

Fall Of The Leafe "Chameleon Loop"

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Chameleon Pills gave me a few nice thrills oh yeah.
Sat on a vehicle into the abyss.
Saw guillotine after another.
Heard a vibrator in place of a missile.
Well that experience didn't supply me with much of
love...or hate either, for that matter.
The whistle said something and screamed "peace out"
in a...in a pink sort of way.

Say, crack-boom and hey: Mr. G "Have a cigar.
From Havana, that is.
Fetch a glass too."
But in comes Miss F.
Glory hallelujah - wearing a rag of pride.
F had taken a good swim in the ditch of life.
The sewers where some supposedly lost quasi-persons
try to urbanize and scheme a revenge.
Luckily, the supposedly lost do not have the kind of
energy.

The "supposedly lost" float around on liferafts made of
lead, uh-huh.
They are supposedly stuck in a loop of loss that
changes its colour, depending on the angle it is being
glared upon.
But cut the crap, here comes medicine.

Just listen to this fellow shouting here.
He has discovered the point (in his own opinion, that
is).
However, this fellow is not the issue.
The fellow shouting has no business messing with
anything.
The aesthetics, the ethics and other such qualities of
things are far above.
Good and bad, ugly and beautiful.
It's earth calling, Miss F.
Swallow the pill like no tomorrow.

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