

Sparta, Lines In Sand

Sometimes a struggle builds you somehow
Tears you down, Leaves you dead
Time will pass, back to life
Hand on Shoulders, Bigger, Better
Sunday night, Tempers flair
Fights erupt and trickle down
Apologies, threats and lies
Backing down, compromise

While this city burns
These wounds will heal
You'll find your way
Though lines in sand
Become a proving ground
You'll find in time
Who can top who is their life

Sometimes a struggle leaves you fragile
Shaken up, Shotgun shy
With heartache past, and open eyes
You'll come back stronger, Bigger, Better
Maybe this time, Things will change
Brand new day, Forgive, Forget
Time has past, back to life
Hand on Shoulders, Bigger, Better

Only you with time can define your life
It's yours