

Fall Of The Leafe

"Song From The Second Floor"

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Welcome.

Plenty of depression here.

It works to lead you in, to help you learn how to behave.

This circus is fine and merciless.

Exquisite and senseless.

You have spied on them, watched them celebrate.

Watched through the small holes you have burned in their curtains.

You have seen the scattered hosts against a strange yellow light.

Yes, you are absolutely right, humiliation is the soul of this city.

Its spouts and rooftops, its clotted streets.

Those pale, ugly people lie and scream over another in an attempt to drown their own responsibility over each other's misery.

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