

A Subtle Dagger

Thrice

It infiltrates insidious, it feints at love
Betrays our trust in what we've known
Since we were born the truth we've found in all we see
Points to design, still our chests swell
We'll never find true answers from a wishing well
So feed us all another lie to still our thoughts
Appease our pride so we won't have
To chance the way we see we live we love we die
Our lusts precede our blasphemy
Our logic reads like notes from tainted autopsy
Our souls they speak of something more
But we can't look beyond ourselves
We implore empty skies because
Our hearts hold room for no one else
We extend our claws to grasp at shadows of the
Ideals we have lost causalities of a subtle dagger
Buried to the hilt in our hearts blood on our hands

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