

Thrice "Promises"

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O, we promise pretty things
And we pledge with diamond rings
We profess undying love
But does that word hold any weight
When we reserve the right to break
Any vow that draws our blood

Our word is so faint and feeble
Broken by the slightest breeze or breath
Our hearts are they're so deceitful
Sick and filled with lies
That lead to death

We are cowards and thieves
Will we never turn to grieve
The damage done
Never see
Never quake with rage
At what we have become?
What we have become

Yeah we get down on we knee
O, we play at chivalry
But we do not count the cost
We say
"On Me you can depend"
And
"I will be there 'till the end"
Though we will not bear the cross

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Sick and filled with lies
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