

# 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?

Lyrics provided by

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