

# Sparta, Red.Right.Return.(Straight In Our Hands)

Sails catch any wind that they can  
Through any ocean to any land  
There's no worries  
Power carries no concern  
Silhouetted by the fields as they burn  
There's no worries

You're falling straight into our hands  
No compromise, and no demands  
You're falling straight into our hands  
Into our hands, into our hands

Still water hides an undertow  
You can't fight what you can't control  
There's no worries