

# Sparta, Collapse

The host of the show comes down  
to collapse on the ground  
and the crime scene revisits me  
this body shut down in Bordeaux  
and the shores of gold coast on the balcony  
I search for sleep  
the future has fallen short  
when the sun sets north  
and the clouds fall from the mirrored walls

Words speak and choose  
make sense and lose  
capsize the tall tale, but always fail  
words speak and choose, make sense and lose  
forfeit the tall tale, I always will

The host had his mouth sewn shut  
all in the name of trust  
when the blood goes thin, he's given in  
you can spare us the formal toast  
the drunken anecdotes  
from this day on... goes on and on...

You know when he falls apart  
he listens in the dark to the records turn  
I'll never learn

To set it down  
you'll set it down  
you'll set it down