

# Pieces

## The Stylistics

Foolish pride can reap destruction  
I feel its darts to the mind I let my pride stand in between us  
Never knowing that I had built  
A wall protecting a need inside  
Me I was a fool thinking only of me  
Not seeing nothing more than my  
Precious pride and ego Now all the left for me Pieces of a photograph  
I tore in half  
Pieces of love  
Pieces of the past!  
Pieces of a photograph  
I tore in half  
Pieces of love  
Pieces of the past! Time is made with face a shadow  
And like a thief in the night  
It comes to call slowly creeping  
It disappears in the light But I won't ever break that the chain around me  
I'll find a way to shine off the things that bind me  
Memories still spinning their webs upon me  
But now I'm left alone Pieces of a photograph  
I tore in half  
Pieces of love  
Pieces of the past!  
Pieces of a photograph  
I tore in half  
Pieces of love  
Pieces of the past!

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

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