

Fall Of The Leafe "Cut The Smoke"

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Among the calls for silence, whizzing leaks of gas,
broken statues, splinters and a sorry ass someone with
a badly ruined day.

Nails already start to rust.

Just like the sun behind all that bloody smoke.

Goddamn.

It is not just smoke.

It is a camouflage of our fear.

Of each other.

Who are strangers.

Who are evil.

In reaction, streets are covered in glimmering glass,
again.

Crap only deeper, again.

Only, we cannot see it through the smoke.

The smoke is more than the day's breath

Like a cloak to hide our depth of fear

Are we waiting for that first blast

For pieces of glass to ring on the street?

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