

Arena, The Butterfly Man

He waits in the dark for lives, misguided and wrecked
The catcher of innocent souls
He's proud of his human collection
Of losers who give up the chase
Of winners who fail to look round
He creeps up behind the fallen and blind
They're gone! With hardly a sound

'Save me - somebody reach out a hand
Save me from eternity caught in the grip of
The Butterfly Man'

He waits in the dark for the scent of anger or hate
He hides behind ignorance
And it's never for long that he has to wait
A gentle caress
Is enough before fear takes a hold
The warning signs come far too late
By then he'll have captured your soul

'Save me - somebody reach out a hand
Save me from the agony caught in the grip of
The Butterfly Man'

'Save me - somebody reach out a hand
Save me from eternity caught in the grip of
The Butterfly Man'

'I've been here for so long
Don't even know what my purpose ever was
I don't even know where I belong
Through the years I've been waiting
Even time has lost it's meaning
Don't even know where I belong'

'Can't ever turn from this path
Don't even know what alternatives there are
Perhaps I wandered too far
I've been here for so long
Don't even hope for an end to all of this
I have no choice, but to carry on'

There you are fighting to escape from the womb
Dying in the snares of your chosen beliefs
Were you not set free far too soon?
There you are bathing in the warmth of creation
Drowning in the blood of your chosen beliefs
Prisoners of fate
Living in a state of sedation

'Save me - somebody reach out a hand
'Save me - somebody reach out a hand
Save me from eternity caught in the grip of
The Butterfly Man'

He waits in the dark
The catcher of elegant souls
Extravagant souls
Belligerent souls

He waits in the dark
His arms open wide
Never too short
Never too tall

He'll take them all