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!

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