

Moon tore 'neath on't heart harder  
nestle leathers, a jerried heaven  
Climbs semen gowns scatter dashing, in a mill shaped decimals fleeing  
no way never, Henning, not for nothing would no will weeping, still.  
An awful ire, skin and mantle.  
Less unless

Trompe ein glimmer fauna  
Why is always the last  
went heavenward bound, a mis-tle  
never to death, an sick,  
that was pretty much that,  
The last thing you say is always...

Felt up Mouslecoombe, slick that dripping floss  
See you another time  
but you'd not have gotten  
it, if I did  
My bad, sugar

Yours too was nice, red flumoux  
That there red breast force fed ear steam (Robyn)

Beer shaped Vesuvius from then on in de-soldered his outmodeds and got two kinds  
of microwave

My wife had a glass eye but put up with my shit  
But then I never went

K K KKK!! CH CH CH SSSSHHHH!!!! K K KW KW WKWWWKKKKKAaaaaa!!!  
CHCHCH!!!SHSHSHSHSHSHSHSHSHSH!!!!!!! T T T

t  
t

TTT

etc

in front of her, and only played things when she was out.

There I sat; fat and castrated, zoning on like a slippery American,  
Other nights had phones; waving through their curly chord and white piece.

A running joke of a hobby, he's awful.

But she too had her candle making and I the remnants of the things I used to think  
about everyday.  
Now smothered in giant kids and wills.

Helping my daughter with a module on extended technique. Hours over the phone for a quick box ticked.

Then everyone died unhappy but expedited,  
a few tips to give on the way about drugs and revised bills.