

Sparta, Light Burns Clear

Looking back with perfect symmetry
mistakes were you, mistakes were me
photos fall through the glass
paint it black to hide your face
static screams deaf the masses
but what do they have to say?

Fan the flames to the landslide
crown yourself in the wake
we play this disaster
fanfare, fanfare, liar

Concrete eyes and flash bang imagery
you're bored with home, you're bored with me
rings were thrown out the window
rolled down empty streets
walls will talk for the widow
but what does she have to say?

Edges dulled at the end of the day