

40 Grit "Pieces"

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The bigger they are, the harder they fall.
Where are you now in this mess you have made?
I'm leaving you here, to fend for your own.
I cannot help I am already gone.

{Chorus}

Pieces of dreams cannot kill the touch only the mind.
These little pieces of things I've grown to hate so much.

Delivered and burned, you see how it works
I could explain, but I'd feel like a jerk.
I close my eyes and feed your pain.
Helpless ritual, ritual habits sustained

{Chorus}

Pieces of dreams cannot kill the touch only the mind.
These little pieces of dreams I've grown to hate so
much.

What about the de-compassion
That is in the movement on the wheels that we ride?
Kill your life!

{after chorus}

Can I believe that I need someone, to make me feel like
I am special?
To lie beneath a snail with no one, and feel like a
million voices.
With a poor excuse I'm guilty. With the blood on my
hands you'll see.
Hide in the ruins that you've ruined, when you couldn't
see...

Running lost intertwined with a weak compromise,
Lacking a soul with the will to survive.

Repeat
{chorus}

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