

# Fall Of The Leafe, Wonder Clouds Rain

A Stargazer. In the dim shades, sense erotic angels or devils (or whatever they may be) circling you  
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.