

Sparta, Mye

I'll qualify this circumstance,
broadcast, renew this chance.
Pin hope on this promise.
Graduate to this settled score.
projects through mansion doors.
Stand up, dust yourself off.
It's troubled now by swelling tide,
bleached hope and sandstone lies.
You're dazed in the moment.

This time I'll get it right.
You can't defend it, it's predetermined.

You know I'll sit at the bottom space,
trace lines in the vacant space.
It's all about to change.
Small flat in a smaller town,
steal hope to pass around.
You're caught up in the memory.

These shores aren't out of reach.