

# Betrayal Is A Symptom

## Thrice

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, 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?

Songwriters

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