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

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