

Thrice

"Betrayl Is A Symptom"

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faith,
is not something that i grasp
its something that i fake,
as Im slipping, as Im falling through the cracks,
faith
without actions is a mask,
for making the same mistakes
as Im slipping as Im falling through the cracks.

somehow i find beauty in our failings,
somehow i find meaning in these lies
somehow Im made perfect in this fracture,
your back is begging sweetly for my knives,

Im 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 Im made perfect in this fracture,
your back is begging sweetly for my knives!

my faith is a front, Im spilling blood,
glancing down to hide my face, I walk with eyes closed
through monuments of grace, Im spilling blood
glancing down to hide my face i walk with eyes closed
through monuments of grace

(Breakdown again)

isnt it sweet how,
trusted with angels,
and how so quickly
i break my promises?
isnt it sweet, isnt it sweet, isnt it sweet, isnt it sweet?

