

## Crying for Help IV

Arena

Who makes these choices  
Who waves the final hand  
When wisdom is more than  
Age or reason  
Who makes these choices  
Who makes the final stand  
When solitude is all  
That you believe  
It's all the same  
And you really should have known  
It's all the same  
When your heart grows cold  
And you're all alone  
This has no name  
This feeling that I used to know  
It's here again  
I can see the tortured souls  
As they cry for help  
Take my hand  
I'll lead you through the  
Traps and snares  
Take my hand  
I'll feed you and I'll clothe you like  
My only child  
There is nothing left to fear  
My only child  
There is nothing left  
To hurt you now!  
Who makes these choices  
Who waves the final hand  
When all around  
I hear the sound  
Of pleading for a helping hand  
Who makes those choices  
Who makes the final stand  
When far away I hear them say  
They couldn't give a damn....  
Give a damn!  
They're crying for help....  
Help me!  
They're crying for help...  
Help me!  
They're crying for help...  
Help me!  
They're crying for help...  
Help me!