

Dismember "Pieces"

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Make me
Into the one you want, into the one you need you bend
and
Break me
You watch me separate myself from who I really am
To fit into your plan

You're cutting me in two
And ripping me in three
You're killing with those words you say to me
You're cutting me in two
And ripping me in three
How many pieces can you take from me

Take it
Whatever's left is only following routine and
Fake it
And give in to the thoughts that being bought is what I
am
To fit into your plan

[Chorus]

The wheels they turn for you, a deity for two.
Holding on it's true, won't bring it back again.
They way you look my friend it's closer to the end.
I'm holding out a hand to bring it back again.

Cut down, you cut me up again.
Cut down, you cut me down.

[Chorus]

By Wolfwood

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