates quickly the viewer's haste,  
To give in to the taste consumed hypnotic waves.  
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