

Sparta "La Cerca"

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Grew up on a man made line
That's left me warm
Count your blessings
You're the lucky one

The view from this window
Is frail and brittle
And I've done nothing
To change anything

These hills in our hometown
Disguise the beaten down
I can't turn a blind eye anymore

I was raised in a certain way
And I think I've let you down
So I change my ways
And I'll find a brand new path

Let's crash these gates
And join this party
I wanna be welcomed
Not just tolerated

I'm watching my own eyes
Looking for truth
I started doubting
But fell into the pool

This resolution's firm
And panic sets in
In order to grow
You must be open to learn

I was raised in a certain way
And I think I've let you down
So I change my ways
And I'll find a brand new path, yeah
Brand new path

I was raised in a certain way
And I think I've let you down

So I change my ways
And I'll find a brand new path

Grew up on a man made line
That's left me empty
Count your blessings
You're the lucky one

I've seen these scenes
Haunt me in my dreams
I've just begun to question why

How could I forget
Imaginary splits?
Don't have a thing to do with life

I've seen these scenes
Haunt me in my dreams
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So I change my ways
And I'll find a brand new path
So I change my ways
And I'll find a brand new path
A brand new path

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