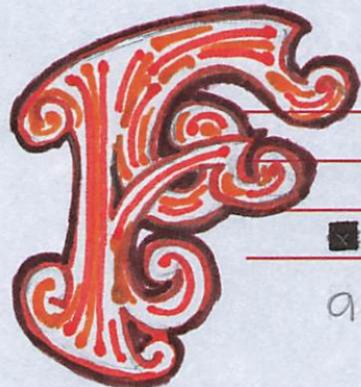


g~nus De~i

qui tol~is peccata

Mundi mis~er~er~e

no~bis



a - ci - o li - ber - os ex

li - ber - is li - brig li - bra - que

Non Est Usus

N

on est us-us , ma-ter, non
po-ssum me te-xe-re pro
gra-ci-lis A-phro-di-te
me a-mo-re mu-li-e-bri
vi-cit



L - - - - |

Let not your heart be trou-bled ye be-lieve in God

|

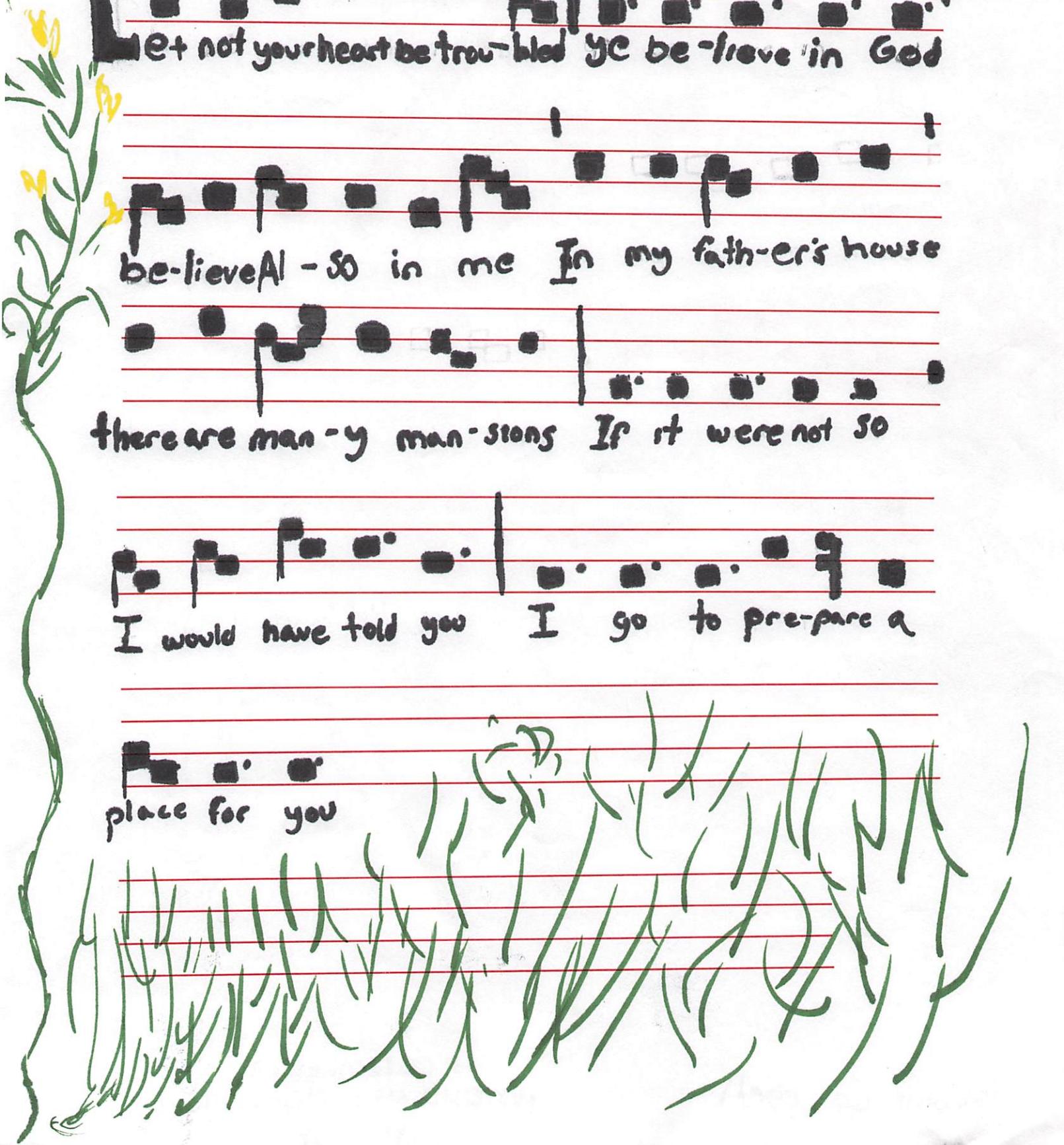
be-lieve Al-so in me In my fath-er's house

|

there are man-y man-sions If it were not so

I would have told you I go to pre-pare a

place for you



D

Do not go gentle in-to

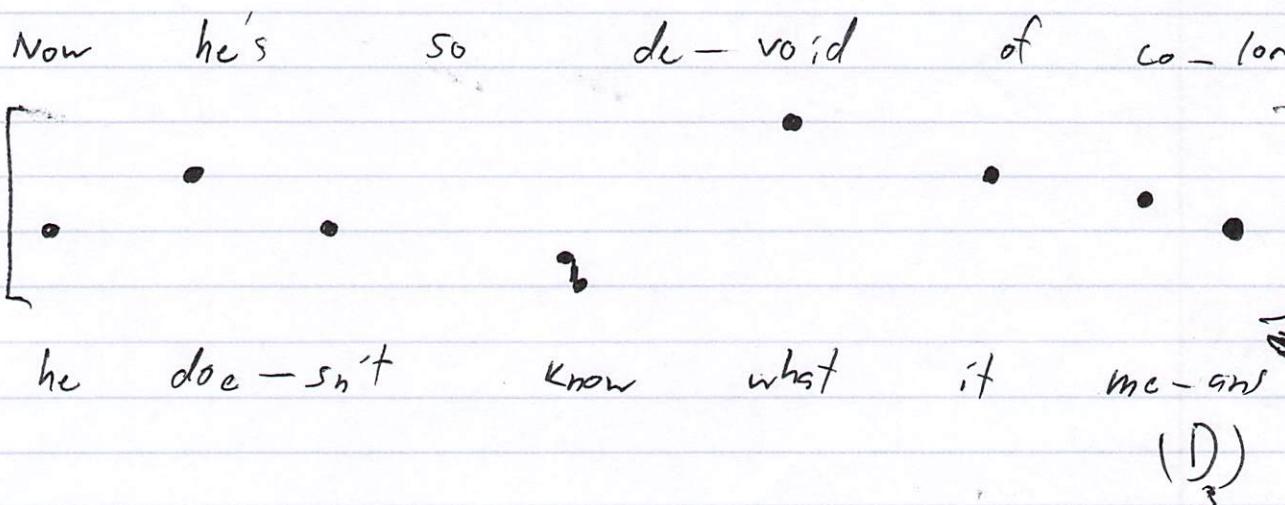
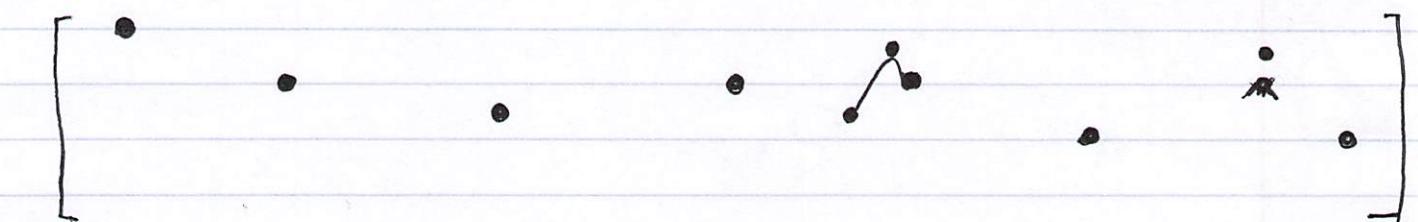
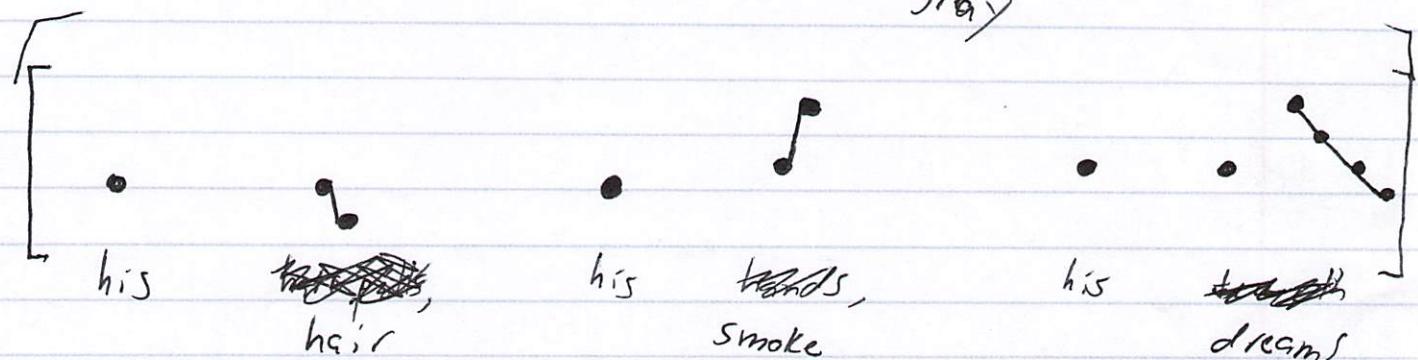
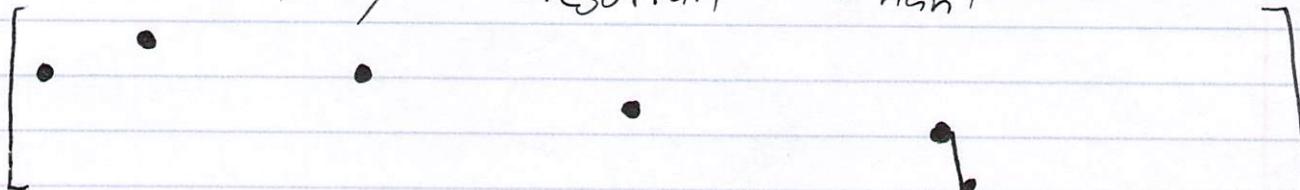
that good night old age

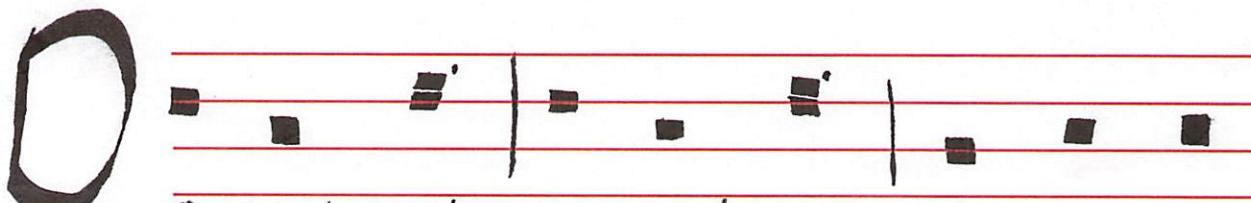
should burn and rave at close of day

rage rage a-gainst the

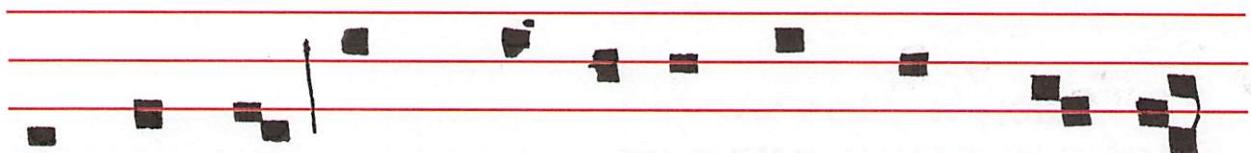
dy-ing of the light

Halsey Gregorian Chant





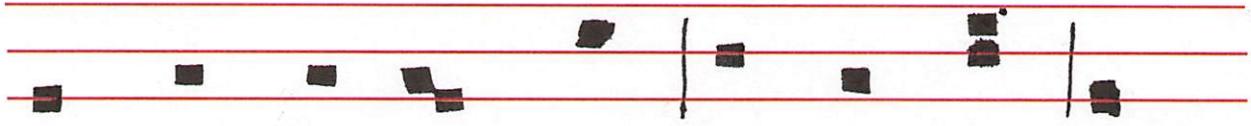
O-vah-klin, DO-vah-klin, naalOK zin



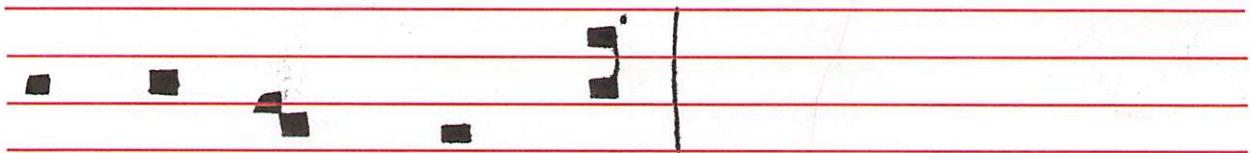
los Vahriin, Wah de-in VO-kul Mah-fae-raak



ahst vaal, Ahrk fin no-rok paalgraan fod



nust hon zin-dro zaan, Do-vah-klin, fah



hin ko-gaan mu draal.

P

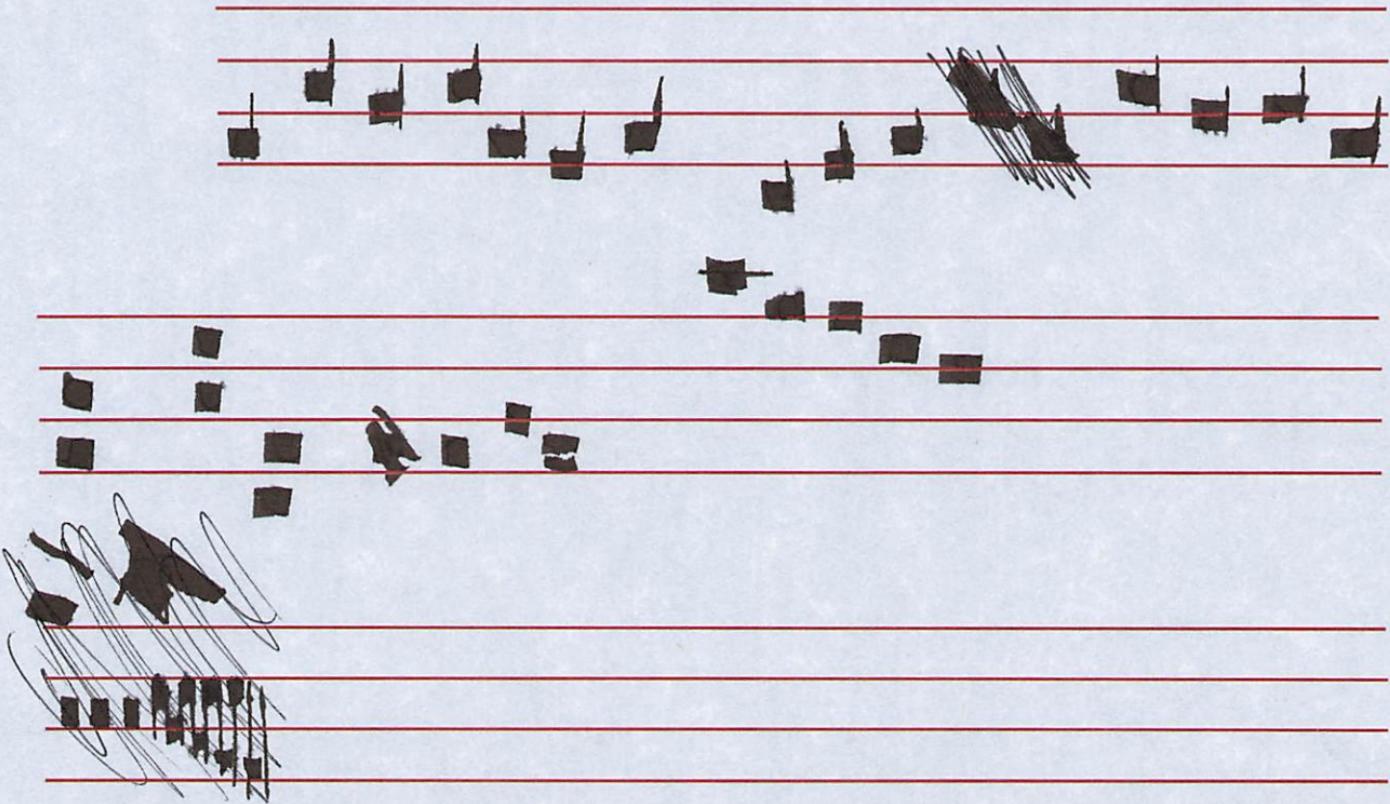
A nge lingua glo-ri-ó-si

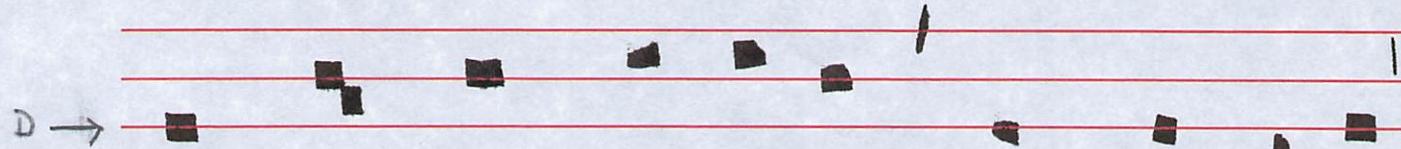
Corpo-ris Mysté-ri-UM, Sangui-nisque

Pre-ti-ó-si, quem in Mundi pre-ti-um

Fructus Ventris gene-ró-si Rex

effúdit génti-um.

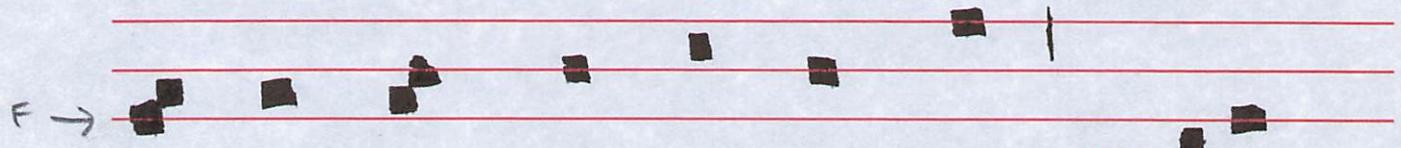




D → Fa - ci - o li - be - ros ex lib - er - is



li - bris lib - ra - que



F → Fa - ci - o li - be - ros ex lib - er - is



li - bris lib - ra - que

Devotion (Earth, Wind and Fire)

Y

You need devotion

!!

You need devotion

!!

Bless the children

U

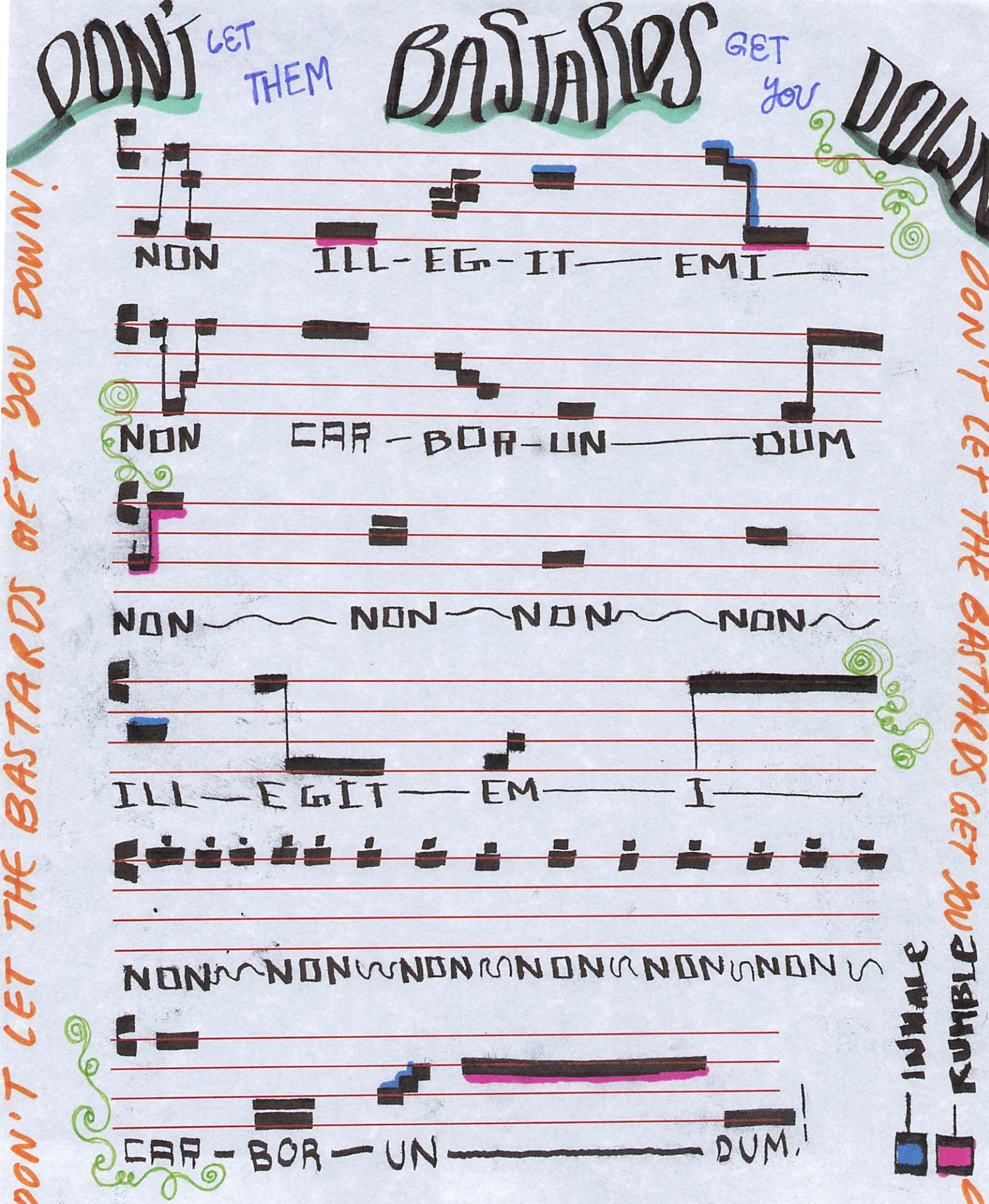
Devil from the

!!

Fruits of evil

!!



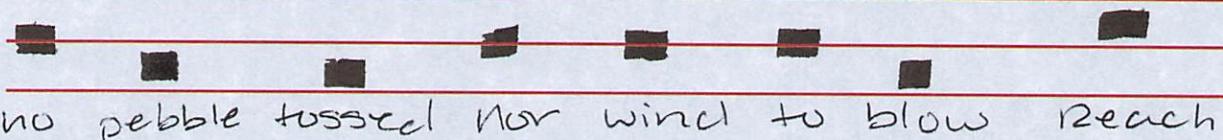


FROM BILL @ SAGIE DINING: A LIFE LESSON IN A FAKE LANGUAGE

Ripple by The Grateful Dead as a Gregorian Chant



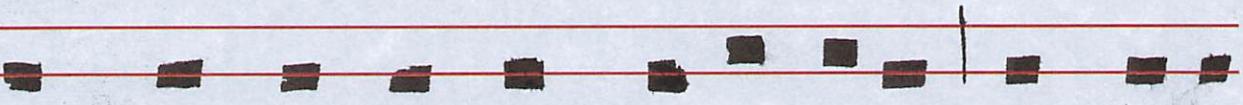
ripple in still water when there is



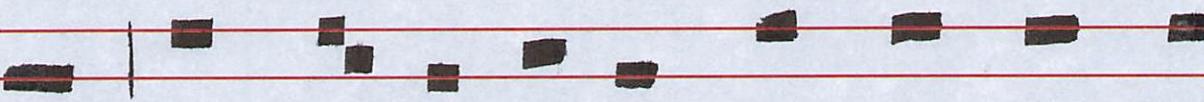
no pebble tossed Nor wind to blow Reach



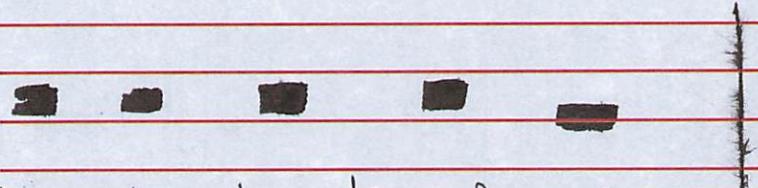
out your hand if your cup be empty if



your cup is full may it be again Let it be



known there is a fountain that was not made



by the hands of men

I am the bone of my sword.

Steel is my bo-dy and fire is my

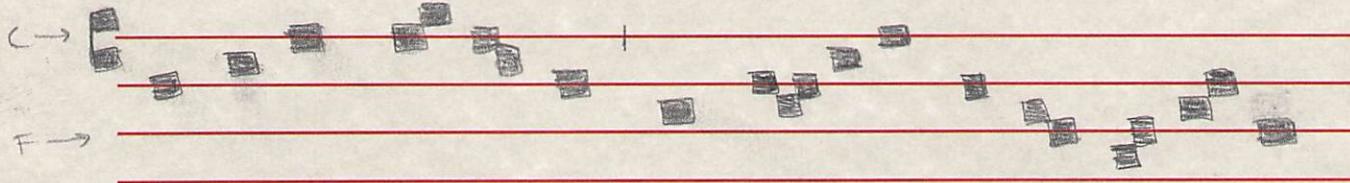
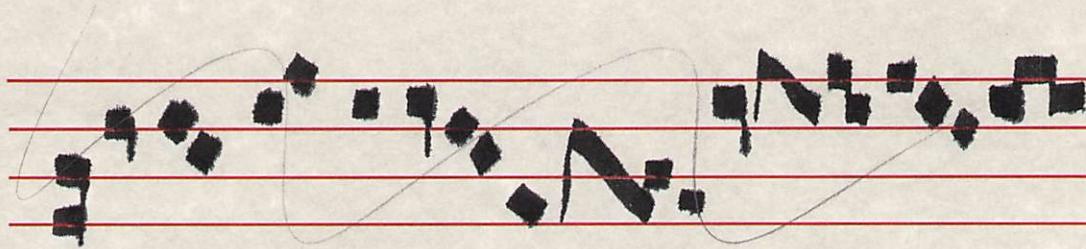
blood. I have creat-ed ov-er a thou-s-and

blades. Un-known to death, nor known to life.

Have with-stood pain to cre-ate Man-y Wea-pons

Yet these hands will nev-er hold any-thing.

(so as I pray, Unlimited Blade Works)



Fa - ci - o li-be - ros ex li-be - ris lib - ris li - bra - que

y . . . - - -

ou said you can't change

- - - = - : - - - - - -
your hair-cut but it looks good

any-ways I kinda wonder where

- - - - - - - - - - - -
you got it I doubt you even

- - - - - - - - - - - -
paid The right side of my

- - - - - - - - - - - -
neck still smells like you

Dans un Sommeil éternel

J'É - TAIS PRÊT À GRA - VER TON I-MAGE |

À L-EN-CRE NOI-RE | SOUS MES PAU-PI-ÈR-ES

A-FIN DE TE VOIR MÊ-ME DANS UN

SOMMEIL E-TER-N-EL



uhh the * bre - ad of bre -

ad I-S bre - ad



J

'E - TAIS PRÊT A' GRA -

UE R TON I- MAGE A' LEN -

CRE NOI - RE SOUS MES

PAU - PI - ER - ES A - FIN DE TE

VOIR ME - ME DANS UN

SO - MMEIL E - TE - R - N - EL

F

or all possess that blood, from creationary fl

do not let yourself get caught up in the mud.

Be loyal to your work, fer if not youll go berserk

That big ol' ~~world~~ awaits you just beyond the murk

Sh Martinez



ra - di - tor au - tem de - dit e

is sig - num di - cens: quem os-

cu - la - tus fu - e - ro, ip - se est

te - ne - te e - um

Standin' on
The water ca-
st in your bread
While the eyes
Or the idot with
The iron head are

SOPHOCLES - Oedipus Rex

Εγώ δέ ον μάρτυρα φύγει.

σε καὶ δι αφετί.

YOUR BUTT IS WAY MORE SENSITIVE

YOU THINK BE CAREFUL WITH YOUR BUTT
THAN

COULD BRING SIMI PERMANET BRAIN
IT

DAMAGE LET ME EXPLAIN A FALL ON YOUR

BUTT COULD RATTLE YOUR PRECIOUS BRAIN

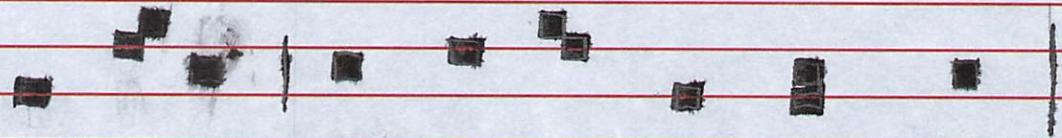
BUTTUSSIONS

BUTTUSSIONS

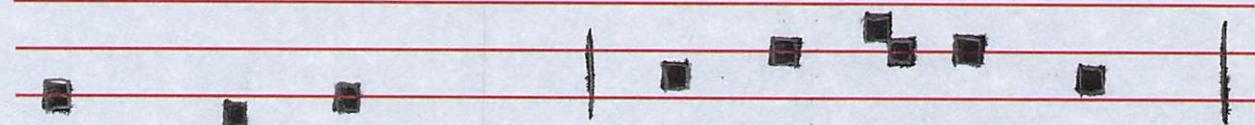
CONCUSSIONS

From YOUR BUTT.

Misty Mountains



far o-ver the mi-STY mon-TAINS cold



Through dun-geons deep and ca-ver-ns old



we must a-way ere br-eak of day



To find our long for-go-ten gold



You are my sun - shine

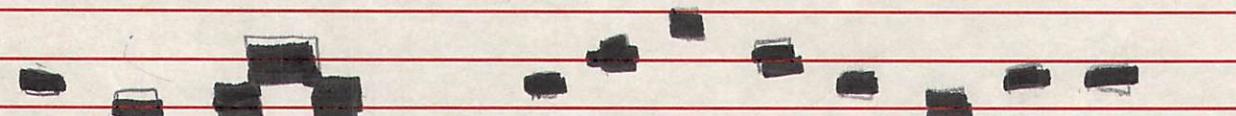
my oh - ly sun - shine You make

me hap - py when skies are gray

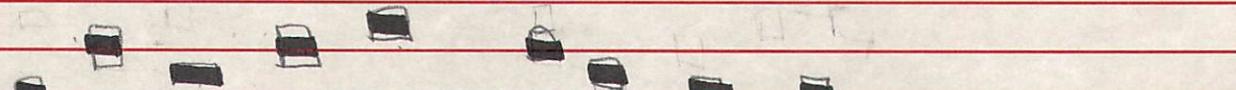
LOVE In Portofino '5'



I found my Love in por-to-fi-no per che' nei so-gni



cre doan c-o-r _{do} st no gio co del des ti no



ah por-to-fi-no I found my love

BAD

ROMANE

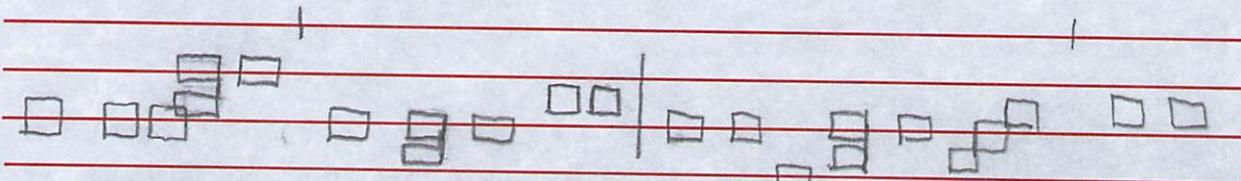
Starts
on A

RAH - RAH , AH- AH - AH ROMA, ROMA- MA

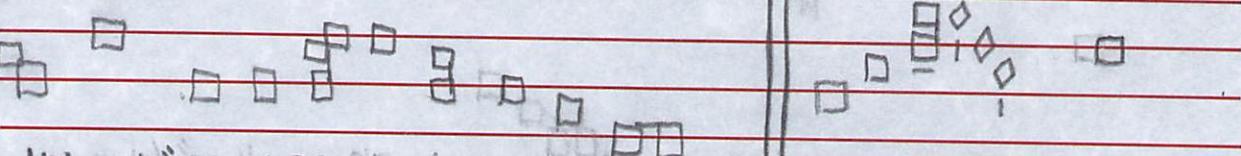
Roma, ROMA - MA Ga - ga, ooh - ia - ia

Want your bad performance

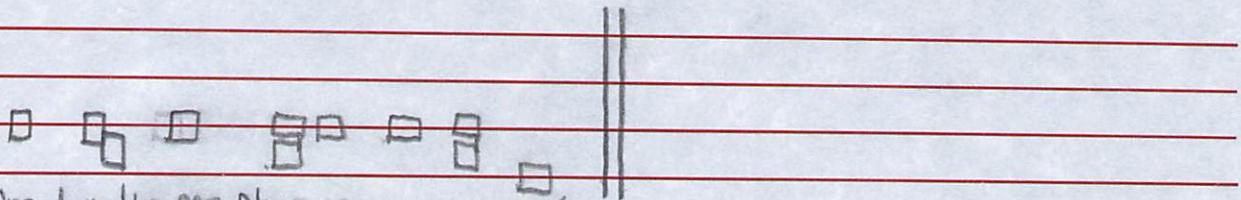
CRUCODILE!



The Croc-D-dile went to the dentist & sat down in his chair & the



dentist said, "now tell me SIT, where does it hu-urt?" Croc-D-di-i-i-le said

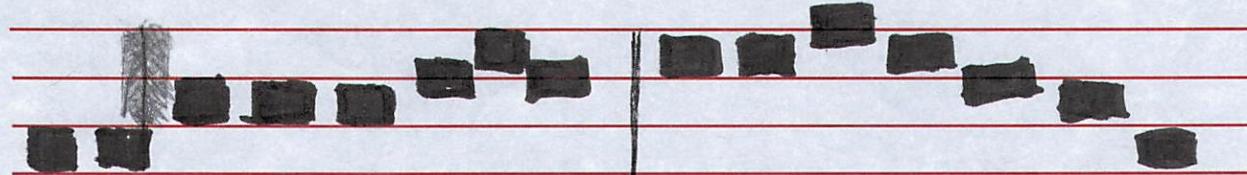
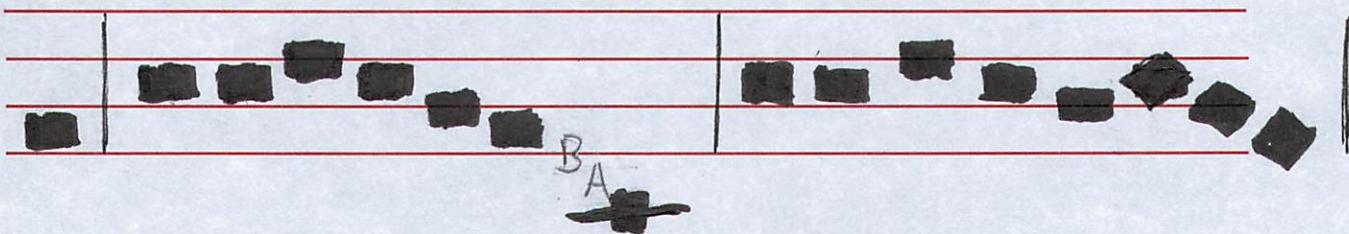


"you're hurt-ing me please let me go".

RUN THIS TOWN



G
E
C



G
F
E
D
C
B
A