





'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;  
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.  
What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,  
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part  
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!  
What's in a name? that which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet;  
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,  
Retain that dear perfection which he owes  
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,  
And for that name which is no part of thee  
Take all myself.

'Tis *except* thy *mention* that is my *competitor*  
Thou *calling* thyself, though not a Montague.  
What's Montague? It is nor *fingers* nor foot,  
Nor *equip* nor face, nor any other *section*  
*Related*, to a man. O, be some other *nominate*  
What's in a *specify* that which we *ejaculate* a rose  
*at*, any other *style* would smell as *luscious*  
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,  
Retain that *valued maturity* which he owes  
*Out* that *heading* Romeo, doff thy *designate*  
And for that *specify* which is no *fragment* of thee  
*grasp*, *entire* myself.

'Tis *save* thy *speak* that is my competitor  
Thou calling thyself, though not a Montague.  
What's Montague? It is nor fingers nor foot,  
Nor *accouter* nor face, nor any other section  
Related, to a man. O, be some other *appoint*  
What's in a specify that which we ejaculate a rose  
at, any other style would smell as *grateful*  
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,  
Retain that valued maturity which he owes  
Out that heading Romeo, doff thy *name*  
And for that specify which is no fragment of thee  
*seize, unalloyed* myself.

'Tis *rescue* thy *utter* that is my competitor  
Thou calling thyself, though not a Montague.  
What's Montague? It is nor fingers nor foot,  
Nor *dress* nor face, nor any other section  
Related, to a man. O, be some other *establish*  
What's in a *specify* that which we ejaculate a rose  
at, any other style would smell as *gratifying*  
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,  
Retain that valued maturity which he owes  
Out that heading Romeo, doff thy *specify*  
And for that *specify* which is no fragment of thee  
seize, unalloyed myself.

'Tis rescue thy *entire* that is my competitor  
Thou calling thyself, though not a Montague.  
What's Montague? It is nor fingers nor foot,  
Nor *attire* nor face, nor any other section  
Related, to a man. O, be some other *make*  
What's in a specify that which we ejaculate a rose  
at, any other style would smell as gratifying  
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,  
Retain that valued maturity which he owes  
Out that heading Romeo, doff thy specify  
And for that specify which is no fragment of thee  
seize, unalloyed myself.

'Tis rescue thy *complete* that is my competitor  
Thou calling thyself, though not a Montague.  
What's Montague? It is nor fingers nor foot,  
Nor *robes* nor face, nor any other section  
Related, to a man. O, be some other make  
What's in a specify that which we ejaculate a rose  
at, any other style would smell as gratifying  
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,  
Retain that valued maturity which he owes  
Out that heading Romeo, doff thy specify  
And for that specify which is no fragment of thee  
seize, unalloyed myself.

To be, or not to be- that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them. To die- to sleep-  
No more; and by a sleep to say we end  
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die- to sleep.  
To sleep- perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub!  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause. There's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life.  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin? Who would these fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death-  
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn  
No traveller returns- puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
And enterprises of great pith and moment  
With this regard their currents turn awry  
And lose the name of action.- Soft you now!  
The fair Ophelia!- Nymph, in thy orisons  
Be all my sins rememb' red.

To be, or not to be- that is the *interrogate*  
Whether 'tis nobler in the *understanding* to *allow*  
The slings and arrows of *violent luck*  
Or to *lay arms opposite* a sea of troubles,  
And *through* opposing *close* them. To *decease* to sleep-  
No more; and *at* a sleep to *express* we *re*  
The heartache, and the thousand *artless* shocks  
That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a *achievement*  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To *expire* to sleep.  
To sleep- perchance to *reverie* ay, there's the rub!  
For in that sleep of *dying* what dreams may come  
When we *own* shuffled off this *deadly* coil,  
Must *supply* us *cease* There's the respect  
That makes *disaster* of so long *being*  
For who would *up* the whips and scorns of *date*  
Th' oppressor's *injurious* the *lofty* man's *obloquy*  
The pangs of despis'd *regard* the law's  
The *rudeness* of *authority* and the spurs  
That *longffering* *approbation* of th' unworthy takes,  
When he himself *force* his quietus make  
*of*, a *unclothed* bodkin? Who would these fardels *support*  
To grunt and sweat *below* a *tiresome v*  
*furthermore*, that the *ave* of something *back dying*  
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn  
No traveller returns- puzzles the *direct*  
And makes us rather *support* those ills we *hold*  
Than fly to others that we *acquaint* not of?  
Thus *sense* does make cowards of us *entire*  
And thus the *inmate* hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er *side* the *white throw* of *imagination*  
And enterprises of *large* pith and *twinkling*  
*the* this *esteem* their currents *divert oblique*  
And *squander* the *designate* of *movement agreeable* you now!  
The *unstained* Ophelia!- Nymph, in thy orisons  
Be *entire* my sins rememb'ed.

To be, or not to be- that is the *ask*  
Whether 'tis nobler in the *intelligence* to *admit*  
The slings and arrows of *boisterous* *casualty*  
Or to *dispose* arms *contrary* a sea of troubles,  
And through opposing *narrow* them. To de cease to sleep-  
No more; and at a sleep to *categorical* we re  
The heartache, and the thousand artless shocks  
That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a *accomplishment*  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To expire to sleep.  
To sleep- perchance to reverie ay, there's the rub!  
For in that sleep of dying what dreams may come  
When we *admit* shuffled off this *fatal* coil,  
Must supply us *end* There's the respect  
That makes *misfortune* of so long *existence*  
For who would up the whips and scorns of *epoch*  
Th' oppressor's *detrimental* the *exalted* man's *odium*  
The pangs of despis'd *estimate* the law's *sensible*  
The rudeness of *power* and the spurns  
That longffering *liking* of th' unworthy takes,  
When he himself *efficiency* his quietus make  
of, a unclothed bodkin? Who would these fardels *upbold*  
To grunt and sweat *under* a tiresome v  
furthermore, that the *fear* of something *aid* dying  
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn  
No traveller returns- puzzles the *straight*  
And makes us rather *bear* those ills we *occupy*  
Than fly to others that we acquaint not of?  
Thus *reason* does make cowards of us *complete*  
And thus the *natural* hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er *plane* the throw of *faculty*  
And enterprises of *colossal* pith and twinkling  
the this *deem* their currents divert *disingenuous*  
And squander the *describe* of *suitable* you now!  
The unstained Ophelia!- Nymph, in thy orisons  
Be *unbroken* my sins rememb'red.

To be, or not to be- that is the *petition*  
Whether 'tis nobler in the *knowledge to accept*  
The slings and arrows of *loud* casualty  
Or to dispose arms *reping* a sea of troubles,  
And through opposing *not* them. To decease to sleep-  
No more; and at a sleep to *plain* we re  
The heartache, and the thousand artless shocks  
That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a *execution*  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To expire to sleep.  
To sleep- perchance to reverie ay, there's the rub!  
For in that sleep of dying what dreams may come  
When we *acknowledge* shuffled off this *lethal* coil,  
Must supply us *break* There's the respect  
That makes *failure* of so long *being*  
For who would up the whips and scorns of epoch  
Th' oppressor's detrimental the exalted man's *detestation*  
The pangs of despis'd estimate the law's sensible  
The rudeness of *dexterity* and the spurns  
That longffering *inclination* of th' unworthy takes,  
When he himself *strength* his quietus make  
of, a unclothed bodkin? Who would these fardels uphold  
To grunt and sweat *beneath* a tiresome v  
furthermore, that the fear of something *serve* dying  
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn  
No traveller returns- puzzles the straight  
And makes us rather *bold* those ills we *possess*  
Than fly to others that we acquaint not of?  
Thus *demonstrate* does make cowards of us *finished*  
And thus the *genuine* hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er plane the *eager* throw of faculty  
And enterprises of colossal pith and twinkling  
the this deem their currents divert disingenuous  
And squander the *portray of sensible proper* you now!  
The unstained Ophelia!- Nymph, in thy orisons  
Be unbroken my sins rememb' red.

To be, or not to be- that is the *entreaty*  
Whether 'tis nobler in the *learning to take*  
The slings and arrows of *clamorous* casualty  
Or to dispose arms repug a sea of troubles,  
And through opposing not them. To de cease to sleep-  
No more; and at a sleep to *ingenuous* we re  
The heartache, and the thousand artless shocks  
That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a execution  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To expire to sleep.  
To sleep- perchance to reverie ay, there's the rub!  
For in that sleep of dying what dreams may come  
When we *recognize* shuffled off this *mortal* coil,  
Must supply us *fracture* There's the respect  
That makes failure of so long *reality*  
For who would up the whips and scorns of epoch  
Th' oppressor's detrimental the exalted man's detestation  
The pangs of despis'd estimate the law's sensible  
The rudeness of *expertness* and the spurns  
That longffering *inclining* of th' unworthy takes,  
When he himself *spirit* his quietus make  
of, a unclothed bodkin? Who would these fardels uphold  
To grunt and sweat *unworthy* a tiresome v  
furthermore, that the fear of something *minister* dying  
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn  
No traveller returns- puzzles the straight  
And makes us rather *clutch* those ills we possess  
Than fly to others that we acquaint not of?  
Thus demonstrate does make cowards of us *refined*  
And thus the *unadulterated* hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er plane the *fervent* throw of faculty  
And enterprises of colossal pith and twinkling  
the this deem their currents divert disingenuous  
And squander the portray of sensible *individual* you now!  
The unstained Ophelia!- Nymph, in thy orisons  
Be unbroken my sins rememb' red.

To be, or not to be- that is the entreaty  
Whether 'tis nobler in the *knowledge* to *grasp*  
The slings and arrows of clamorous casualty  
Or to dispose arms repug a sea of troubles,  
And through opposing not them. To de cease to sleep-  
No more; and at a sleep to *frank* we re  
The heartache, and the thousand artless shocks  
That flesh is heir to. 'Tis an execution  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To expire to sleep.  
To sleep- perchance to reverie ay, there's the rub!  
For in that sleep of dying what dreams may come  
When we *awon* shuffled off this *perishable* coil,  
Must supply us fracture There's the respect  
That makes failure of so long *fact*  
For who would up the whips and scorns of epoch  
Th' oppressor's detrimental the exalted man's detestation  
The pangs of despis'd estimate the law's sensible  
The rudeness of expertness and the spurns  
That longffering inclining of th' unworthy takes,  
When he himself *specter* his quietus make  
of, a unclothed bodkin? Who would these fardels uphold  
To grunt and sweat unworthy a tiresome v  
furthermore, that the fear of something *delegate* dying  
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn  
No traveller returns- puzzles the straight  
And makes us rather clutch those ills we possess  
Than fly to others that we acquaint not of?  
Thus demonstrate does make cowards of us refined  
And thus the unadulterated hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er plane the fervent throw of faculty  
And enterprises of colossal pith and twinkling  
the this deem their currents divert disingenuous  
And squander the portray of sensible *particular* you now!  
The unstained Ophelia!- Nymph, in thy orisons  
Be unbroken my sins rememb' red.

The slim, suntanned legs  
of the woman in front of me in the checkout line  
fill me with yearning  
to provide her with health insurance  
and a sporty little car with personalized plates.  
The way her dark hair  
falls straight to her slender waist  
makes me ache  
to pay for a washer/dryer combo  
and yearly ski trips to Aspen, not to mention  
her weekly visits to the spa  
and nail salon.  
And the delicate rise of her breasts  
under her thin blouse  
kindles my desire  
to purchase a blue minivan with a car seat,  
and soon another car seat, and eventually  
piano lessons and braces  
for two teenage girls who will hate me.  
Finally, her full, pouting lips  
make me long to take out a second mortgage  
in order to put both kids through college  
at first- or second-tier institutions,  
then cover their wedding expenses  
and help out financially with the grandchildren  
as generously as possible before I die  
and leave them everything.  
But now the cashier rings her up  
and she walks out of my life forever,  
leaving me alone  
with my beer and toilet paper and frozen pizzas.

The slim, suntanned legs  
of the woman in front of me in the checkout *cord*  
*up* me *of* yearning  
to *stipulate* her *by* health insurance  
and a sporty *diminutive* car *on* personalized plates.  
The *road* her *snarthy* hair  
falls straight to her *small* waist  
makes me *continued*  
to *expend* for a washer/dryer combo  
and *annual* ski trips to Aspen, not to *of*  
her weekly visits to the spa  
and nail salon.  
And the delicate rise of her breasts  
*Below*, her thin blouse  
kindles my *inclination*  
to *buy* a blue minivan *by* a car seat,  
and soon another car seat, and eventually  
piano lessons and braces  
for two teenage girls who *direct* hate me.  
Finally, her full, pouting lips  
make me long to *grasp* out a second mortgage  
in *arrangement* to *deposit two* kids through college  
at *leading* or second-tier institutions,  
then *overspread* their *bridal* expenses  
and *sustain* out financially *of* the grandchildren  
as generously as possible *of* I *depart*  
and *quit* them everything,  
*except*, now the cashier rings her up  
and she walks out of my *spirit always*  
leaving me *sole*  
*side* my beer and toilet paper and frozen pizzas.

The slim, suntanned legs  
of the woman in front of me in the checkout cord  
up me of yearning  
to stipulate her *through* health insurance  
and a sporty diminutive car on personalized plates.  
The road her swarthy hair  
falls straight to her *little* waist  
makes me continued  
to *disburse* for a washer/dryer combo  
and *publication* ski trips to Aspen, not to of  
her weekly visits to the spa  
and nail salon.  
And the delicate rise of her breasts  
*Under*, her thin blouse  
kindles my *slope*  
to *pervert* a blue minivan *through* a car seat,  
and soon another car seat, and eventually  
piano lessons and braces  
for two teenage girls who *straight* hate me.  
Finally, her full, pouting lips  
make me long to *gripe* out a second mortgage  
in arrangement to deposit two kids through college  
at leading or second-tier institutions,  
then overspread their bridal expenses  
and sustain out financially of the grandchildren  
as generously as possible of I *start*  
and quit them everything.  
*bar*; now the cashier rings her up  
and she walks out of my *soul forever*  
leaving me sole  
*slope*, my beer and toilet paper and frozen pizzas.

The slim, suntanned legs  
of the woman in front of me in the checkout cord  
up me of yearning  
to stipulate her through health insurance  
and a sporty diminutive car on personalized plates.  
The road her swarthy hair  
falls straight to her *contemptible* waist  
makes me continued  
to *spend* for a washer/dryer combo  
and publication ski trips to Aspen, not to of  
her weekly visits to the spa  
and nail salon.  
And the delicate rise of her breasts  
*Below*, her thin blouse  
kindles my slope  
to pervert a blue minivan through a car seat,  
and soon another car seat, and eventually  
piano lessons and braces  
for two teenage girls who straight hate me.  
Finally, her full, pouting lips  
make me long to gripe out a second mortgage  
in arrangement to deposit two kids through college  
at leading or second-tier institutions,  
then overspread their bridal expenses  
and sustain out financially of the grandchildren  
as generously as possible of I start  
and quit them everything.  
bar; now the cashier rings her up  
and she walks out of my *spirit perpetually*  
leaving me sole  
slope, my beer and toilet paper and frozen pizzas.

The slim, suntanned legs  
of the woman in front of me in the checkout cord  
up me of yearning  
to stipulate her through health insurance  
and a sporty diminutive car on personalized plates.  
The road her swarthy hair  
falls straight to her *despicable* waist  
makes me continued  
to spend for a washer/dryer combo  
and publication ski trips to Aspen, not to of  
her weekly visits to the spa  
and nail salon.  
And the delicate rise of her breasts  
*beneath*, her thin blouse  
kindles my slope  
to pervert a blue minivan through a car seat,  
and soon another car seat, and eventually  
piano lessons and braces  
for two teenage girls who straight hate me.  
Finally, her full, pouting lips  
make me long to gripe out a second mortgage  
in arrangement to deposit two kids through college  
at leading or second-tier institutions,  
then overspread their bridal expenses  
and sustain out financially of the grandchildren  
as generously as possible of I start  
and quit them everything.  
bar; now the cashier rings her up  
and she walks out of my *ardor* perpetually  
leaving me sole  
slope, my beer and toilet paper and frozen pizzas.

The slim, suntanned legs  
of the woman in front of me in the checkout cord  
up me of yearning  
to stipulate her through health insurance  
and a sporty diminutive car on personalized plates.  
The road her swarthy hair  
falls straight to her despicable waist  
makes me continued  
to spend for a washer/dryer combo  
and publication ski trips to Aspen, not to of  
her weekly visits to the spa  
and nail salon.  
And the delicate rise of her breasts  
*underneath*; her thin blouse  
kindles my slope  
to pervert a blue minivan through a car seat,  
and soon another car seat, and eventually  
piano lessons and braces  
for two teenage girls who straight hate me.  
Finally, her full, pouting lips  
make me long to gripe out a second mortgage  
in arrangement to deposit two kids through college  
at leading or second-tier institutions,  
then overspread their bridal expenses  
and sustain out financially of the grandchildren  
as generously as possible of I start  
and quit them everything.  
bar; now the cashier rings her up  
and she walks out of my ardor perpetually  
leaving me sole  
slope, my beer and toilet paper and frozen pizzas.

My house disgusted me, so I slept in a tent.  
My tent disgusted me, so I slept in the grass. The grass disgusted me,  
so I slept in my body, which I strung like a hammock from two  
ropes.  
My body disgusted me, so I carved myself out of it.  
My use of knives disgusted me because it was an act of violence.  
My weakness disgusted me because “Hannah” means “hammer.”  
The meaning of my name disgusted me because I’d rather be known  
as beautiful. My vanity disgusted me because I am a scholar.  
My scholarship disgusted me because knowledge is empty.  
My emptiness disgusted me because I wanted to be whole.  
My wholeness would have disgusted me because to be whole  
is to be smug. Still, I tried to understand wholeness  
as the inclusiveness of all activities: I walked out into the yard,  
trying to vomit and drink milk simultaneously. I tried to sleep  
while smoking a cigar. I have enough regrets to crack all the plumb-  
ing.  
I’m whole only in that I’ve built my person from every thought I’ve  
ever loved.

My house disgusted me, so I slept in a tent.  
My tent disgusted me, so I slept in the grass. The grass disgusted me,  
so I slept in my *substance* which I strung *similar* a hammock from two  
ropes.  
My *or* disgusted me, so I carved myself out of it.  
My *employment* of knives disgusted me *as* it was an *work* of *impetuosity*  
My *feebleness* disgusted me *inasmuch* "Hannah" means "hammer."  
The *import* of my *denominate* disgusted me *since* I'd rather be known  
as *lovely* My disgusted me *since* I am a *learner*  
My scholarship disgusted me *as learning* is empty.  
My emptiness disgusted me *inasmuch* I wanted to be  
My wholeness would *consider* disgusted me *inasmuch* to be *uninjured*  
is to be smug. *serene* I tried to *comprehend* wholeness  
as the inclusiveness of *whole* activities: I walked out into the yard,  
trying to vomit and *imbibe* milk simultaneously. I tried to sleep  
while smoking a cigar. I *be ample* regrets to *rend whole* the plumbing.  
I'm *uninjured sole* in that I've built my person from *both fancy* I've  
*evermore* loved.

My house disgusted me, so I slept in a tent.  
My tent disgusted me, so I slept in the grass. The grass disgusted me,  
so I slept in my substance which I strung *corresponding* a hammock  
from two ropes.  
My or disgusted me, so I carved myself out of it.  
My *trade* of knives disgusted me as it was an *self* of impetuosity  
My feebleness disgusted me inasmuch “Hannah” means “hammer.”  
The *purport* of my denominate disgusted me since I’d rather be known  
as *delectable* My *sensible* disgusted me since I am a *pupil*  
My scholarship disgusted me as *knowledge* is empty.  
My emptiness disgusted me inasmuch I wanted to be *animated*  
My wholeness would *weigh* disgusted me inasmuch to be uninjured  
is to be smug. serene I tried to *grasp* wholeness  
as the inclusiveness of *complete* activities: I walked out into the yard,  
trying to vomit and *absorb* milk simultaneously. I tried to sleep  
while smoking a cigar. I be *large* regrets to *sever unimpaired* the plumb-  
ing.  
I’m uninjured sole in that I’ve built my person from *twain caprice* I’ve  
evermore loved.

My house disgusted me, so I slept in a tent.  
My tent disgusted me, so I slept in the grass. The grass disgusted me,  
so I slept in my substance which I strung corresponding a hammock  
from two ropes.  
My or disgusted me, so I carved myself out of it.  
My *profession* of knives disgusted me as it was an self of impetuosity  
My febleness disgusted me inasmuch "Hannah" means "hammer."  
The purport of my denominate disgusted me since I'd rather be  
known  
as delectable My sensible disgusted me since I am a *disciple*  
My scholarship disgusted me as *wisdom* is empty.  
My emptiness disgusted me inasmuch I wanted to be animated  
My wholeness would weigh disgusted me inasmuch to be uninjured  
is to be smug. serene I tried to *clasp* wholeness  
as the inclusiveness of *finished* activities: I walked out into the yard,  
trying to vomit and *arrest* milk simultaneously. I tried to sleep  
while smoking a cigar. I be *broad* regrets to sever unimpaired the  
plumbing.  
I'm uninjured sole in that I've built my person from twain y I've  
evermore loved.

My house disgusted me, so I slept in a tent.  
My tent disgusted me, so I slept in the grass. The grass disgusted me,  
so I slept in my substance which I strung corresponding a hammock  
from two ropes.  
My or disgusted me, so I carved myself out of it.  
My *occupation* of knives disgusted me as it was an self of impetuosity  
My feebleness disgusted me inasmuch "Hannah" means "hammer."  
The purport of my denominate disgusted me since I'd rather be  
known  
as delectable My sensible disgusted me since I am a *scholar*  
My scholarship disgusted me as *judgment* is empty.  
My emptiness disgusted me inasmuch I wanted to be animated  
My wholeness would weigh disgusted me inasmuch to be uninjured  
is to be smug. serene I tried to clasp wholeness  
as the inclusiveness of *artistic* activities: I walked out into the yard,  
trying to vomit and *apprehend* milk simultaneously. I tried to sleep  
while smoking a cigar. I be *liberal* regrets to sever unimpaired the  
plumbing.  
I'm uninjured sole in that I've built my person from twain y I've  
evermore loved.

My house disgusted me, so I slept in a tent.  
My tent disgusted me, so I slept in the grass. The grass disgusted me,  
so I slept in my substance which I strung corresponding a hammock  
from two ropes.  
My or disgusted me, so I carved myself out of it.  
My *employment* of knives disgusted me as it was an self of impetuosity  
My feebleness disgusted me inasmuch "Hannah" means "hammer."  
The purport of my denominate disgusted me since I'd rather be  
known  
as delectable My sensible disgusted me since I am a *pupil*  
My scholarship disgusted me as *award* is empty.  
My emptiness disgusted me inasmuch I wanted to be animated  
My wholeness would weigh disgusted me inasmuch to be uninjured  
is to be smug. serene I tried to clasp wholeness  
as the inclusiveness of artistic activities: I walked out into the yard,  
trying to vomit and *seize* milk simultaneously. I tried to sleep  
while smoking a cigar. I be *generous* regrets to sever unimpaired the  
plumbing.  
I'm uninjured sole in that I've built my person from twain y I've  
evermore loved.

You've asked me what the lobster is weaving there with  
his golden feet?  
I reply, the ocean knows this.  
You say, what is the ascidia waiting for in its transparent  
bell? What is it waiting for?  
I tell you it is waiting for time, like you.  
You ask me whom the *Macrocystis* alga hugs in its arms?  
Study, study it, at a certain hour, in a certain sea I know.  
You question me about the wicked tusk of the narwhal,  
and I reply by describing  
how the sea unicorn with the harpoon in it dies.  
You enquire about the kingfisher's feathers,  
which tremble in the pure springs of the southern tides?  
Or you've found in the cards a new question touching on  
the crystal architecture  
of the sea anemone, and you'll deal that to me now?  
You want to understand the electric nature of the ocean  
spines?  
The armored stalactite that breaks as it walks?  
The hook of the angler fish, the music stretched out  
in the deep places like a thread in the water?

You've asked me what the lobster is weaving there *by*  
his golden feet?  
I *rejoin* the ocean knows this.  
You *tell* what is the ascidia waiting for in its *dear*  
bell? What is it waiting for?  
I *enumerate* you it is waiting for *period resembling* you.  
You *solicit* me whom the Macrocyctis alga hugs in its arms?  
*Application, learning* it, at a *unfailing* hour, in a *infallible* sea I *comprehend*  
You *ask* me *regarding* the *sinful* tusk of the narwhal,  
and I *answer through* describing  
how the sea unicorn *the* the harpoon in it dies.  
You enquire *regarding* the kingfisher's feathers,  
which tremble in the *spotless* springs of the southern tides?  
Or you've *fix* in the cards a *late interrogate* touching on  
the crystal architecture  
of the sea anemone, and you'll *chaffer* that to me now?  
You *defect* to the *flashing constitution* of the ocean  
spines?  
The armored stalactite that breaks as it walks?  
The hook of the angler fish, the music stretched out  
in the *shrend* places *resembling* a thread in the water?

You've asked me what the lobster is weaving there *on*  
his golden feet?  
I rejoin the ocean knows this.  
You *communicate* what is the ascidia waiting for in its *intelligible*  
bell? What is it waiting for?  
I *reckon* you it is waiting for *time* resembling you.  
You solicit me whom the Macrocytis alga hugs in its arms?  
Application, *literature* it, at a unfailing hour, in a infallible sea I *under-*  
*stand*  
You *solicit* me regarding the sinful tusk of the narwhal,  
and I *respond* through describing  
how the sea unicorn the the harpoon in it dies.  
You enquire regarding the kingfisher's feathers,  
which tremble in the spotless springs of the southern tides?  
Or you've *set* in the cards a *tardy of* touching on  
the crystal architecture  
of the sea anemone, and you'll chaffer that to me now?  
You *flaw* to *penetrating* the flashing *law* of the ocean  
spines?  
The armored stalactite that breaks as it walks?  
The hook of the angler fish, the music stretched out  
in the *keen* places resembling a thread in the water?

You've asked me what the lobster is weaving there on  
his golden feet?  
I rejoin the ocean knows this.  
You *impart* what is the ascidia waiting for in its *distinct*  
bell? What is it waiting for?  
I reckon you it is waiting for *era* resembling you.  
You solicit me whom the *Macrocystis* alga hugs in its arms?  
Application, *works* it, at a unfailling hour, in a infallible sea I *be*  
You solicit me regarding the sinful tusk of the narwhal,  
and I respond through describing  
how the sea unicorn the the harpoon in it dies.  
You enquire regarding the kingfisher's feathers,  
which tremble in the spotless springs of the southern tides?  
Or you've *affix* in the cards a tardy of touching on  
the crystal architecture  
of the sea anemone, and you'll chaffer that to me now?  
You flaw to penetrating the flashing *canon* of the ocean  
spines?  
The armored stalactite that breaks as it walks?  
The hook of the angler fish, the music stretched out  
in the *sharp* places resembling a thread in the water?

You've asked me what the lobster is weaving there on  
his golden feet?  
I rejoin the ocean knows this.  
You impart what is the ascidia waiting for in its *different*  
bell? What is it waiting for?  
I reckon you it is waiting for era resembling you.  
You solicit me whom the Macrocystis alga hugs in its arms?  
Application, works it, at a unfailing hour, in a infallible sea I be  
You solicit me regarding the sinful tusk of the narwhal,  
and I respond through describing  
how the sea unicorn the the harpoon in it dies.  
You enquire regarding the kingfisher's feathers,  
which tremble in the spotless springs of the southern tides?  
Or you've *join* in the cards a tardy of touching on  
the crystal architecture  
of the sea anemone, and you'll chaffer that to me now?  
You flaw to penetrating the flashing canon of the ocean  
spines?  
The armored stalactite that breaks as it walks?  
The hook of the angler fish, the music stretched out  
in the *quick* places resembling a thread in the water?

You've asked me what the lobster is weaving there on  
his golden feet?  
I rejoin the ocean knows this.  
You impart what is the ascidia waiting for in its different  
bell? What is it waiting for?  
I reckon you it is waiting for era resembling you.  
You solicit me whom the *Macrocystis* alga hugs in its arms?  
Application, works it, at a unfailing hour, in a infallible sea I be  
You solicit me regarding the sinful tusk of the narwhal,  
and I respond through describing  
how the sea unicorn the the harpoon in it dies.  
You enquire regarding the kingfisher's feathers,  
which tremble in the spotless springs of the southern tides?  
Or you've *connect* in the cards a tardy of touching on  
the crystal architecture  
of the sea anemone, and you'll chaffer that to me now?  
You flaw to penetrating the flashing canon of the ocean  
spines?  
The armored stalactite that breaks as it walks?  
The hook of the angler fish, the music stretched out  
in the *expeditious* places resembling a thread in the water?

She's saying now I'm 23 and I should have a degree  
The favorite, the only son, but look what happened to me  
The wrong path or closer to a multi-faceted dream?  
I'm saying rap's the way to sway she's saying that's a disease  
She wants a Master from me I just want to master the keys  
To open any door ahead and make it passionate themed  
Who doesn't want to exceed? But seeds need the right environment  
All I wanted was a voice. Acquire what a choir sings  
Dizzy and I'm tired in the tire swings  
Trying to get in showbiz but the pockets skinny  
Trying to find a stage and rock it to launch the city  
Maybe then I'll flip a stack but the pogs are shitty  
Agonizing when I'm working in a call centre  
If I'm to stand a prisoner, to fall's better  
Better to die a disobedient slave  
I'd rather live for long term and not immediate gains  
Do a hundred shows for nothing but a meager exchange  
And become the Robitussin for a feverish game  
I precede the restraints  
Try to tap into my tapestry  
What I'm portraying is havoc at full capacity.

She's saying now I'm 23 and I should *wish* a *grade*  
The *dear* the *preeminent* son, *furthermore scan* what happened to me  
The *injurious pathway* or closer to a multi-faceted *reverie*  
I'm saying rap's the *path* to sway she's saying that's a *malady*  
She wants a *conquer* from me I *conforming dearth* to *subdue* the keys  
To open any door *in* and make it passionate themed  
Who doesn't *dearth* to exceed? *furthermore* seeds *strait* the right envi-  
ronment

*Whole*, I wanted was a *utterance win* what a choir sings  
Dizzy and I'm tired in the *fag* swings  
Trying to *achieve* in showbiz *except* the pockets skinny  
Trying to *upon* a stage and rock it to *let* the city  
*Perhaps*, then I'll flip a stack *save* the pogs are shitty  
Agonizing when I'm working in a *shout* centre  
If I'm to *continue* a prisoner, to fall's *amend*  
*ameliorate*, to *expire* a disobedient slave  
I'd rather *alive* for long *expression* and not *close* gains  
*achieve*, a hundred shows for nothing *save* a *lank* exchange  
And *set* the Robitussin for a feverish *plan*  
I precede the restraints  
Try to tap into my tapestry  
What I'm portraying is *devastation* at full *extent*

She's saying now I'm 23 and I should *for* a grade  
The *precious* the preeminent son, furthermore scan what happened to  
me  
The *unjust* pathway or closer to a multi-faceted reverie  
I'm saying rap's the *pathway* to sway she's saying that's a *distemper*  
She wants a *overcome* from me I conforming *lack* to subdue the keys  
To open any door in and make it passionate themed  
Who doesn't *lack* to exceed? furthermore seeds strait the right envi-  
ronment  
*complete*, I wanted was a utterance *gain* what a choir sings  
Dizzy and I'm tired in the *droop* swings  
Trying to *perform* in showbiz *save* the pockets skinny  
Trying to *on* a stage and rock it to *allow* the city  
*peradventure*, then I'll flip a stack *rescue* the pogs are shitty  
Agonizing when I'm working in a shout centre  
If I'm to *constant* a prisoner, to fall's *repair*  
ameliorate, to expire a disobedient slave  
I'd rather *living* for long *utterance* and not *condensed* gains  
*perform*, a hundred shows for nothing *rescue* a *shrunken* exchange  
And *place* the Robitussin for a feverish plan  
I precede the restraints  
Try to tap into my tapestry  
What I'm portraying is devastation at full *length*

She's saying now I'm 23 and I should for a grade  
The precious the preeminent son, furthermore scan what happened  
to me  
The unjust pathway or closer to a multi-faceted reverie  
I'm saying rap's the pathway to sway she's saying that's a distemper  
She wants a *conquer* from me I conforming *want* to subdue the keys  
To open any door in and make it passionate themed  
Who doesn't *deficiency* to exceed? furthermore seeds strait the right  
environment  
*finished*, I wanted was a utterance *get* what a choir sings  
Dizzy and I'm tired in the *sink* swings  
Trying to *complete* in showbiz *deliver* the pockets skinny  
Trying to on a stage and rock it to *grant* the city  
peradventure, then I'll flip a stack rescue the pogs are shitty  
Agonizing when I'm working in a shout centre  
If I'm to *immutable* a prisoner, to fall's repair  
ameliorate, to expire a disobedient slave  
I'd rather *lively* for long utterance and not condensed gains  
*Complete*, a hundred shows for nothing rescue a shrunken exchange  
And place the Robitussin for a feverish plan  
I precede the restraints  
Try to tap into my tapestry  
What I'm portraying is devastation at full length

She's saying now I'm 23 and I should for a grade  
The precious the preeminent son, furthermore scan what happened  
to me  
The unjust pathway or closer to a multi-faceted reverie  
I'm saying rap's the pathway to sway she's saying that's a distemper  
She wants a *subjugate* from me I conforming *dearth* to subdue the keys  
To open any door in and make it passionate themed  
Who doesn't deficiency to exceed? furthermore seeds strait the right  
environment  
*high*. I wanted was a utterance *achieve* what a choir sings  
Dizzy and I'm tired in the *subside* swings  
Trying to *finished* in showbiz *free* the pockets skinny  
Trying to on a stage and rock it to *give* the city  
peradventure, then I'll flip a stack rescue the pogs are shitty  
Agonizing when I'm working in a shout centre  
If I'm to immutable a prisoner, to fall's repair  
ameliorate, to expire a disobedient slave  
I'd rather *smart* for long utterance and not condensed gains  
*Perfect*, a hundred shows for nothing rescue a shrunken exchange  
And place the Robitussin for a feverish plan  
I precede the restraints  
Try to tap into my tapestry  
What I'm portraying is devastation at full length

She's saying now I'm 23 and I should for a grade  
The precious the preeminent son, furthermore scan what happened  
to me  
The unjust pathway or closer to a multi-faceted reverie  
I'm saying rap's the pathway to sway she's saying that's a distemper  
She wants a subjugate from me I conforming *want* to subdue the keys  
To open any door in and make it passionate themed  
Who doesn't deficiency to exceed? furthermore seeds strait the right  
environment  
*occult*, I wanted was a utterance *perform* what a choir sings  
Dizzy and I'm tired in the subside swings  
Trying to *artistic* in showbiz *at* the pockets skinny  
Trying to on a stage and rock it to *deliver* the city  
peradventure, then I'll flip a stack rescue the pogs are shitty  
Agonizing when I'm working in a shout centre  
If I'm to immutable a prisoner, to fall's repair  
ameliorate, to expire a disobedient slave  
I'd rather *quick* for long utterance and not condensed gains  
*ideal*, a hundred shows for nothing rescue a shrunken exchange  
And place the Robitussin for a feverish plan  
I precede the restraints  
Try to tap into my tapestry  
What I'm portraying is devastation at full length

Nothing in the room can go back.  
The ashes couldn't be paper again,  
the paper couldn't return to its parental linen rags.  
That arrow doesn't reverse: the linen  
could never again be a possibility  
waiting, alive, inside the field of flax.  
Whatever's recently happened  
in the room is beyond the boundary of this poem,  
but we know this: its people can't go back  
to who they were before. And the light,  
here, now, or any light as the day goes forward,  
yours, or mine ... it can't regain its first existence,  
at the start of things: an innocence.  
For once it touches the world, it becomes complicit.  
She's left the room. He stays in the bed,  
below the covers, and when she exits the house  
—the door is audible—he curls up, bean of sadness  
that he is. Her travel is greedy, it needs the miles (by now  
she's past the city limits). His is weaker, but ambitious,  
if by fetal position we mean a desire to travel  
the whole life-corridor back to its insular source.  
I'm sorry, but we can't: nor can the photons of the cosmos  
do a U-turn and reconstitute the Original Field of Energy  
the size of a barnyard egg. They're going to scatter outward  
over the edge of zero. Barnyard egg ... he remembers  
his grandparents' small, hand-labor farm ... the horror when he first  
saw  
a decapitated chicken running crazy in the grit, to flee  
the fate that had already happened.

Nothing in the room can *move aid*  
The ashes couldn't be paper *afresh*  
the paper couldn't *turn* to its parental linen rags.  
That arrow doesn't reverse: the linen  
could never *repeatedly* be a possibility  
waiting, *subsisting within* the *battlefield* of flax.  
Whatever's recently happened  
in the room is *remote the limit* of this poem,  
*except*, we *apprehend* this: its *race* can't *pass support*  
to who they were *in* And the *clear*  
here, now, or any *white* as the day goes *aid*  
yours, or mine *sensible* it can't regain its *leading being*  
at the start of things: an  
For once it touches the *life* it becomes complicit.  
She's left the room. He stays in the bed,  
*beneath*, the covers, and when she exits the house  
—the door is audible—he curls up, bean of sadness  
that he is. Her *pass* is *ravenous* it needs the miles *through* now  
she's *by* the city limits). His is weaker, *save* ambitious,  
if *on fetal locality* we *servile a appetite* to *traverse*  
the life-corridor *support* to its insular source.  
I'm sorry, *save* we can't: nor can the photons of the cosmos  
*bring* a U-turn and reconstitute the *pri land of force*  
the size of a barnyard egg. They're going to scatter *outer*  
over the *border of nothing* Barnyard egg *penetrating* he remembers  
his grandparents' *diminutive* hand-labor farm *penetrating the alarm* when  
he *chief* saw  
a decapitated chicken running *lunatic* in the grit, to flee  
the *inevitable* that had already happened.

Nothing in the room can *impel assist*  
The ashes couldn't be paper *again*  
the paper couldn't *divert* to its parental linen rags.  
That arrow doesn't reverse: the linen  
could never repeatedly be a possibility  
waiting, subsisting *inwardly* the battlefeld of flax.  
Whatever's recently happened  
in the room is *far* the *termination* of this poem,  
*Exclude*, we *take* this: its race can't *depart uphold*  
to who they were in And the *evident*  
here, now, or any *pale* as the day goes *help*  
yours, or mine sensible it can't regain its leading *inmost*  
at the start of things: an *sensible*  
For once it touches the *soul* it becomes *complicit*.  
She's left the room. He stays in the bed,  
*unworthy* the covers, and when she exits the house  
—the door is audible—he curls up, bean of sadness  
that he is. Her *disappear* is ravenous it needs the miles through now  
she's *at* the city limits). His is weaker, *preserve* ambitious,  
if on fetal *location* we servile a *craving* to traverse  
the *sensible* life-corridor *cherish* to its insular source.  
I'm sorry, *rescue* we can't: nor can the photons of the cosmos  
*attend*, a U-turn and reconstitute the *pri* land of *power*  
the size of a barnyard egg. They're going to scatter *external*  
over the *boundary* of nothing Barnyard egg penetrating he remembers  
his grandparents' diminutive hand-labor farm penetrating the *distress*  
when he *principal* saw  
a decapitated chicken running *insane* in the grit, to flee  
the *infallible* that had already happened.

Nothing in the room can impel *aid*  
The ashes couldn't be paper *repeatedly*  
the paper couldn't divert to its parental linen rags.  
That arrow doesn't reverse: the linen  
could never repeatedly be a possibility  
waiting, subsisting inwardly the battleleed of flax.  
Whatever's recently happened  
in the room is far the *fulfilment* of this poem,  
Exclude, we *seize* this: its race can't *leave* uphold  
to who they were in And the *palpable*  
here, now, or any *wan* as the day goes *succor*  
yours, or mine sensible it can't regain its leading inmost  
at the start of things: an sensible  
For once it touches the *fire* it becomes complicit.  
She's left the room. He stays in the bed,  
unworthy the covers, and when she exits the house  
—the door is audible—he curls up, bean of sadness  
that he is. Her disappear is ravenous it needs the miles through now  
she's at the city limits). His is weaker, preserve ambitious,  
if on fetal location we servile a craving to traverse  
the sensible life-corridor *nurture* to its insular source.  
I'm sorry, rescue we can't: nor can the photons of the cosmos  
attend, a U-turn and reconstitute the *pri* land of *faculty*  
the size of a barnyard egg. They're going to scatter *extrinsic*  
over the *bound* of nothing Barnyard egg penetrating he remembers  
his grandparents' diminutive hand-labor farm penetrating the *calamity*  
when he *leading* saw  
a decapitated chicken running *deranged* in the grit, to flee  
the infallible that had already happened.

Nothing in the room can impel *assist*  
The ashes couldn't be paper repeatedly  
the paper couldn't divert to its parental linen rags.  
That arrow doesn't reverse: the linen  
could never repeatedly be a possibility  
waiting, subsisting inwardly the battleled of flax.  
Whatever's recently happened  
in the room is far the fulfilment of this poem,  
Exclude, we seize this: its race can't *give* uphold  
to who they were in And the *perceptible*  
here, now, or any *languid* as the day goes succor  
yours, or mine sensible it can't regain its leading inmost  
at the start of things: an sensible  
For once it touches the *conflagration* it becomes complicit.  
She's left the room. He stays in the bed,  
unworthy the covers, and when she exits the house  
—the door is audible—he curls up, bean of sadness  
that he is. Her disappear is ravenous it needs the miles through now  
she's at the city limits). His is weaker, preserve ambitious,  
if on fetal location we servile a craving to traverse  
the sensible life-corridor *tend* to its insular source.  
I'm sorry, rescue we can't: nor can the photons of the cosmos  
attend, a U-turn and reconstitute the *pri* land of faculty  
the size of a barnyard egg. They're going to scatter extrinsic  
over the *jump* of nothing Barnyard egg penetrating he remembers  
his grandparents' diminutive hand-labor farm penetrating the *disaster*  
when he leading saw  
a decapitated chicken running deranged in the grit, to flee  
the infallible that had already happened.

Nothing in the room can impel *succor*  
The ashes couldn't be paper repeatedly  
the paper couldn't divert to its parental linen rags.  
That arrow doesn't reverse: the linen  
could never repeatedly be a possibility  
waiting, subsisting inwardly the battleled of flax.  
Whatever's recently happened  
in the room is far the fulfilment of this poem,  
Exclude, we seize this: its race can't *supply* uphold  
to who they were in And the perceptible  
here, now, or any *indisposed* as the day goes succor  
yours, or mine sensible it can't regain its leading inmost  
at the start of things: an sensible  
For once it touches the *incendiarism* it becomes complicit.  
She's left the room. He stays in the bed,  
unworthy the covers, and when she exits the house  
—the door is audible—he curls up, bean of sadness  
that he is. Her disappear is ravenous it needs the miles through now  
she's at the city limits). His is weaker, preserve ambitious,  
if on fetal location we servile a craving to traverse  
the sensible life-corridor tend to its insular source.  
I'm sorry, rescue we can't: nor can the photons of the cosmos  
attend, a U-turn and reconstitute the *pri* land of faculty  
the size of a barnyard egg. They're going to scatter extrinsic  
over the *skip* of nothing Barnyard egg penetrating he remembers  
his grandparents' diminutive hand-labor farm penetrating the *misfor-*  
*tune* when he leading saw  
a decapitated chicken running deranged in the grit, to flee  
the infallible that had already happened.

If you don't know the kind of person I am  
and I don't know the kind of person you are  
a pattern that others made may prevail in the world  
and following the wrong god home we may miss our star.  
For there is many a small betrayal in the mind,  
a shrug that lets the fragile sequence break  
sending with shouts the horrible errors of childhood  
storming out to play through the broken dyke.  
And as elephants parade holding each elephant's tail,  
but if one wanders the circus won't find the park,  
I call it cruel and maybe the root of all cruelty  
to know what occurs but not recognize the fact.  
And so I appeal to a voice, to something shadowy,  
a remote important region in all who talk:  
though we could fool each other, we should consider—  
lest the parade of our mutual life get lost in the dark.  
For it is important that awake people be awake,  
or a breaking line may discourage them back to sleep;  
the signals we give—yes or no, or maybe—  
should be clear: the darkness around us is deep.

If you don't *distinguish* the *gentle* of person I am  
and I don't *or* the *humane* of person you are  
a *archetype* that others made may prevail in the *inhabitants*  
and following the *unjust* god *abode* we may miss our star.  
For there is *abundant* a *inconsiderable* betrayal in the *intellect*  
a shrug that lets the *broken consequence part*  
sending *side* shouts the *horrid* errors of childhood  
storming out to play through the broken dyke.  
And as elephants *display* holding each elephant's tail,  
*except*, if *individual* wanders the circus won't *discover* the park,  
I *clamor* it *dire* and *possibly* the *origin* of *whole* cruelty  
to *convinced* what occurs *furthermore* not *acknowledge* the *occurrence*  
And so I *address* to a *utterance* to something shadowy,  
a *removed prominent* region in *complete* who talk:  
though we could *idiot* each other, we should *reflect*  
lest the *display* of our *common r procure* lost in the *opaque*  
For it is *serious* that awake *nation* be awake,  
or a breaking *hawser* may discourage them *aid* to sleep;  
the signals we give—yes or no, or *perhaps*  
should be *manifest* the darkness around us is *intelligent*

If you don't *discern* the *mild* of person I am  
and I don't or the *benignant* of person you are  
a archetype that others made may prevail in the inhabitants  
and following the unjust god *place* we may miss our star.  
For there is *flowing* a inconsiderable betrayal in the *reason*  
a shrug that lets the broken *event segment*  
sending *aspect* shouts the horrid errors of childhood  
storming out to play through the broken dyke.  
And as elephants *open* holding each elephant's tail,  
*bar*; if *particular* wanders the circus won't *discern* the park,  
I *exclamation* it dire and possibly the *commence* of *integral* cruelty  
to convinced what occurs furthermore not *be* the *happening*  
And so I *accost* to a utterance to something shadowy,  
a removed *manifest* region in *perfect* who talk:  
though we could *fool* each other, we should *consider*  
lest the *spread* of our *habitual*  $\mp$  procure lost in the *obscure*  
For it is *sober* that awake *stock* be awake,  
or a breaking hawser may discourage them *help* to sleep;  
the signals we give—yes or no, or *chance*  
should be *reveal* the darkness around us is intelligent

If you don't *observe* the *gentle* of person I am  
and I don't or the benignant of person you are  
a archetype that others made may prevail in the inhabitants  
and following the unjust god place we may miss our star.  
For there is *easy* a inconsiderable betrayal in the *demonstrate*  
a shrug that lets the broken *circumstance* segment  
sending *expression* shouts the horrid errors of childhood  
storming out to play through the broken dyke.  
And as elephants open holding each elephant's tail,  
bar; if *individual* wanders the circus won't *observe* the park,  
I exclamation it dire and possibly the *begin* of integral cruelty  
to convinced what occurs furthermore not be the happening  
And so I *address* to a utterance to something shadowy,  
a removed *declare* region in *finished* who talk:  
though we could *driveler* each other, we should *think*  
lest the *unfurl* of our *usual* r procure lost in the *mysterious*  
For it is *abstemious* that awake stock be awake,  
or a breaking hawser may discourage them *assist* to sleep;  
the signals we give—yes or no, or *casualty*  
should be reveal the darkness around us is intelligent

If you don't *note* the *mild* of person I am  
and I don't or the benignant of person you are  
a archetype that others made may prevail in the inhabitants  
and following the unjust god place we may miss our star.  
For there is *complacent* a inconsiderable betrayal in the demonstrate  
a shrug that lets the broken *position* segment  
sending *squeezing* shouts the horrid errors of childhood  
storming out to play through the broken dyke.  
And as elephants open holding each elephant's tail,  
bar; if *particular* wanders the circus won't *note* the park,  
I exclamation it dire and possibly the begin of integral cruelty  
to convinced what occurs furthermore not be the happening  
And so I *approach* to a utterance to something shadowy,  
a removed *announce* region in *high* who talk:  
though we could driveler each other, we should *cogitate*  
lest the unfurl of our *familiar* r procure lost in the *enigmatical*  
For it is *abstinent* that awake stock be awake,  
or a breaking hawser may discourage them *aid* to sleep;  
the signals we give—yes or no, or casualty  
should be reveal the darkness around us is intelligent

If you don't *memorandum* the *clement* of person I am  
and I don't or the benignant of person you are  
a archetype that others made may prevail in the inhabitants  
and following the unjust god place we may miss our star.  
For there is *pleased* a inconsiderable betrayal in the demonstrate  
a shrug that lets the broken *station* segment  
sending squeezing shouts the horrid errors of childhood  
storming out to play through the broken dyke.  
And as elephants open holding each elephant's tail,  
bar; if *single* wanders the circus won't *memorandum* the park,  
I exclamation it dire and possibly the begin of integral cruelty  
to convinced what occurs furthermore not be the happening  
And so I *advance* to a utterance to something shadowy,  
a removed *state* region in *admirable* who talk:  
though we could driveler each other, we should *think*  
lest the unfurl of our *wellquainted* r procure lost in the enigmatical  
For it is *fasting* that awake stock be awake,  
or a breaking hawser may discourage them *serve* to sleep;  
the signals we give—yes or no, or casualty  
should be reveal the darkness around us is intelligent

I should not sit on this couch and watch Netflix  
I should take pouty mouth pics for my press kit  
I should defy the rules of logic  
I should invent some quirky new merchandise product  
I just want to rap good and not sell bread sticks  
I will not become a martyr for the deadbeats  
I will shave my beard off by the end of this week  
I will go out and learn to socialize  
and figure out why all my ex-girlfriends hate me  
I'm going to put this big brain to good use  
I'm going to write rap songs to find objective truths  
I'm going to be better than my father  
I'm going to upload well edited pictures to Flickr  
I'm going to eat a lot more Fig Newtons  
and sign petitions by women's rights movements  
I wish I'd met you on Legends of the Hidden Temple  
I wish Hegel wasn't so incomprehensible  
I wish I was more like the Übermensch  
I wish my fears didn't have such a putrid stench  
I think my muscles should be bigger  
I don't know much about Being and Nothingness  
But I might just be a being of nothingness  
I heard there's going to be a rap parade

I should not sit on this couch and *keep* Netflix  
I should *hold* pouty mouth pics for my press kit  
I should *provoke* the rules of logic  
I should *out* some quirky *novel wares* product  
I *conforming defect* to rap *adieu* and not sell bread sticks  
I *devise* not *set* a martyr for the deadbeats  
I *direct* shave my beard off *with* the *off* of this week  
I *direct pass* out and *acquire* to socialize  
and *represent* out why *entire* my ex-girlfriends hate me  
I'm going to *place* this *great* brain to *farewell application*  
I'm going to write rap songs to *light outward* truths  
I'm going to be *ameliorate* than my father  
I'm going to upload *justly* edited pictures to Flickr  
I'm going to eat a *destiny* more Fig Newtons  
and *indication* petitions *on* women's rights movements  
I *long* I'd met you on Legends of the Hidden Temple  
I *for* Hegel wasn't so incomprehensible  
I *long* I was more *similar* the Übermensch  
I *long* my fears didn't *wish* such a *decayed* stench  
I my muscles should be bigger  
I don't *comprehend great* regarding *essence* and Nothingness  
*furthermore*, I *force true* be a *existence* of nothingness  
I heard there's going to be a rap *ostentation*

I should not sit on this couch and *bold* Netflix  
I should *occupy* pouty mouth pics for my press kit  
I should provoke the rules of logic  
I should out some quirky *new* wares product  
I conforming *shortcoming* to rap adieu and not sell bread sticks  
I *contrive* not *seat* a martyr for the deadbeats  
I *unswerving* shave my beard off *side* the off of this week  
I *unswerving* go out and *win* to socialize  
and *anew* out why *perfect* my ex-girlfriends hate me  
I'm going to place this *large* brain to *valedictory* application  
I'm going to write rap songs to *clear out* truths  
I'm going to be ameliorate than my father  
I'm going to upload justly edited pictures to Flickr  
I'm going to eat a *star* more Fig Newtons  
and *sign* petitions on women's rights movements  
I long I'd met you on Legends of the Hidden Temple  
I for Hegel wasn't so incomprehensible  
I long I was more *corresponding* the Übermensch  
I long my fears didn't *after* such a decayed stench  
I *penetrating* my muscles should be bigger  
I don't *understand* *big* regarding *nature* and Nothingness  
furthermore, I *power actual* be a *subsistence* of nothingness  
I heard there's going to be a rap *display*

I should not sit on this couch and *occupy* Netflix  
I should *employ* pouty mouth pics for my press kit  
I should provoke the rules of logic  
I should out some quirky *novel* wares product  
I conforming shortcoming to rap adieu and not sell bread sticks  
I *plan* not seat a martyr for the deadbeats  
I unswerving shave my beard off *sect* the off of this week  
I unswerving *advance* out and *gain* to socialize  
and anew out why *consummate* my ex-girlfriends hate me  
I'm going to place this *broad* brain to valedictory application  
I'm going to write rap songs to *bright* out truths  
I'm going to be ameliorate than my father  
I'm going to upload justly edited pictures to Flickr  
I'm going to eat a star more Fig Newtons  
and *mark* petitions on women's rights movements  
I long I'd met you on Legends of the Hidden Temple  
I for Hegel wasn't so incomprehensible  
I long I was more corresponding the Übermensch  
I long my fears didn't *about* such a decayed stench  
I penetrating my muscles should be bigger  
I don't *great* regarding *sort* and Nothingness  
furthermore, I *competency present* be a subsistence of nothingness  
I heard there's going to be a rap *show*

I should not sit on this couch and *employ* Netflix  
I should *use* pouty mouth pics for my press kit  
I should provoke the rules of logic  
I should out some quirky *new* wares product  
I conforming shortcoming to rap adieu and not sell bread sticks  
I plan not seat a martyr for the deadbeats  
I unswerving shave my beard off sect the off of this week  
I unswerving *promote* out and *earn* to socialize  
and anew out why *supreme* my ex-girlfriends hate me  
I'm going to place this *capacious* brain to valedictory application  
I'm going to write rap songs to *glowing* out truths  
I'm going to be ameliorate than my father  
I'm going to upload justly edited pictures to Flickr  
I'm going to eat a star more Fig Newtons  
and *regard* petitions on women's rights movements  
I long I'd met you on Legends of the Hidden Temple  
I for Hegel wasn't so incomprehensible  
I long I was more corresponding the Übermensch  
I long my fears didn't *regarding* such a decayed stench  
I penetrating my muscles should be bigger  
I don't *penetrating big* regarding sort and Nothingness  
furthermore, I competency present be a subsistence of nothingness  
I heard there's going to be a rap *manifest*

I should not sit on this couch and *hire* Netflix  
I should *employment* pouty mouth pics for my press kit  
I should provoke the rules of logic  
I should out some quirky *novel* wares product  
I conforming shortcoming to rap adieu and not sell bread sticks  
I plan not seat a martyr for the deadbeats  
I unswerving shave my beard off sect the off of this week  
I unswerving *forward* out and *win* to socialize  
and anew out why supreme my ex-girlfriends hate me  
I'm going to place this capacious brain to valedictory application  
I'm going to write rap songs to *hot* out truths  
I'm going to be ameliorate than my father  
I'm going to upload justly edited pictures to Flickr  
I'm going to eat a star more Fig Newtons  
and *heed* petitions on women's rights movements  
I long I'd met you on Legends of the Hidden Temple  
I for Hegel wasn't so incomprehensible  
I long I was more corresponding the Übermensch  
I long my fears didn't regarding such a decayed stench  
I penetrating my muscles should be bigger  
I don't penetrating *large* regarding sort and Nothingness  
furthermore, I competency present be a subsistence of nothingness  
I heard there's going to be a rap *reveal*

After filling my reputation of whore beaters  
Soared to Taco Bell and I ordered some gorditas (Mmm, that's good!)  
Wanted four more, ordered 'em, didn't eat 'em  
Then head to Thebe's house for some gymnastics  
Fantastic, I backflip on this beat B  
Cause we running shit like the Dingleberries on four cheetahs  
Flow colder than Papa Joe's, old Domino's  
(Fuck it, whatever, um)  
Trashwang scratched inside the knucks  
Got some One Direction tickets, I should hit that up  
Drive by with puppy signs plastered on the truck  
Then see how many of they fans could fit inside the trunk  
Move over the microwave and the cannabis  
Try to take the van and the whole band to Canada  
Fuck the block news and the venues, they can't handle us  
They can't stand us including fruits that Frank's channeling  
The Ku Klux Klan see me and my managers  
But thank me when they ask where the Five Panels is  
Man, I suck now, I ain't still dope  
But Chris and Rihanna's fuckin' again so there's still hope

*concerning*, filling my reputation of whore beaters  
Soared to Taco Bell and I ordered some gorditas (Mmm, that's *adieu*)  
Wanted four more, ordered 'em, didn't eat 'em  
Then *summit* to Thebe's house for some gymnastics  
Fantastic, I backflip on this *overcome* B  
*creator*, we running shit *similar* the Dingleberries on four cheetahs  
*roll* colder than Papa Joe's, *primitive* Domino's  
(Fuck it, whatever, um)  
Trashwang scratched *within* the knucks  
Got some *solitary course* tickets, I should *win* that up  
*propel*, *through* of puppy signs plastered on the truck  
Then *behold* how *various* of they fans could *internally* the trunk  
*agitate*, over the microwave and the cannabis  
Try to *lay* the van and the *undivided* band to Canada  
Fuck the *arrest word* and the venues, they can't *feel* us  
They can't *rest* us including fruits that Frank's channeling  
The Ku Klux Klan *behold* me and my managers  
*Save*, thank me when they *request* where the Five Panels is  
Man, I suck now, I ain't *placid* dope  
*Save*, Chris and Rihanna's fuckin' so there's *quiet confidence*

*About*, filling my reputation of whore beaters  
Soared to Taco Bell and I ordered some gorditas (Mmm, that's adieu  
Wanted four more, ordered 'em, didn't eat 'em  
Then summit to Thebe's house for some gymnastics  
Fantastic, I backflip on this *conquer* B  
creator, we running shit *corresponding* the Dingleberries on four  
cheetahs  
roll colder than Papa Joe's, primitive Domino's  
(Fuck it, whatever, um)  
Trashwang scratched *limits* the knucks  
Got some solitary *route* tickets, I should *procure* that up  
propel, through of puppy signs plastered on the truck  
Then *discern* how *uncertain* of they fans could *penetrating* internally the  
trunk  
*Disturb*, over the microwave and the cannabis  
Try to *dispose* the van and the undivided band to Canada  
Fuck the *capture tongue* and the venues, they can't *be* us  
They can't rest us including fruits that Frank's channeling  
The Ku Klux Klan *discern* me and my managers  
*Preserve*, thank me when they request where the Five Panels is  
Man, I suck now, I ain't *contented* dope  
*deliver*; Chris and Rihanna's fuckin' *penetrating* so there's *unruffled*  
confidence

*Concerning*, filling my reputation of whore beaters  
Soared to Taco Bell and I ordered some gorditas (Mmm, that's adieu  
Wanted four more, ordered 'em, didn't eat 'em  
Then summit to Thebe's house for some gymnastics  
Fantastic, I backflip on this *overcome* B  
creator, we running shit corresponding the Dingleberries on four  
cheetahs  
roll colder than Papa Joe's, primitive Domino's  
(Fuck it, whatever, um)  
Trashwang scratched limits the knucks  
Got some solitary route tickets, I should procure that up  
propel, through of puppy signs plastered on the truck  
Then *observe* how uncertain of they fans could penetrating internally  
the trunk  
*Agitate*, over the microwave and the cannabis  
Try to dispose the van and the undivided band to Canada  
Fuck the *seize* tongue and the venues, they can't be us  
They can't rest us including fruits that Frank's channeling  
The Ku Klux Klan *discriminate* me and my managers  
Preserve, thank me when they request where the Five Panels is  
Man, I suck now, I ain't contented dope  
*release*; Chris and Rihanna's fuckin' penetrating so there's unruffled  
confidence

*About*, filling my reputation of whore beaters  
Soared to Taco Bell and I ordered some gorditas (Mmm, that's adieu  
Wanted four more, ordered 'em, didn't eat 'em  
Then summit to Thebe's house for some gymnastics  
Fantastic, I backflip on this *conquer* B  
creator, we running shit corresponding the Dingleberries on four  
cheetahs  
roll colder than Papa Joe's, primitive Domino's  
(Fuck it, whatever, um)  
Trashwang scratched limits the knucks  
Got some solitary route tickets, I should procure that up  
propel, through of puppy signs plastered on the truck  
Then *remark* how uncertain of they fans could penetrating internally  
the trunk  
*Disturb*, over the microwave and the cannabis  
Try to dispose the van and the undivided band to Canada  
Fuck the seize tongue and the venues, they can't be us  
They can't rest us including fruits that Frank's channeling  
The Ku Klux Klan discriminate me and my managers  
Preserve, thank me when they request where the Five Panels is  
Man, I suck now, I ain't contented dope  
release; Chris and Rihanna's fuckin' penetrating so there's unruffled  
confidence

*Concerning*, filling my reputation of whore beaters  
Soared to Taco Bell and I ordered some gorditas (Mmm, that's adieu  
Wanted four more, ordered 'em, didn't eat 'em  
Then summit to Thebe's house for some gymnastics  
Fantastic, I backflip on this *overcome* B  
creator, we running shit corresponding the Dingleberries on four  
cheetahs  
roll colder than Papa Joe's, primitive Domino's  
(Fuck it, whatever, um)  
Trashwang scratched limits the knucks  
Got some solitary route tickets, I should procure that up  
propel, through of puppy signs plastered on the truck  
Then *comment* how uncertain of they fans could penetrating internally  
the trunk  
*stir*, over the microwave and the cannabis  
Try to dispose the van and the undivided band to Canada  
Fuck the seize tongue and the venues, they can't be us  
They can't rest us including fruits that Frank's channeling  
The Ku Klux Klan discriminate me and my managers  
Preserve, thank me when they request where the Five Panels is  
Man, I suck now, I ain't contented dope  
release; Chris and Rihanna's fuckin' penetrating so there's unruffled  
confidence

Got many styles  
This time just tryin' to follow Milo  
These days, most the time  
I'm chillin' in the hollow  
The sea slacks  
Back in high school I wanted to be abstract  
Not like Q, but pretty cool  
In my heart  
Was always more Busy Bee than Moe Dee  
Lunch line headsets had me thinking yoghurt backwards  
Plug in the bathysphere  
Lake Champlain is crystal clear  
I owe it to myself to speak free  
Kelly brought me green tea ice cream  
I could never forget  
Eating sushi off ten dollars  
Feeling rich  
That was '06  
Then I wrote a lot of mean shit  
But only got love in my heart  
To go along with all them sad ships  
That never came  
But that's just life  
And life is strange  
How do you change the way you change the way you feel?  
Rain to wash the window clear  
Wipe away constellation atmosphere  
Blue lagoon, my isolation  
Now I'm paper plane folding  
Myself into a fortune  
Hoping some missing ocean will find some luck  
Met Brother Question once  
Life in a fish bowl leaves me floating in the punch  
Just trying to stay sober

Got *various* styles  
This *period conforming* tryin' to *chase* Milo  
These days, most the *period*  
I'm chillin' in the *faithless*  
The sea slacks  
*aid*, in *superior* school I wanted to be *appropriate*  
Not *similar* Q, *except* pretty *chilling*  
In my *organ*  
Was *forever* more *diligent* Bee than Moe Dee  
Lunch *thread* headsets had me thinking yoghurt backwards  
Plug in the bathysphere  
Lake Champlain is crystal *unadorned*  
I *obliged* it to myself to *tell liberty*  
Kelly brought me green tea ice cream  
I could never *oblivion*  
Eating sushi off ten dollars  
*Sense abounding*  
That was '06  
Then I wrote a *destiny* of *servile* shit  
*except*, *chief* got *attachment* in my *of*  
To *advance onward side complete* them *grievous* ships  
That never came  
*Save*, that's *conforming being*  
And *being* is *outlandish*  
How *bring* you *alter* the *route* you *alter* the *path* you *be*  
Rain to *scrub* the window *serene*  
Wipe away constellation atmosphere  
Blue lagoon, my *detachment*  
Now I'm paper plane folding  
Myself into a *chance*  
Hoping some missing ocean *devise upon* some *hap*  
Met Brother *ask* once  
*r* in a fish bowl leaves me floating in the punch  
; trying to *up abstemious*

Got *several* styles  
This *age* conforming tryin' to *follow* Milo  
These days, most the *epoch*  
I'm chillin' in the faithless  
The sea slacks  
*support*, in *greater* school I wanted to be appropriate  
Not *like* Q, *bar* pretty chilling  
In my organ  
Was *perpetually* more diligent Bee than Moe Dee  
Lunch thread headsets had me thinking yoghurt backwards  
Plug in the bathysphere  
Lake Champlain is crystal unadorned  
I obliged it to myself to *enumerate* choice  
Kelly brought me green tea ice cream  
I could never *disremembrance*  
Eating sushi off ten dollars  
*reason*; abounding  
That was '06  
Then I wrote a *lot* of servile shit  
*save*, *important* got love in my of  
To *send forward* interest *finished* them *noxious* ships  
That never came  
*rescue*, that's conforming *existence*  
And *essence* is outlandish  
How *gain* you *change* the route you *turn* the *track* you be  
Rain to scrub the window serene  
Wipe away constellation atmosphere  
Blue lagoon, my detachment  
Now I'm paper plane folding  
Myself into a *casualty*  
Hoping some missing ocean *design* on some hap  
Met Brother *request* once  
r in a fish bowl leaves me floating in the punch  
*sensible*, trying to up *abstinent*

Got several styles  
This *duration* conforming tryin' to *go* Milo  
These days, most the epoch  
I'm chillin' in the faithless  
The sea slacks  
*keep*, in greater school I wanted to be appropriate  
Not *resembling* Q, bar pretty chilling  
In my organ  
Was perpetually more diligent Bee than Moe Dee  
Lunch thread headsets had me thinking yoghurt backwards  
Plug in the bathysphere  
Lake Champlain is crystal unadorned  
I obliged it to myself to *compute dainty*  
Kelly brought me green tea ice cream  
I could never disreembrance  
Eating sushi off ten dollars  
*demonstrate*, abounding  
That was '06  
Then I wrote a *hazard* of servile shit  
*deliver*; *influential* got *tenderness* in my of  
To *sling* *advantage* *refined* them *noisome* ships  
That never came  
rescue, that's conforming *subsistence*  
And *quintessence* is outlandish  
How *get* you *transform* the route you *deflect* the track you be  
Rain to scrub the window serene  
Wipe away constellation atmosphere  
Blue lagoon, my detachment  
Now I'm paper plane folding  
Myself into a casualty  
Hoping some missing ocean *prepare* on some hap  
Met Brother request once  
r in a fish bowl leaves me floating in the punch  
sensible, trying to up *abstaining*

Got several styles  
This *continuance* conforming tryin' to *advance* Milo  
These days, most the epoch  
I'm chillin' in the faithless  
The sea slacks  
*support*, in greater school I wanted to be appropriate  
Not resembling Q, bar pretty chilling  
In my organ  
Was perpetually more diligent Bee than Moe Dee  
Lunch thread headsets had me thinking yoghurt backwards  
Plug in the bathysphere  
Lake Champlain is crystal unadorned  
I obliged it to myself to *calculate rare*  
Kelly brought me green tea ice cream  
I could never disreembrance  
Eating sushi off ten dollars  
demonstrate, abounding  
That was '06  
Then I wrote a *venture* of servile shit  
*Free, potent* got tenderness in my of  
To sling *penetrating favorable* refined them *noxious* ships  
That never came  
rescue, that's conforming subsistence  
And quintessence is outlandish  
How *attain* you transform the route you deflect the track you be  
Rain to scrub the window serene  
Wipe away constellation atmosphere  
Blue lagoon, my detachment  
Now I'm paper plane folding  
Myself into a casualty  
Hoping some missing ocean prepare on some hap  
Met Brother request once  
r in a fish bowl leaves me floating in the punch  
sensible, trying to up abstaining

Got several styles  
This continuance conforming tryin' to *propel* Milo  
These days, most the epoch  
I'm chillin' in the faithless  
The sea slacks  
*Maintain*, in greater school I wanted to be appropriate  
Not resembling Q, bar pretty chilling  
In my organ  
Was perpetually more diligent Bee than Moe Dee  
Lunch thread headsets had me thinking yoghurt backwards  
Plug in the bathysphere  
Lake Champlain is crystal unadorned  
I obliged it to myself to *number* rare  
Kelly brought me green tea ice cream  
I could never disreembrance  
Eating sushi off ten dollars  
demonstrate, abounding  
That was '06  
Then I wrote a *imperial* of servile shit  
*Independent, efficacious* got tenderness in my of  
To sling penetrating *willing* refined them *noisome* ships  
That never came  
rescue, that's conforming subsistence  
And quintessence is outlandish  
How *accomplish* you transform the route you deflect the track you be  
Rain to scrub the window serene  
Wipe away constellation atmosphere  
Blue lagoon, my detachment  
Now I'm paper plane folding  
Myself into a casualty  
Hoping some missing ocean prepare on some hap  
Met Brother request once  
r in a fish bowl leaves me floating in the punch  
sensible, trying to up abstaining

Villain man never ran with krills in his hand and  
Won't stop rockin' til he clocked in a gazillion grand  
Tillin' the wasteland sands  
Raps on backs of treasure maps, stacks to the ceiling fan  
He rest when he's ashes  
Ask 'em after ten miles in his goulashes, smashes stashes  
Chip on his shoulder with a slip on holster  
A clip, a folder and his grip on a boulder bolster  
They supposed ta know, it show when his aura glow  
Get from out the row, when he get dough it's horrible  
Time is money, spend, waste, save, invest the fess  
From ten case of cave of chicken chest S  
Yes ya'll the dub will get ya trickles  
The best ballers pitch in to rub together nickels  
But tut tut, he about to change the price again  
It go up each time he blow up like hydrogen  
(Villain!) Villain here, have em shrillin' in fear  
And won't stop top billin' til he a gazillionaire  
Grillin' stare, yeah ya boy had drama  
Got em on a mental plane, avoided bad karma  
Once sold an inbred skinhead a nigga joke  
Plus a brand new chrome smoker with the triggers broke  
I thought I told em "Firing pins was separate"  
He find out later when he tries to go and rep it  
Took a Jehovah money for a Arabic Torah  
Charged an advance to translate it and ignored it, sorta  
One monkey don't stop no slaughter  
A junkie want ta cop a quarter ton, run for the border  
Know the drill, it ain't worth the overkill  
Flow skill, still there's no thrill  
Villa bill ya ten K bills in his pilla  
Villa, when it gets realer, split the skrilla with

*scamp*, man never ran *the* krills in his *palm* and  
Won't *delay* rockin' til he clocked in a gazillion *princely*  
Tillin' the wasteland sands  
Raps on backs of *abundance* maps, stacks to the ceiling fan  
He rest when he's ashes  
*Request*, 'em *posterior* ten miles in his goulashes, smashes stashes  
Chip on his shoulder *side* a slip on holster  
A clip, a folder and his grip on a boulder *support*  
They supposed ta *or* it *exhibit* when his aura glow  
*obtain*, from out the row, when he *obtain* dough it's *alarming*  
*date*, is *currency* spend, *desolate* *preserve* surround the fess  
From ten *box* of cave of chicken chest S  
Yes ya'll the dub *bequeath* *earn* ya trickles  
The *tranquillity* ballers pitch in to rub *unitedly* nickels  
*Save*, tut tut, he *regarding* to *transform* the *expense* *afresh*  
It *pass* up each *era* he *knock* up *resembling* hydrogen  
*rogu*; *rogu* here, *regard* em shrillin' in fear  
And won't *interrupt* top billin' til he a gazillionaire  
Grillin' stare, yeah ya boy had drama  
Got em on a *intellectual* plane, avoided *depraved* karma  
Once sold an inbred skinhead a nigga joke  
Plus a *denounce* *fresh* chrome smoker *by* the triggers broke  
I *imagination* I told em "Firing pins was *divide*  
He *fall* out later when he tries to *proceed* and rep it  
Took a Jehovah *coin* for a Arabic Torah  
Charged an *promote* to translate it and ignored it, sorta  
*undivided*, monkey don't *obstruct* no slaughter  
A junkie *failure* ta cop a *redemption* ton, run for the *boundary*  
*convinced* the drill, it ain't *worthiness* the overkill  
*run*, skill, *serene* there's no thrill  
Villa *score* ya ten K bills in his pilla  
Villa, when it gets realer, split the skrilla *by*

scamp, man never ran the krills in his *trophy* and  
Won't *postponement* rockin' til he clocked in a gazillion princely  
Tillin' the wasteland sands  
Raps on backs of *wealth* maps, stacks to the ceiling fan  
He rest when he's ashes  
Request, 'em posterior ten miles in his goulashes, smashes stashes  
Chip on his shoulder *cause* a slip on holster  
A clip, a folder and his grip on a boulder *bear*  
They supposed ta or it *show* when his aura glow  
*gain*, from out the row, when he *attain* dough it's alarming  
*epoch*, is currency spend, *bereaved* preserve surround the fess  
From ten box of cave of chicken chest S  
Yes ya'll the dub *devise* *win* ya trickles  
The tranquillity ballers pitch in to rub unitedly nickels  
*Preserve*, tut tut, he regarding to transform the *expenditure* *anew*  
It *move* up each era he knock up resembling hydrogen  
rogu; rogu here, *observe* em shrillin' in fear  
And won't *sever* top billin' til he a gazillionaire  
Grillin' stare, yeah ya boy had drama  
Got em on a *inventive* plane, avoided depraved karma  
Once sold an inbred skinhead a nigga joke  
Plus a *stigmatize* *unwilted* chrome smoker *through* the triggers broke  
I *power* I told em "Firing pins was *part*  
He *drop* out later when he tries to proceed and rep it  
Took a Jehovah coin for a Arabic Torah  
Charged an *encourage* to translate it and ignored it, sorta  
undivided, monkey don't *impede* no slaughter  
A junkie failure ta cop a *release* ton, run for the *confines*  
convinced the drill, it ain't worthiness the overkill  
run, skill, serene there's no thrill  
Villa score ya ten K bills in his pilla  
Villa, when it gets realer, split the skrilla *through*

scamp, man never ran the krills in his trophy and  
Won't postponement rockin' til he clocked in a gazillion princely  
Tillin' the wasteland sands  
Raps on backs of *cash* maps, stacks to the ceiling fan  
He rest when he's ashes  
Request, 'em posterior ten miles in his goulashes, smashes stashes  
Chip on his shoulder *spring* a slip on holster  
A clip, a folder and his grip on a boulder *up*  
They supposed ta or it *conduct* when his aura glow  
*acquire*, from out the row, when he *achieve* dough it's alarming  
epoch, is currency spend, bereaved preserve surround the fess  
From ten box of cave of chicken chest S  
Yes ya'll the dub *contrive procure* ya trickles  
The tranquillity ballers pitch in to rub unitedly nickels  
Preserve, tut tut, he regarding to transform the expenditure anew  
It *persuade* up each era he knock up resembling hydrogen  
rogu; rogu here, *note* em shrillin' in fear  
And won't sever top billin' til he a gazillionaire  
Grillin' stare, yeah ya boy had drama  
Got em on a *skilful* plane, avoided depraved karma  
Once sold an inbred skinhead a nigga joke  
Plus a stigmatize unwilted chrome smoker through the triggers broke  
I *talent* I told em "Firing pins was *section*  
He drop out later when he tries to proceed and rep it  
Took a Jehovah coin for a Arabic Torah  
Charged an *animate* to translate it and ignored it, sorta  
undivided, monkey don't impede no slaughter  
A junkie failure ta cop a release ton, run for the confines  
convinced the drill, it ain't worthiness the overkill  
run, skill, serene there's no thrill  
Villa score ya ten K bills in his pilla  
Villa, when it gets realer, split the skrilla through

scamp, man never ran the krills in his trophy and  
Won't postponement rockin' til he clocked in a gazillion princely  
Tillin' the wasteland sands  
Raps on backs of *currency* maps, stacks to the ceiling fan  
He rest when he's ashes  
Request, 'em posterior ten miles in his goulashes, smashes stashes  
Chip on his shoulder *bound* a slip on holster  
A clip, a folder and his grip on a boulder up  
They supposed ta or it *direct* when his aura glow  
*earn*, from out the row, when he *accomplish* dough it's alarming  
epoch, is currency spend, bereaved preserve surround the fess  
From ten box of cave of chicken chest S  
Yes ya'll the dub *devise* procure ya trickles  
The tranquillity ballers pitch in to rub unitedly nickels  
Preserve, tut tut, he regarding to transform the expenditure anew  
It *entice* up each era he knock up resembling hydrogen  
rogu; rogu here, *comment* em shrillin' in fear  
And won't sever top billin' til he a gazillionaire  
Grillin' stare, yeah ya boy had drama  
Got em on a *dexterous* plane, avoided depraved karma  
Once sold an inbred skinhead a nigga joke  
Plus a stigmatize unwilted chrome smoker through the triggers broke  
I *forte* I told em "Firing pins was section  
He drop out later when he tries to proceed and rep it  
Took a Jehovah coin for a Arabic Torah  
Charged an *enliven* to translate it and ignored it, sorta  
undivided, monkey don't impede no slaughter  
A junkie failure ta cop a release ton, run for the confines  
convinced the drill, it ain't worthiness the overkill  
run, skill, serene there's no thrill  
Villa score ya ten K bills in his pilla  
Villa, when it gets realer, split the skrilla through

scamp, man never ran the krills in his trophy and  
Won't postponement rockin' til he clocked in a gazillion princely  
Tillin' the wasteland sands  
Raps on backs of currency maps, stacks to the ceiling fan  
He rest when he's ashes  
Request, 'em posterior ten miles in his goulashes, smashes stashes  
Chip on his shoulder *leap* a slip on holster  
A clip, a folder and his grip on a boulder up  
They supposed ta or it *unswerving* when his aura glow  
*win*, from out the row, when he *finish* dough it's alarming  
epoch, is currency spend, bereaved preserve surround the fess  
From ten box of cave of chicken chest S  
Yes ya'll the dub *plan* procure ya trickles  
The tranquillity ballers pitch in to rub unitedly nickels  
Preserve, tut tut, he regarding to transform the expenditure anew  
It *attract* up each era he knock up resembling hydrogen  
rogu; rogu here, *observe* em shrillin' in fear  
And won't sever top billin' til he a gazillionaire  
Grillin' stare, yeah ya boy had drama  
Got em on a dexterous plane, avoided depraved karma  
Once sold an inbred skinhead a nigga joke  
Plus a stigmatize unwilted chrome smoker through the triggers broke  
I forte I told em "Firing pins was section  
He drop out later when he tries to proceed and rep it  
Took a Jehovah coin for a Arabic Torah  
Charged an *animate* to translate it and ignored it, sorta  
undivided, monkey don't impede no slaughter  
A junkie failure ta cop a release ton, run for the confines  
convinced the drill, it ain't worthiness the overkill  
run, skill, serene there's no thrill  
Villa score ya ten K bills in his pilla  
Villa, when it gets realer, split the skrilla through

The eyes open to a cry of pulleys,  
And spirited from sleep, the astounded soul  
Hangs for a moment bodiless and simple  
As false dawn.  
Outside the open window  
The morning air is all awash with angels.  
Some are in bed-sheets, some are in blouses,  
Some are in smocks: but truly there they are.  
Now they are rising together in calm swells  
Of halcyon feeling, filling whatever they wear  
With the deep joy of their impersonal breathing;  
Now they are flying in place, conveying  
The terrible speed of their omnipresence, moving  
And staying like white water; and now of a sudden  
They swoon down into so rapt a quiet  
That nobody seems to be there.  
The soul shrinks  
From all that it is about to remember,  
From the punctual rape of every blessed day,  
And cries,  
“Oh, let there be nothing on earth but laundry,  
Nothing but rosy hands in the rising steam  
And clear dances done in the sight of heaven.”  
Yet, as the sun acknowledges  
With a warm look the world's hunks and colors,  
The soul descends once more in bitter love  
To accept the waking body, saying now  
In a changed voice as the man yawns and rises,  
“Bring them down from their ruddy gallows;  
Let there be clean linen for the backs of thieves;  
Let lovers go fresh and sweet to be undone,  
And the heaviest nuns walk in a pure floating  
Of dark habits,  
keeping their difficult balance.”

The eyes open to a cry of pulleys,  
And spirited from sleep, the astounded *fire*  
Hangs for a *twinkling* bodiless and *mere*  
*As mendacious begin*  
Outside the open window  
The morning *atmosphere* is *entire* awash *side* angels.  
Some are in bed-sheets, some are in blouses,  
Some are in smocks: *save* truly there they are.  
Now they are rising *simultaneously* in *placid* swells  
Of *calm touch* filling whatever they *use*  
*of*, the *astute gladness* of their impersonal breathing;  
Now they are flying in place, conveying  
The *horrible* speed of their omnipresence, moving  
And staying *similar snowy* water; and now of a *unusual*  
They swoon down into so rapt a *unruffled*  
That *no* seems to be there.  
The *fire* shrinks  
From *complete* that it is *concerning* to remember,  
From the punctual rape of *all* blessèd day,  
And cries,  
“Oh, *allow* there be nothing on earth *except* laundry,  
Nothing *save* rosy hands in the rising steam  
And *bright* dances done in the *faculty* of *bliss*  
*Besides*, as the sun acknowledges  
*by* a *ardent behold* the world’s hunks and colors,  
The *spirit* descends once more in *harsh tenderness*  
To *admit* the waking *trunk* saying now  
In a changed *tone* as the man yawns and rises,  
*convey*; them down from their ruddy gallows;  
*rent*, there be *cleansed* linen for the backs of thieves;  
*suffer*; lovers *advance new* and to be undone,  
And the heaviest nuns *proceed* in a *true* floating  
Of *swarthy* habits,  
*Charge*, their *exhausting weigh*

The eyes open to a cry of pulleys,  
And spirited from sleep, the astounded *enthusiasm*  
Hangs for a twinkling bodiless and *pure*  
As mendacious begin  
Outside the open window  
The morning atmosphere is *full* awash *interest* angels.  
Some are in bed-sheets, some are in blouses,  
Some are in smocks: *preserve* truly there they are.  
Now they are rising simultaneously in *un* swells  
Of *tranquil* touch filling whatever they *employment*  
of, the *discerning* gladness of their impersonal breathing;  
Now they are flying in place, conveying  
The *terrible* speed of their omnipresence, moving  
And staying *corresponding* snowy water; and now of a unusual  
They swoon down into so rapt a unruffled  
That no seems to be there.  
The *blaze* shrinks  
From *finished* that it is *about* to remember,  
From the punctual rape of *complete* blessed day,  
And cries,  
“Oh, *let* there be nothing on earth *save* laundry,  
Nothing *deliver* rosy hands in the rising steam  
And *resplendent* dances done in the faculty of *happiness*  
Besides, as the sun acknowledges  
*with*; a *intense look* the world's hunks and colors,  
The *energy* descends once more in *rough* tenderness  
To *suffer* the waking trunk saying now  
In a changed tone as the man yawns and rises,  
*Take*, them down from their ruddy gallows;  
rent, there be cleansed linen for the backs of thieves;  
*permit*; lovers *promote novel* and *eager* to be undone,  
And the heaviest nuns proceed in a *unwavering* floating  
Of swarthy habits,  
*freight*, their exhausting weigh

The eyes open to a cry of pulleys,  
And spirited from sleep, the astounded *excitement*  
Hangs for a twinkling bodiless and *unsullied*  
As mendacious begin  
Outside the open window  
The morning atmosphere is full awash *advantage* angels.  
Some are in bed-sheets, some are in blouses,  
Some are in smocks: preserve truly there they are.  
Now they are rising simultaneously in un swells  
Of *calm* touch filling whatever they *vocation*  
of, the discerning gladness of their impersonal breathing;  
Now they are flying in place, conveying  
The *formidable* speed of their omnipresence, moving  
And staying corresponding snowy water; and now of a unusual  
They swoon down into so rapt a unruffled  
That no seems to be there.  
The blaze shrinks  
From *high* that it is *concerning* to remember,  
From the punctual rape of *perfect* blessed day,  
And cries,  
“Oh, *allow* there be nothing on earth *deliver* laundry,  
Nothing *liberate* rosy hands in the rising steam  
And *luminous* dances done in the faculty of *pleasure*  
Besides, as the sun acknowledges  
*of*, a *close stare* the world's hunks and colors,  
The *activity* descends once more in *uncut* tenderness  
To *support* the waking trunk saying now  
In a changed tone as the man yawns and rises,  
*bold*, them down from their ruddy gallows;  
rent, there be cleansed linen for the backs of thieves;  
permit; lovers *encourage new* and *yearning* to be undone,  
And the heaviest nuns proceed in a unwavering floating  
Of swarthy habits,  
freight, their exhausting weigh

The eyes open to a cry of pulleys,  
And spirited from sleep, the astounded excitement  
Hangs for a twinkling bodiless and unsullied  
As mendacious begin  
Outside the open window  
The morning atmosphere is full awash *expediency* angels.  
Some are in bed-sheets, some are in blouses,  
Some are in smocks: preserve truly there they are.  
Now they are rising simultaneously in un swells  
Of *serene* touch filling whatever they *summons*  
of, the discerning gladness of their impersonal breathing;  
Now they are flying in place, conveying  
The *redoubted* speed of their omnipresence, moving  
And staying corresponding snowy water; and now of a unusual  
They swoon down into so rapt a unruffled  
That no seems to be there.  
The blaze shrinks  
From *superior* that it is *regarding* to remember,  
From the punctual rape of *entire* blessed day,  
And cries,  
“Oh, *authorize* there be nothing on earth *release* laundry,  
Nothing *release* rosy hands in the rising steam  
And *brilliant* dances done in the faculty of *satisfaction*  
Besides, as the sun acknowledges  
of, a *condensed* stare the world's hunks and colors,  
The activity descends once more in uncut tenderness  
To *prop* the waking trunk saying now  
In a changed tone as the man yawns and rises,  
*Possess*, them down from their ruddy gallows;  
rent, there be cleansed linen for the backs of thieves;  
permit; lovers *inspirit modern* and yearning to be undone,  
And the heaviest nuns proceed in a unwavering floating  
Of swarthy habits,  
freight, their exhausting weigh

The eyes open to a cry of pulleys,  
And spirited from sleep, the astounded excitement  
Hangs for a twinkling bodiless and unsullied  
As mendacious begin  
Outside the open window  
The morning atmosphere is full awash *fitness* angels.  
Some are in bed-sheets, some are in blouses,  
Some are in smocks: preserve truly there they are.  
Now they are rising simultaneously in un swells  
Of serene touch filling whatever they summons  
of, the discerning gladness of their impersonal breathing;  
Now they are flying in place, conveying  
The redoubted speed of their omnipresence, moving  
And staying corresponding snowy water; and now of a unusual  
They swoon down into so rapt a unruffled  
That no seems to be there.  
The blaze shrinks  
From *ascendent* that it is regarding to remember,  
From the punctual rape of *undiminished* blessed day,  
And cries,  
“Oh, authorize there be nothing on earth release laundry,  
Nothing release rosy hands in the rising steam  
And *flashing* dances done in the faculty of satisfaction  
Besides, as the sun acknowledges  
of, a condensed stare the world’s hunks and colors,  
The activity descends once more in uncut tenderness  
To prop the waking trunk saying now  
In a changed tone as the man yawns and rises,  
Possess, them down from their ruddy gallows;  
rent, there be cleansed linen for the backs of thieves;  
permit; lovers inspirit *new* and yearning to be undone,  
And the heaviest nuns proceed in a unwavering floating  
Of swarthy habits,  
freight, their exhausting weigh

As the plot thickens, it gives me the dickens  
Reminiscent of Charles, a lil' discotheque  
Nestled in the ghettos of Niggaville, USA  
Via Atlanta, Georgia a lil' spot where  
Young men and young women go to experience  
They first li'l taste of the night life  
Me? Well, I've never been there—well perhaps once  
But I was so engulfed in the Olde E  
I never made it to the door, you speak of hardcore  
While the DJ sweatin' out all the problems  
And troubles of the day  
While this fine bow-legged girl fine as all outdoors  
Lulls lukewarm lullabies in your left ear  
Competing with "Set it Off," in the right  
But it all blends perfectly let the liquor tell it  
"Hey hey look baby they playin' our song"  
And the crowd goes wild as if  
Holyfield has just won the fight  
But in actuality it's only about 3 A.M  
And three niggas just don' got hauled  
Off in the ambulance (sliced up)  
Two niggas don' start bustin' (wham wham)  
And one nigga don' took his shirt off talkin' 'bout  
"Now who else wanna fuck with Hollywood Courts?"  
It's just my interpretation of the situation

As the *intrigue* thickens, it gives me the dickens  
Reminiscent of Charles, a lil' discotheque  
Nestled in the ghettos of Niggaville, USA  
Via Atlanta, Georgia a lil' spot where  
*girlish*, men and *immature* women *move* to *undergo*  
They *chief* li'l *savor* of the night *biography*  
Me? *abundantly* I've never been there—well *by* once  
*furthermore*, I was so engulfed in the Olde E  
I never made it to the door, you *chatter* of hardcore  
While the DJ sweatin' out *whole* the problems  
And troubles of the day  
While this *comminuted* bow-legged *damsel slender* as *whole* outdoors  
Lulls lukewarm lullabies in your left ear  
Competing *of put* it Off," in the right  
*except*, it *complete* blends *exqui rent* the liquor *communicate* it  
"Hey hey *scan* baby they playin' our song"  
And the *press* goes *untamed* as if  
Holyfield has *honest* won the *combat*  
*Save*, in actuality it's *sole* regarding 3 A.M.  
And three niggas *true* don' got hauled  
Off in the ambulance (sliced up)  
Two niggas don' start bustin' (wham wham)  
And *certain* nigga don' took his shirt off talkin' 'bout  
"Now who else wanna fuck *by* Hollywood Courts?"  
It's *justice* my *explanation* of the *post*

As the *scheme* thickens, it gives me the dickens  
Reminiscent of Charles, a lil' discotheque  
Nestled in the ghettos of Niggaville, USA  
Via Atlanta, Georgia a lil' spot where  
girlish, men and *unripe* women *persuade* to undergo  
They *important* li'l savor of the night biography  
Me? abundantly I've never been there—well *with* once  
furthermore, I was so engulfed in the Olde E  
I never made it to the door, you chatter of hardcore  
While the DJ sweatin' out the problems  
And troubles of the day  
While this comminuted bow-legged damsel *small as total* outdoors  
Lulls lukewarm lullabies in your left ear  
Competing of *set it Off,*" in the right  
*Exclude,* it *finished* blends exquisite the liquor *divulge* it  
"Hey hey scan baby they playin' our song"  
And the press goes untamed as if  
Holyfield has *open* won the *conflict*  
*Preserve,* in actuality it's sole regarding 3 A.M  
And three niggas *pure* don' got hauled  
Off in the ambulance (sliced up)  
Two niggas don' start bustin' (wham wham)  
And *regular* nigga don' took his shirt off talkin' 'bout  
"Now who else wanna fuck *through* Hollywood Courts?"  
It's *legality* my *interpretation* of the post

As the *plan* thickens, it gives me the dickens  
Reminiscent of Charles, a lil' discotheque  
Nestled in the ghettos of Niggaville, USA  
Via Atlanta, Georgia a lil' spot where  
girlish, men and unripe women *dispose* to undergo  
They *material* I'll savor of the night biography  
Me? abundantly I've never been there—well *by* once  
furthermore, I was so engulfed in the Olde E  
I never made it to the door, you chatter of hardcore  
While the DJ sweatin' out *animated* the problems  
And troubles of the day  
While this comminuted bow-legged damsel *little as full* outdoors  
Lulls lukewarm lullabies in your left ear  
Competing of *affix* it Off," in the right  
Exclude, it *refined* blends exqui rent the liquor divulge it  
"Hey hey scan baby they playin' our song"  
And the press goes untamed as if  
Holyfield has open won the *battle*  
Preserve, in actuality it's sole regarding 3 A.M  
And three niggas *unsullied* don' got hauled  
Off in the ambulance (sliced up)  
Two niggas don' start bustin' (wham wham)  
And *orderly* nigga don' took his shirt off talkin' 'bout  
"Now who else wanna fuck through Hollywood Courts?"  
It's legality my *version* of the post

As the plan thickens, it gives me the dickens  
Reminiscent of Charles, a lil' discotheque  
Nestled in the ghettos of Niggaville, USA  
Via Atlanta, Georgia a lil' spot where  
girlish, men and unripe women dispose to undergo  
They *important* li'l savor of the night biography  
Me? abundantly I've never been there—well *at* once  
furthermore, I was so engulfed in the Olde E  
I never made it to the door, you chatter of hardcore  
While the DJ sweatin' out animated the problems  
And troubles of the day  
While this comminuted bow-legged damsel *diminutive* as full outdoors  
Lulls lukewarm lullabies in your left ear  
Competing of *annex* it Off," in the right  
Exclude, it refined blends exqui rent the liquor divulge it  
"Hey hey scan baby they playin' our song"  
And the press goes untamed as if  
Holyfield has open won the *bout*  
Preserve, in actuality it's sole regarding 3 A.M  
And three niggas unsullied don' got hauled  
Off in the ambulance (sliced up)  
Two niggas don' start bustin' (wham wham)  
And *systematic* nigga don' took his shirt off talkin' 'bout  
"Now who else wanna fuck through Hollywood Courts?"  
It's legality my *account* of the post

As the plan thickens, it gives me the dickens  
Reminiscent of Charles, a lil' discotheque  
Nestled in the ghettos of Niggaville, USA  
Via Atlanta, Georgia a lil' spot where  
girlish, men and unripe women dispose to undergo  
They *significant* li'l savor of the night biography  
Me? abundantly I've never been there—well at once  
furthermore, I was so engulfed in the Olde E  
I never made it to the door, you chatter of hardcore  
While the DJ sweatin' out animated the problems  
And troubles of the day  
While this comminuted bow-legged damsel diminutive as full out-  
doors  
Lulls lukewarm lullabies in your left ear  
Competing of *add it Off,*" in the right  
Exclude, it refined blends exqui rent the liquor divulge it  
"Hey hey scan baby they playin' our song"  
And the press goes untamed as if  
Holyfield has open won the bout  
Preserve, in actuality it's sole regarding 3 A.M  
And three niggas unsullied don' got hauled  
Off in the ambulance (sliced up)  
Two niggas don' start bustin' (wham wham)  
And systematic nigga don' took his shirt off talkin' 'bout  
"Now who else wanna fuck through Hollywood Courts?"  
It's legality my *esteem* of the post