

## Promises

Thrice

O, we promise pretty things  
And we pledge with diamond rings  
We profess undying love  
But does that word hold any weight  
When we reserve the right to break  
Any vow that draws our blood

Our word is so faint and feeble  
Broken by the slightest breeze or breath  
Our hearts are they're so deceitful  
Sick and filled with lies  
That lead to death

We are cowards and thieves  
Will we never turn to grieve  
The damage done  
Never see  
Never quake with rage  
At what we have become?  
What we have become

Yeah we get down on one knee  
O, we play at chivalry  
But we do not count the cost  
We say  
"On Me you can depend"  
And  
"I will be there 'till the end"  
Though we will not bear the cross

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