

Aga Zaryan, Picking up the pieces

Little by little I'm pulling myself together,
Putting parts of a puzzle back for good.
Not fighting to live another day,
Letting the clouds drift away.
Picking up the pieces,
Parts of the puzzle don't fit.
There's no rush in the search
For a piece of mind,
I have to learn to treat myself kind.
Letting the clouds drift away.
Used to be sure
What I 'should',
What I 'would',
What I 'might',
But now it's completely out of sight.
So what is there left for me?
There was always 'us',
Always 'him',
Always 'we'.
I feel lost like a million doors
With one key.
Will the Sun stay
And will the one find me?