

# The Rip

## The Woodies

As she walks in the room, scented and tall  
Hesitating once more  
And as I take on myself and the bitterness I felt  
Realize that love flows  
Wild white horses, they will take me away  
And the tenderness I feel  
Will send the dark underneath  
Will I follow?  
Through the glory of life I will scatter on the floor  
Disappointed and sore  
And in my thoughts I have bled for the riddles I've been fed  
Another lie moves over  
Wild white horses, they will take me away  
And the tenderness I feel  
Will send the dark underneath  
Will I follow?  
Wild white horses, they will take me away  
And the tenderness I feel  
Will send the dark underneath  
Will I follow?

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