

## **In Pieces**

# **"Like Angels On The Verge Of Suicide"**

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the dust clears off the box full of hopeless memories  
the master lock looks old and rusted  
i should've burned this box along with all the others  
forgetting you has been the hardest part and i'm not  
sure i wish to remember  
at all.

like angels on the verge of suicide  
i turn my head and shed a tear  
and fall for what seems like a thousand miles  
until i hit the cold cement floor beside your feet

dont pick me up because

my brittle bones cant withstand another touch from  
your hands  
i'll get up on my own and i'll burn this box  
the fire will look good glistening off the curves of your  
face

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