

# Sparta, La Cerca

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  
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 want to be welcomed not tolerated  
I'm watching my own eyes  
Looking for truth  
I started doubting but fell into the pool  
This resolutions firm and panic sets in  
In order to grow you must be open to learn

Grew up on a man made line  
That's left me empty

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 a to do with life