

Broken Pieces

Wardrum

What was I but a glimpse of time
A grain of hope caught in god's eye
A young man's flesh driven by the heart
An old man's soul torn apart

As the night lights creep from the land of sleep
I feel loss girdling round my tone way

All the pains I've lived through
And I live through still
Recollections and scars left to prove
My past was real
All the pains I've lived through
And I live through still
Missing parts
Broken pieces of me

What was I but melodies and chords
Pure emotions soaking words
And a war drum beat syncing heart and feet
On a march through expectancy's fields

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Recollections and scars left to prove
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