



My well is the well.

All that is ours, and, what is yours is normal.

Build yourself a music artificial.

How much love: a silence.

You say what is right for you.

Dying has never been easy.

The next line is blank, so the sentence begins to exit from your silence, without using the me

It starts at times not to come as at sea, no end in sight, the shadows that play for us like ghosts, we grieve with nostalgia, and we sometimes fill the vacuum of times, it is useless to begin with things, and we have done, we never exceeded fatigued because of a life that looks stolen, destroyed by age and empty. People smile at our misfortune that you have as your fortunes.

Who has the right to speak about us. Those who offend in a bloody manner, you learn to be a friend or acquaintance, the road is one, I am your light, while still advancing fascism, buried "in the" forbidden things, tell me who forbids the furnishings full of light, true to replace decay of the false.

Fine words or the illegal one, or the power conduit. Who silenced the good people, feed the criminals.

Not know!

Are those people not being afraid to express yourself, there is knowledge, because the error is blasphemy and ignorance of the word, and is much more serious than that "tells" that you've done.

It has never been easy, but then the reality is out of the house, the accuracy is acquired by practice, and people are always the same. Accept the reality, who speaks to you and who wants to exploit yet again next month. The reality is the completion of all the things that are put together to create the modern, and the present, "that" is different every time. Many things on Earth are different to the eye than it is today. Poverty, where people do not reach the law, not as you imagine, even as they lower things that do not speak against a living thought and present.

What he wants, do not give.

The thought is right especially when written or spoken, is now full of insults for all offenses on thoughts and words, acts, and it is the fault of whom? Who! Offenses to be paid. Where is the good, you say?

All talking at the bottom and wide to clear the most of that vessel, to be ready as you fill it again.

Who speaks? There are problems of what he wants to denounce you, tell me when and where even today. You hear a time when those who live today can return value economically. "THAT"

The trouble is nobody makes a pass, here, too much dirt in oral communication, is widespread in all ways.

Always the same, the eight thousand people have already heard today, the same evening, will be due to the echo.

But someone has already won today, I have G (D), the property even if you feel an echo down someone has won. Yes good beat. Yet many fears, but I knew how great your boyfriend and or your girlfriend is as far wider. They are so great the fear and envy and all diseases have their infamous or ill, though at this time are not very concerned, so you tackle the disease, are the people diseases.

Annihilate them or I'll complain.

Sorry if it is to be your friend. Message.

It was destroyed or you who live together in evil. Is, where you go.

Conscious and you do not know what I'm talking about here, or will never be anyone!

It the time that he uses and the time spent in a range, creating a difference of words and actions. Will you come tomorrow, we'll talk! Phrases that end up where you can not get there, who knows what he meant, and other more important things, do not have time to list them.

Everything is normal, does not exist. Who told you these words and you repeat the words, leave it alone, which is already too late with all your key to what you saw today who are you really, you know sometimes it's the law that decides these things, I had something to I say the forbidden, you can not than you already yesterday.

"Address" that ugly word, or hear the words but what happened to you, what do you think happened to me. This book is just a text of the news for me, for you is the life you live today, so it's good when all your friends are evil. Infamy.

You know is so dumb that continues deaf / a. 1759. The division of people to live more freely, without saying how bad it is almost impossible in today's world, the day today. Did they ask for money, this is not pay that, "most of all", that says that you must pay him.

Much fear, you change the world of funeral pyres. Heroin in your house, hidden above the table to make your home look like a "the mafia".

Too many blows that allows us to be alone. Or last door.

O you who know very little, the word does not get dirty, the dirt is him or her. Sense prohibited.

It is not fancy art or not all, many things are rooted in reality, are the reality, "reality." The wonder of daylight associated with your memories and your knowledge of science and culture. These large bundles and swastikas on our heads what do you say?

But what too many taboos, these are evils. There is a great need for association between past and present to large limbs. The figures are overcome in our own shit, you know things are outdated in the present, that's what.

No one who speaks ... who knows what he meant!

There is great that he was wrong, and wants to continue to wander, like a great you, because if you do not know, none of your business, but not her.

In a personal way "the e-l" that is ours, but also the equally than others.

Do not bring home the "e-l".

"Where do we start" with this sentence, you see that the end of the world has already occurred.

No one who speaks. It 'too big shame.

What do you think of my words that are written here.

What you're preparing for the "tomorrow".

What you hear, what interpreters in today's martyrdom day.

Or state of complaint for people.

Where is this office for X.

You must relate to the social product of the contemporary world every day.

I, you, he, we, them, them.

"How are you, good afternoon, again did not you remember me."

If telephoning I could say goodbye, I would. You know what you had to do a lot of work in the coming hours, has already been done. Where God comes, call it what you see in the screen. Andy himself or another. You

What really happened? you ask me, it depends on how many floors has elevator, but not for your house or your house, but what do you mean home! See how much hardships to cremate good for her disease. See that your eyes are not shining with true light, not watching tonight, do not talk that you are already a commodity, or a dead machine, whoever killed you, you know your boy, look how shocking this reality, where none does not speak for not doing a bad impression. G

If you look in the eye could see, just say you look.

"But our new-born love is already over."

If an if when they can, great and free. The day begins again, a streetcar / tram to the nation full of friends and discontented, a comment in speed. A comment about speed. You do not need to know very little, what remains will be forever yours, the words do not coincide, it is true that it takes no time but not always understand. There always needs to be contemporary, the words so they occupy a crucial call for decisions to be implemented, to understand, like a better view of the folding of the people to understand people better for us or for them. In its place, keeping pace with the times. Not only flowers but lawns. Continue the brave but careful, where the courage it takes. Continue those who are "continuing", why?

How strange how things begin again in the morning.

Sunday is especially smiling, with these type problems, you say or I say, and what did you know?

What did you do last week?

The clouds move, the units living objects, are disrupted.

Is raw our time better, or if you want to understand them, if you resist, Bruce?

Want more time, time is yours.

A part of modern thought says that we are already dead, species exceeded twenty.

Do not say those words, yes, he lives, after eleven o'clock is the morning will go away.

Burn! Choose your good fire, not a fascist, so close to the bad fire, and to tell you that the road is good, the other uninteresting.

The loss is great, things you never have to look lost, Italy is shaken, what does not exist in words, maybe someone was drinking a coffee. The answers, what about "you."

The problem is the beginning says one to a friend today, some things just a little, so little also to satisfy that emotion, or need, or satisfaction, it seems a culmination, a job which requires little time to unfold, much effort, You speak of evil, that evil, as nobody has ever said these things and now what you are saying those people or things, what has happened, remember? I remember.

He heard a noise in the other room, or outside the home, or away from home.

What type of problem there is today, the end of the world?!

The loss of knowledge, money, who will live tomorrow.

See how much time has passed, and we are still alive, follow the arrow, there are other things you want those on the other side. What you seem to be an evening in this year is nearly over.

Indifference or the gas chamber, you hear the echoes? We need a lot of culture in this present memories alive and what is forbidden, or do not want to know, "lost."

Who lost? The answer is in the other room.

Who wants to win in ten minutes is evil (me) I'm telling you with the clock hands in the wrist, a bit 'of peace, many things are repeated and many more are not replicated, others do not even make the hall the brain, things are charged and so on down the street. Memories.

We have come to kill at home: things you do not say, never heard a person say such a thing. By shame or another me, come on, killing is an element to say and confess. He's already happening that has happened to me, will seem strange but I do not hear anybody who says those things are so bad at your desk or indecent people of my own. Perhaps for that strange building that moves only in your brain, as also said CB, which destroys even the speech.

There is nothing. Tomorrow will be a disaster are the work of evil, you should take, who knows who. What's going on, who failed to speak, where you live, a conjunction for a whole day.

He knew then why I have asked?

It is a huge book that made you see. According to someone is still writing. Despite the van that at one time always takes us elsewhere.

You're the most important person around you, you.

The evening always ends like this and then others continue your work for later start tomorrow. The trick is that somewhere there. Stop.

Believe me if there is someone who understands you suffer.

How many issues you have today's life, the mystery and envy.

How widespread is this problem: the reality is another day.

Is already happened before. I tell you as a friend that was evil. What it was.

And they'll talk about that another time, time is everything, your imagination and their relationship, and infection, and what is forbidden. Still spoken today.

Today, good day, today, where is the error, find the street and house number, eat or eat, is Italy or the world, but how many problems you have and to whom. End.

Good is superior to evil.

Not all. Not now, not today or tomorrow he says he wants to keep quiet but is always and always so begins what is prohibited, which has already begun a long time past.

How many beautiful things are forbidden today.

How many things I said.

End.

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