

Betrayal Is A Symptom

Thrice

Faith is not something that I grasp
It's 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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