

# Pieces

## [Trixie Whitley](#)

In the graveyard of modern days  
the sensual touch is  
all that remains  
you  
blew the fragile grace  
on my skin and in my face\*chorus  
Leaving pieces  
behind, anywhere I go  
Every time I go  
I'm leaving behind my soul  
Leaving  
pieces of mine, everywhere I go  
Braking in to pieces every time I  
growConstant dozing  
The rose of the mind flow  
Emptiness is always on the  
go  
Gliding in the mirrors  
Gathering the symptoms  
of all we have  
And all we  
don't know  
\*chorus

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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