

## **Eidola "Eleven"**

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Deceiver, do you pride in the mess that you make  
Do you rejoice in the peace of mind that you take  
When you take it all  
and these words spill from me too easily,  
like the patience I feel as it leaves me  
eyes open wide and all I can see,  
is the growing distance that you should be from me  
self-centered eyes don't call to mine  
You parade on thin Ice  
If I'm not being perfectly clear,  
or if the words that I spit went in and out your ear  
Do us a favor, quit the games, pack up and leave,  
my friends and I live without tricks on our sleeves

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