

## Stylistics

### "Pieces"

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Pieces  
Stylistics  
(Round 2)

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 wont ever break that the  
chain around me. Ill find a  
way to shine off the things that  
bind me. Memories still spinning  
their webs upon me. But now Im  
left alone.

Pieces of a photograph.  
I tore in half. Pieces of chorus  
Love. Pieces of the past!

Pieces of a photograph.  
I tore in half. Pieces of  
Love. Pieces of the past!

Musical Interlude.

Chorus repeat twice more.

Translated by L.Rodale Longtime Stylistic fan

From L. Rodale (rodal25@yahoo.com)

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