

Sparta "Sans Cosm"

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Arms open but I've just broken in
Through a crack in a long division
Can I make a decision without confusion?
Seemed something but became nothing at all
What happened to the old and stable?
When the powers that be, fail and heads will roll

Someday low notes fade away
And go, true and stale, true and stale
Somewhere words don't crater in at all

Currents shiftin' and green lights on my right
These miles hold an infinite time
Long enough to remember and regret precursors
Time turning, foundations shakin' away
It's a matter of time and distance
And tested opinions that force a change

Someday low notes fade away
And go, true and stale, true and stale
Somewhere words don't crater in at all

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Do you owe this?
I am what you thought you were
Can you pay, what you've indebted?
You're back and forth, you're the lottery

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