Red. Right. Return. (Straight In Our Hands)

Sparta

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 worriesYou're falling straight into our hands
No compromise, and no demands
You're falling straight into our hands
Into our hands, into our handsStill water hides an undertow
You can't fight what you can't control
There's no worries

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