

Sparta, Untreatable Disease

Hope,
Is unborn memories.
Untreatable disease.
Broken ties are crashing in around me.
Home,
Is supposed to be safe.
If the future's on the take,
Then these plans can hardly count as fate.
And you,
You were right.

Hope,
Is a mortal enemy.
It's got me on my knees,
Bound and gagged and begging for mercy.
And home,
Is never far away.
At the bottom of a grave,
Left for dead and finally found it's place.
And you,
You were right.
You were right.
You were right.

Hope,
Is knowing this won't last,
That the memories will pass,
And the future is all you'll ever have.
Home,
Is destroyed by consequence.
A means to finally end.
Burn it out and let it live again.
Cause you,
You were right.
You were right.
You were right.

You were right,
You find your own way.
Left behind,
I'll follow someday.

You were right,
You find your own way.
Left behind,
I'll follow someday.

You were right.
You were right.
You were right.