

Fall Of The Leafe

"If Mirrors Leave Men In Crumbs"

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You raised the window into a frame and said, as the
wind against our faces came to a sudden dead halt,
something about the mirror.

What if it is me staring back?
I mean, I have heard them say that even the strongest
of armies will die away if shame makes them
disappear.
If mirrors really leave men in crumbs.

You raised the window into a frame and said, as the
wind against our faces came to a sudden dead halt,
that glasses sung in the breeze.
All the way until now.

Oh crap.
What if it is me staring back?
I too have heard them say that even armies will die
away if shame makes them disappear.
If mirrors really leave men in crumbs.
Gotsta look somewhere else.
There, small puddles of muddy water.
Liquid disgust in pools.

Only to paint sorrow on pride.
Paint the pain, if you will.
A reflection that is the truth, maybe.

You raised the window into a frame and said, as the
wind against our faces came to a sudden dead halt,
than men break down as words.

If mirrors really leave men in crumbs.
Fucking bollocks.
Armies break down if they cannot stand the shame.
My ass.
There are no mirrors big enough.
Besides, if you don't like the picture, just don't look,
right?
And remain brave, blind and pull the trigger.

