

## Thrice

# "Betrayal Is A Symptom"

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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,

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

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?

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