RESULT: Artificially Generated Poems Using LSTM

hands And You do'

The garden is so much that
The feral birds would come on.,
I think of it as our first
And I would be in a dangerous jungle
after all the foliage was out forgotten.

She kicked me. the wet. the flashing of the tear. (the blood; the searing, my death, my death, the blood, my death, one of the blood of death, a drowned-

the crowded carp frothing
up a whistling fire flames and chorethe mute-bodies
drew the cold. It
wasn't my favorite song. How you heard it was not my favorite. I heard and did.
But not your favorite song. It
was my favorite song. The stair of night had woken
all my dead life. But not
my

his sad fears, sad to be blessed.

His love and torture.

' fool.

Torture is the first thing dear to be tortured.
His blunt sights, blessed GNeander
Torture is foolish to be unbound

By cruel Mars.. Torture is the right word of our prisons, blessing the dear.

In the days to stop the chorus from making it To stop the strict

It curls

I saw that his lover might. It is that
If I could, if I stood ,and hanged this glock, he'll hold.
If he touched this glock, his voice might happen, then we've gone and gone, therein And now we'carry
this glock, And he stands there
on his limbed chair, he'or I' he'

and not to go, it under that dove in the light. and after towel, as a lion, as a bird, as a bird, as an bird in the tree, when it look to the flowers, it saw like a magnificent, when it looks like a tree, you see in the sun, they look at the paint, they saw in the cloud.

Blessed: the snow white stains with pale white stains with honeysuckle shoes: It is weighing you down, it thinks that the snow has snow your face slipped from the past.

I look at you and see that you 'e not that i looked for the Snow white man that looked for you not for me.

I look at you and see your wisdom and my wisdom of your self and my self of myself

- , and Elders (Bobby,I want to think and to meander away on the dark road,
- you know it 's the last stop, before Elders walk into cold room. And all the men in the room.

I was Elders forseen, at last then Elders walk into cold room. My eyes came to me, my head came to me My mother stood like she had to walk down from the ditch,

You know this is not the way to the night I'm there I am alone

Dying

would have to start and go over all and everywhere

Died in it like the dying

*

we and Guitar.

Tape Guitar Chord.

What is my Drums, the Pitchfork.

And Music

the Music it Dank. It it it it it it.

Not Tape The i Guitar Tape the Guitar.

It it you don't

And When she is trying to see if's the eye's she's has a eye has a eye as she finally says When she it is time, Her moment comes, When she says When she she tries to sail When she says this is the way that he shouldn think the way she's lounges't she't shouldn

She says How he can try to say that he shouldn try to say when

in the Japanese Museum, I had seen The Museum a long time ago, I had seen the Museum since I was 10

A little about Museum a little about the Museum our down Mountains

A Mountain of Mountains Mountains Mountains Mountains Mountains Mountains In their down Mountains Mountains

my

In Chile I saw the Coconut Pepper

In The Wild Fir Pepper. I watched It

In The Forest Pepper. I saw Pepper Pepper Pepper Pepper

In The forest Pepper Pepper. Pepper. Pepper. Pepper. Pepper.

In The forest Pepper.

I wept for the CEL for my SNE EEEWNI' I said I were going home I said I had to say I was going home, I said I had to say I

they wanted to

And we had a little drum and

And we had a little drum and

And we had a little drum and we had a little drum

And we had a little drum and we had some drum and we had some frown and