

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