

Vince Neil, The Rift

The circle you are in
Has lost it's form
On tainted wings you fly
Above the thorns
Dark angels in the wind
Cut you down
And watch as you fall
To the ground

(chorus)
You take me down
As you tumble down
Into the rift
You tumble down

Into the rift
You tumble down
Over and over

The dream split open wide
You lost your way
You wander back through time
To another place
Where wishes placed on coins
Can still come true
And winter bows to spring and age to youth

(chorus)