

Crue Motley**"The Rift"**

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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

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