

Untreatable Disease

Sparta

Hope, is unborn memories
Untreatable disease
Broken ties are crashing in around me
Home, is supposed to be safe
If the future's on the take
Then these plans can hardly count as fate

And you
You were right

Hope, is a mortal enemy
It's got me on my knees
Bound and gagged and begging for mercy
And home, is never far away
At the bottom of a grave
Left for dead and finally found it's place

And you
You were right
You were right
You were right

Hope, is knowing this won't last
That the memories will pass
And the future is all you'll ever have
Home, is destroyed by consequence
A means to finally end
Burn it out and let it live again

Cause you
You were right
You were right
You were right

You were right
You find your own way
Left behind
I'll follow someday

You were right

You find your own way
Left behind
I'll follow someday

You were right
You were right
You were right

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