

# 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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