

FORTH OF CHEW LIE

Am an of the ear hath no more a soul than a dirty foot. Dirty view feet for sucking. The lonely for-me-ness of this world of ours. Ours but entirelessly ill so mine alone. The only on-my-knee-ness of this burning maze, in which I can only pluck berries. O blurry pluck-berry-go-round the flaps of wipe. The scheme little girl again and again. Spank view for your surface. Proud offer crust over surface reward. Be not ashamed.

There was a young woman named Lucy. Twas said that her trousers were juicy. Afflicted wherein with preluminous misgivings. Wet does a doll mean ?

Ripple sin the nothing mess, these our actors honor shiny fuck reel. Time will untell your proper so-clawed nomenclature. Neigh man of know land. A snip leaves a penis slave. Lips ever on. Love penis. The seem little wonder fool girl againingly begins. Of hurry pretty letter go. The world is through much with us.

Stirner in a later, gloomy mode. Hustles to sell his milk among lengthening shadows, beneath the saddening sun's red wafer. Paraphrase and paraphernalia. The birth of spirit from agency. These fragments are insured against my ruin. She gave me the flower over youth. A world entirelessly without substance. But a lingering fascination, the scheme little whirl again and begin. The fall of our basted phenomenologist. A counsellor disbelieved. The forgotten a lot of trouble kid. Imposterous recepticon, a cipher his mother's passing. Reconsiderational proclivities from run end to another. Or fever endeavor all men.