

Fall Of The Leafe "Machina Mimesis"

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Nothing less than the sound of footsteps
condensing into a shape.
Sneaking into the murky urban cafÃ©s of
crispy mornings.
Realized it was a mirror after hours of work. They are
filth.
And also easily lost in the labyrinth of the theory of
their
own art - this easily perceived. Within the 4 years
of rain it became my own microscopic Macondo. It all
meant little, if
nothing What is the frase I look for... Chaotic Dementh.
Ah yes indeed. Been there before, fair lady? A Copper
medal I won
at the chill-kill that day: Putrid Run, Salt... Torment,
Thirst. Two fierce feasting parties wishing me warmly
welcome in
the aftermath of their own cold war. Neo-colonialistic
freaks,
says I. Tempers increase to hatred and vanish - in
cataleptic
disorders. An apparatus of something, don t really
know what,
remnant of the good that succumbed in man once? The
absolute
legion of oddity. Now guess what in the world machina
mimesis is?

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