Thrice, Betrayl Is A Symptom

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,

(Guitar Breakdown)

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

(Breakdown again)

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?