

Thrice, Betrayl Is A Symptom

faith,
is not something that i grasp
its 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,

(Guitar Breakdown)

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

(Breakdown again)

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?