

Eleanor

The Gathering

Underneath the mask you've buried yourself into
It's coal-black
I am tired of the gulping that you do
Every day a new face
What if I unscrew
Your own identity
Wouldn't you guess there's nothing left of you? The quicksand of life drags us
Down into the circle
One day we might not catch you I feel sorry, for what you try to do
Breaking others down, to try and to pursue
Your own selfish interests
I am starting to get sick of you Whatever happened ever since you left
You make yourself and me look like fools

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