

Sparta, Glasshouse Tarot

I don't snap on like you want me to
because it still hurts my eyes when they turn red
I sit down, rode all the way next to my heart
it beats to the time too close to your truth

[Chorus:]

Yeah the tarot broke, open the glasshouse
and this might just be the saddest day I've ever known

My arms are tied behind disease
I'll probably be gone the next time too
in a corner in a shadow I sit self-obsessed
too busy, too important to say goodbye

This regret, it kills you'll never forget
take the time this time to say your goodbyes