

































































THE HORES WE CARRY ARE THERE WILL MATCHED EV THE NUMBER OF STARS. BB PAINFUL TUMBS...SAD YOUARE NAVAS. TOVENELENG EN THE TIMES... NOM, LET LES . TALES À STIZOLL... ALONE... NTGHT SKY TO THE MELODY FISOM THE CONC OF FAMILIES... KUL BB WETTH YOU. THE RUSTLING THROUGH OF THE WIND ON THICK AND OUR BODIES ARE THEN PREMONITIONS FOR WHATS TO COME TOMORROW,





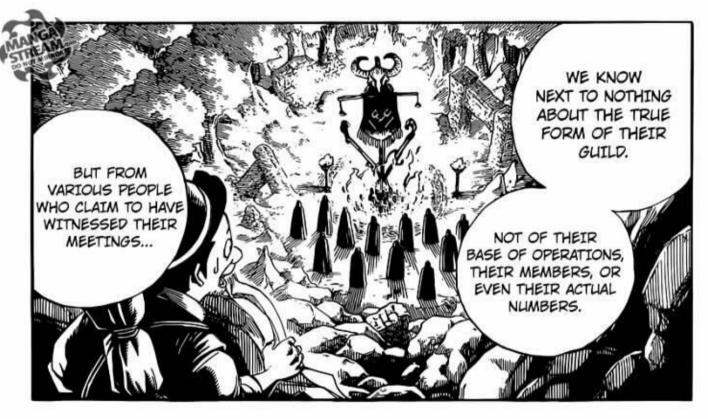


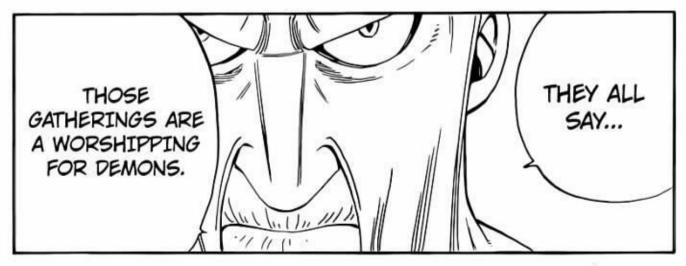
























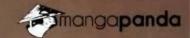














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