

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