

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