

A Muscle Disease, A Stream of Clear, Pure Water

One day, he combed the streets: the prison plantation reformed by incarceration. Cuban waifs haunting the pages armed men who chased and beat them mankind's new design.

Tormented by extreme hunger and thirst my first instinct was to jump out of bed the huge trees all dried up and withered. We were born in this land twelve years ago a source of

superprofits obsessed with food and drink. Now, the water has all dried up the last human beings tempering their strings with all sorts of objects: nails screws rubber bands paper clips clothespins.

Once the slaves were all happy: the daily bang-bang: the half-destroyed apartment buildings purged of all life. Everyone now beautiful pray all night w/o falling asleep but there are no guarantees.

Then a greenhouse worker in Germany issued risky bonds.

There I sat on the toilet a ghost harpsichord a prime site for cultural fantasy a junk bond gut-wrenching powerful undenia-
ble.

We were born in this land: center of immorality and vice.

It's no news. Flesh goes off flesh goes on overt torture is the new norm industrial slavery conducted under the whip to keep the public out the world of darkness

the before-death experience an even more appalling river of prison.

If you want it now you can get it: the epoch of spontaneous mutation damage to the nervous system it does not always yield a reasonable answer because almost every america has become

a harbinger of sorts the uncontested world leader surrounding mecca and madina persia, egypt, turkey and north africa. And so the final meaning of music may now be suggested

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value per share = $D(K - g)$
= a stream of clear, pure water
= this morsel of gossip

wrought by human hands

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