

# Arena, Tears In The Rain

This is a clown's tale  
Falling over  
Again and again  
He paints his face  
With colours from the sun  
But he is living in the rain  
This is a clown's tale  
Jumping up  
Spinning round and around  
He kicks his heels  
To the laughter of the crowd  
But from inside there is no sound

Why do we all fail to see  
The darkness in another's heart  
Why do we all turn our backs  
On open wounds  
And failed attractions  
Painted on the canvas there  
Written in the books we share

This is a fool's tale  
Rolling over  
Again and again  
Telling jokes  
To cool the anger of a king  
But he can never be the same

This is a fool's tale  
Tripping up  
Spinning round and around  
Try to walk  
Beyond words of the wise  
Then reach a place too high  
Show them you can fly  
And dream until you hit the ground....

Don't offer sympathy  
When you've just walked away  
Don't play apologies  
And sentimental games  
I stood before the world  
And gave you my heart  
And it may never beat again!

Don't give me hollow tears  
Or empty cries of shame  
Don't try to turn away  
By throwing me the blame  
I stood before the world  
And gave you my soul  
And now I'm living in the rain!

This is a clown's tale  
Falling over  
Again and again  
He paints his face  
With colours from the sun  
But he is lying in....  
He is dying in....  
He is crying in the rain