

Pieces of What

[MGMT](#)

When the world has turned
Paralyzed and wrong
Cold-blooded claws never offer
Anything at all Past the point of love
Shattered and untied
Waiting to pick up the pieces
That make it out alright But pieces of what?
Pieces of what?
Pieces of what doesn't matter anymore Moonlight on my floor
Shining through the roof
They got the city surrounded
As if I needed proof
I forgot my fear
Feel it's on the rise
Buried by all of the pieces
Falling from the sky But pieces of what?
Pieces of what?
Pieces of what we used to call home Lay my dragon's teeth
And shallow water steel
At the Belgian gates
I'm waiting for my meal

Lyrics provided by

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