Costume For A Gutterball

Finger Eleven

The mask keeps on slipping and tearing
The holes are big enough to see
I strain and I'm bending to hear you
What did you tell meSo slow
You see me disappear
Taken in taken away
Caught in another memory
Looking for something left to see
Now I want somethingThe one in the corner it's moving
Slowly up slowly down
Never too brilliant or clever
It won't turn around
No one will know that I'm looking
They can't get to me

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