

Waiting for the Flood

Arena

Many times this world has been my playground
An endless field of images, not too profound
I let you read between the lines, if you think you can
Part of someone's grand design of
Sainthood, childhood
Slipping through our fingers
There it is in black and white for you to shout out loud
But all those empty promises just sow more seeds of doubt
Let my vision smother you in heartache
It freezes like the venom from a rattlesnake

It really doesn't matter now, the end will be the same
It really doesn't matter how the world will rise again
There's nothing you can do to stop the river flowing blood
The betting man has played his hand
He's waiting, waiting

Look for me in everything material
live and breathe philosophy and spiritual escape
You'll find me in the films and in the theatres
Through the minds of novelists and orators

It really doesn't matter now, the end will be the same
It really doesn't matter how the world will rise again
There's nothing you can do to stop the river flowing blood
The betting man has played his hand
He's waiting for the flood

You walked with me before, you know
We crossed this land before, you know
You talked with me before, you know
You held my hand before, you know

It really doesn't matter now, the end will be the same
It really doesn't matter how the world will rise again
There's nothing you can do to stop the river flowing blood
The betting man has played and we're just
Waiting for the flood
You followed me too far and it's too late to turn around
You followed me too far to stop the world from being drowned
There's nothing you can do to stop the river flowing blood
The betting man has played and we're just
Waiting for the flood