

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 away to shine off the things that bind me.
Memories still spinning their webs upon me.
But now I'm left alone.

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