

## **Fall Of The Leafe "Counterfeit Bloom"**

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In the can of baits, sir!  
You know what the XXXXXX exist somewhere in the  
can.  
Under the dirt, at the bottom of the can.  
There are XXXXXX that don't mind.  
The XXXXXX accept anything,  
  
because XXXXXX know of nothing better.  
Look over there: one of those XXXXXX has found glue  
very interesting.  
Huh?  
Well fuck you too!  
You don't have to listen.  
These XXXXXX couldn't smell as good as you do...only,  
only, the satin curtains of the XXXXXX are sprayed and  
stained.  
It creates the correct feeling.  
The XXXXXX are somewhere behind their curtains, as  
usual.  
Just happy when it comes down their way.  
XXXXXX are at the bottom of that can for the fish et al.  
Rat race is going on.  
Feel the burn.  
In the can they have it their way loud and ugly.  
Well, as you might know,  
"They said it all in the madhouse already.  
Even in the Room 101.  
It was all said; nothing done.  
In slump - reaching for a breath.  
Mmm surges of gold flow wild.  
  
Crystals...fools...adios.  
The XXXXXX are not real, are they?  
Depends on where the floor is, where the roof is and  
above all, whether such limitations exist in the first  
place.  
For the XXXXXX, the cry echoes negative.  
Simultaneously, the party is about to begin.  
Have a rocking tour.  
  
Sincerely,

XXXXXX

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