

# Finger Eleven, Costume For A Gutterball

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