

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