

# Crying for Help IV

## Arena

Who makes these choices  
Who waves the final hand  
When wisdom is more than  
    age or reason  
Who makes these choices  
Who makes the final stand  
When solitude is all  
    that you believe  
    It's all the same  
And you really should have known  
    It's all the same  
When your heart grows cold  
    and you're all alone  
    This has no name  
This feeling that I used to know  
    It's here again  
I can see the tortured souls  
    as they cry for help  
    Take my hand  
I'll lead you through the  
    traps and snares  
    Take my hand  
I'll feed you and I'll clothe you like  
    My only child  
There is nothing left to fear  
    My only child  
    There is nothing left  
        to hurt you now!  
Who makes these choices  
Who waves the final hand  
    When all around  
    I hear the sound  
Of pleading for a helping hand  
    Who makes those choices  
    Who makes the final stand  
When far away I hear them say  
They couldn't give a damn....  
    Give a damn!  
    They're crying for help....

Help me!  
They're crying for help...  
Help me!  
They're crying for help...  
Help me!  
They're crying for help...  
Help me!

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>