

# Arena, Spectre At The Feast

There's a spectre at the feast  
Feeding on my soul and drinking my hopes away  
There's a wind from the east  
My heart grows cold, my rainbows turn to grey  
There's a spectre at the feast  
Tearing me up and tossing my bones to the wolves  
On the brink of defeat  
We're moving the goals and changing the rules

Hey don't fall asleep  
Don't close your eyes and drift away to some foreign land  
I know who you are - My fate is in your hands

There's a spectre at the feast  
Panic has a face; it's looking at me right now  
There's the shadow of defeat  
Got to rise and bring those demons down

Hey don't fall asleep  
Don't close your eyes and drift away to some foreign land  
I know who you are - My fate is in your hands

Are they so pure, that they should judge me everyday?  
Am I so low in estimation, that none will hear a word I say?  
Are they so sure, the human race should turn away?  
In every home to be unwelcome, and none will hear a word I say!

This brave new world has fallen and decayed  
Are there no heroes just men with feet of clay?

Are they so weak, that they despise me everyday?  
A painful demonstration that none will hear a word I say!

This brave new world has fallen and decayed  
Are there no heroes just men with feet of clay?

Are you so pure?  
This brave new world has fallen and decayed  
Are there no heroes just men with feet of clay?