

Sparta, Sans Cosm

Arms open but I've just broken in
through a crack in a long division
can I make a decision, without confusion?
seemed something, but became nothing at all
what happened to the old and stable?
when the powers that be fail
and heads will roll

someday low notes fade away and go true and stale
somewhere words don't crater in at all

currents turn and green lights on my right
these miles hold and infinite time
long enough to remember
and regret precursors
ride turning, foundations shaking away
it's a matter of time and distance
and test opinions
that force a change

someday low notes fade away and go true and stale
somewhere words don't crater in at all

do you owe this? I am what you thought you were
can you pay it? what you've indebted
you're back and forth, you're the lottery