

that famous fatheads find that each
and every thing must have an end
(the silly cause of trivial which
thoughtless unwishing doth depend

upon the texture of their p-ss)
isn't (and that it mayn't be twirled
around your little finger is)
what's right about the g. o. world

what's wrong with (between me and we)
the g--d -ld w. isn't that it
can't exist (and is that the
g. o. w. is full of) delete