

Arena, Mea Culpa

So here I am
Sitting on a pile of stones
Waiting for the rain to fall
To wash away the dust from my hands
So here I am
Sitting on a pile of broken bones
Waiting for the sun to shine
Just to find my way to another day

I hear you call to me
But there's nothing I can do
I hear you call to me
But I can't help you

So here I am
Nothing more to give the world
Hoping for another chance
As I try to make a stand against the tide

And now I walk in fire
I see the flames are grower stronger, dancing higher
And voices from the blue
Their screams will not be silenced, as I stand accused
I look for mercy in their eyes
But only find despising gazes

So here I am
Wasted and torn apart
Waiting for the end to come
Release me from the guilt I've had to bear
So here I am
Sitting on a pile of broken hearts
Waiting for the end to come
And take away the burden of my fear

I hear you call to me
But there's nothing I can do
I hear you call to me
But I can't help you - But I can't help you
So here I am, sitting on a pile of stones...