

Eleven Finger

"Costume For A Gutterball"

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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 me

so slow

you see me disappear

taken in taken away

caught in another memory

looking for something left to see

now i want something

the 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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