

Thrice "A Subtle Dagger"

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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 still our thoughts,
appease our pride,
so we wont have
to chance 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 heats 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.

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