

# 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