

## 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

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  
grow

Constant 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