

Turn to Dust

[Def Leppard](#)

The concentration drifts in out of me
Conversation slides away
Turn and face the change in apathy
Take a rise to fall Won't you save? Don't you blame me?
I got the feel that I'm gone, turn to dust
Sentence, rape me, segregate me
I got the fear that I'm gone, turn to dust Slave or sympathy, it atrophies
Save but ancient hearts
Hiding scars and knives in symphonies
Still we rise to fall Won't you save? Don't you blame me?
I got the feel that I'm gone, turn to dust
Sentence, rape me, segregate me
I got the fear that I'm gone, turn to dust

Songwriters

COLLEN Published by

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