

Fall Of The Leafe "Wonder Clouds Rain"

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A Stargazer. In the dim shades, sense erotic angels or
devils (or whatever they may be) circling you. Aura?
What fool am I?

I do not need guidance to find my way to my dear
friend:

Temptation. Self-Infection. Has a deadly hold of me.
Melancholy.

Alike the latter. A lone knight of my own wooden,
round table. What pleasures do misery and chaos hold
inside! Tiny, little
rebellious creature is a fierce enemy now. Worry not.

I wore a revenue of faith in us and all of a sudden it
proved to be my

passage to the sickest of love and lore. Thus:

Morals have weakened to bits, eyes casted towards the
whore Oh perils, what

Eldorado before me! Heave myself into ebony.

Once I finish the revolution of doubt - allow me then to
hate the air and wish

for those clouds with LATEX linings to RAIN all my hell.

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