

Number Twelve Looks Like You, Like A Cat

Give him back his sweater that poor fellow has only orchestrated symphonies into the poisoned and
You have tried, I'm afraid don't let it hurt I shouldn't stay show your cards now I won't out stain the t
What is it like to scatter organs all over a deeply pasteurized land
Just like a cat without a mouse it masturbates it violates.

Sadistic Dresser

Maybe it's the ability to choose that makes a wounded player take to the field and laugh at his injury

Farewell to the oldsmobile acknowledge the new models.

Farewell farewell.

Set me back in my old sweater tonight for an hour or two I can obtain satisfaction mutilating ones h

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What is the point of laying in a comfortable position if you can't fall asleep in it?