

## A Tapdancer's Dilemma

Diablo Swing Orchestra

I see them days are coming  
We hear them roar  
They'll bring the end upon us  
And we will have no mercy no more  
Then you'll search for your soul salvation  
Our hands are bound  
We cry out for direction  
But only those truly lost can be found

Why won't you  
Save them, oh let me save you  
Heal them, I can heal you  
Make them closer to your heart?  
We can't just watch these walls come tumbling down  
Why won't you save them, oh let me save you  
Heal them, I can heal you  
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In the final hour, you can cleanse your souls  
By whispering "Hallelujah"  
Now raise your hands, give praise to him  
By singing "Hallelujah"

Saved from the cold, 'cause I can do without you getting praise  
where I go  
There's a truth to be told, and I don't want them to go

Saved from the cold, 'cause I can do without you getting praise  
where I go  
There's a truth to be told  
But I don't want you to go  
Pale from the fall, if that's your excuse then you'll never be  
called  
There's a truth to be told  
I just don't want it to show