

# 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...