

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 youi 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
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>