

Ambrose Gibbs was born in Detroit MI in 1975, graduated from Inkster High School in 1995. He has a twin brother and three of his brothers are graduated from Specs Howard School of Broadcast Arts in 2001.

I would like to dedicate this book to my father Robert Bell, who has passed away. I would like to thank my mother and my family for being so supportive.

Ambrose Gibbs

THE BENEVOLENT SKIES

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To Whom It May Concern

My name is Ambrose Gibbs. I recently started writing poetry. I have been writing screenplays and stand-up comedy for many years and monologues as well. I studied television communications at Madonna University, where I also studied theater arts. I lived in Los Angeles, California, for eleven years where I took minor roles in movies. I moved back to Michigan three years ago because I was sick with Crohn's disease, and I started writing poetry because it has a lot of emotional meaning.

My poem *The Life of Magic* has made it to the semi-final round of the Poetry Nation's National Amateur Poetry competition, and the poem will be featured in the upcoming multi-volume series upon arrival. Again, I'm new at writing poems. I hope you will enjoy *The Benevolent Skies*.

This set of poem-stories consists of 76,574 words and I hopefully look forward to growing with this new profound art and building a future as a writer. I have also published a few poems on various poem sites such as Poetry, PoetrySoup, and Booksie.

Synopsis

This is a set of poems in which all the poems in this book consist of the benevolent skies as an unknown force that is in the galaxy as a safe haven of heaven; the benevolent skies are places of peace for the dead or the afterlife; they come in many forms such as angels, emotions, humanity, and other forms. There are a lot of evils in these sets of poems where the good comes in to save souls, minds, and ways of living a righteous life from the wrong, that's when the benevolent skies intervene for the wrong to have peace as well as the right. There are a lot of mythical stories in some of these poems; some of these small stories are fiction and nonfiction; there are poems as well as short stories written in poetry form. This book touches life in many ways; it demonstrates life in the forms of the unknown for a mystery of life-challenging moments and moments to be strong when someone's back is against the wall.

The Benevolent Skies covers humanity in its overall form of reality to collect people's souls and the good of bad situations for conclusions for the lost and confused. This book comprises several story poems that all have one thing in common: the benevolent skies; this book is about obstacles in life to be faced with living life for humanity emotionally far as the dynamics of living life itself.

Some of these poems deal with mythical stories, mystery stories as well as science fiction stories written as poems; these are a set of poems meant to be therapeutic to the mind and spirits; moments of realization in living life for what it is and for the unknown and how the threat of society for humanity that exists in the world every day and the afterlife of some of the human behaviors written in these poems.

The Way

The way in the dark to see the light at a mark in life to be bright in a fight of the night. The holy man may speak to seek justice within the inside of his own self, the health of an old chef the good cook from a good book, to take a look from the outside looking in, the bargain for a humble friend to the end, to find the way as a stray for the thunder of sin to wonder for time to comprehend to be lost in the wind.

For pain to be accumulated for the light to be illuminated for the precious for a cause mind of psychosis the mind of a lost place in time to find the missing link to sink with the ship the unforgiving to lift a thought of good spirits to grip to hold to the living to love for the giving of the unknown above, the shadows of angels and the shadows of hell, the life of a man with the power to fail a life that has been derailed for a tragic story to tell.

The face of the ignorant to stand slanted to take life for granted on this unforgiven planet to live for peace at least to ease the beast inside to come from underneath to see the eyes of a wicked spell the hell bound tales for a life that has fallen down to reminisce to insist the people to love and miss the quick fix of humanitarian emotions for the portion of love devotion to exterminate hate to debate from the angels above to clarify love for what love is or was.

To find the way in a program in a systematic system the havoc of realism for the light of a prism the nature of humanity the sanity of the fallen king in a ring of lions the defiance of self-reliance to be vigorous with a ridiculous touch this life is just way too much, to find a way to stay from bad emotions to give up on the day for the way back home to live in a special way in a life that's gone, lost in a zone all alone, the way to pray today for the sake of love to take the heart in the dark place to go face a place up in the sky the benevolent skies, for the warmth of love to be released for a life in the skies.

The way of hiding a smile for the life of a murder trial the Nile river delivers crocodiles a life in the wild for a style of free love in a moment of

compassion for the truth can lie for what life can do for dreams to come true
to find a way to be you.

The Lost Mind

The lost mind in the dark to be outside the ballpark far as a dark mind to make its mark for a position of a proposition at the intermission in life the sounds of thunder in the night with lightning beyond and underneath the ground to stand up and fight for what's right in the holy night.

The conclusion of an illusion the monster inside of sin the beginning of a prominent beginning of the end, to follow a hollow shadow down the unknown avenue road for a drink to think for the last episode as the mind can explode to be eroded by the soul.

The lost mind is many miles away in the dark path to see is blinded by life in a way for the mind to be found in inbounds of personal destiny, the power of traditional thoughts for an expedition walk down a road with nowhere to go, the feeling hopelessness to follow a dark hollow shadow. The eve of the mind to be a reality of a specific personality the ability with agility to be terrific when life is horrific, to be lost in the mystic majestic route of perfection a life going in the wrong direction.

The mind of bird is heard by the mind in the words to disturb thought of consciousness and a stable peace of mind at the least of the mind of the beast to be spontaneously crazy the lazy eye to see darkness as solidarity the loss of clarity to barely hold on to be strong in an alone mind lost in time to become a lost mind, lost in hindsight for the light of the sky, for the eyes in the sky to see a lifeless destiny to be righteous honestly as the mind rise for the benevolent skies.

The lost mind of intelligence a life to be irrelevant to step out the elements to remain heaven-sent, the nature of mythical evidence to maintain life in the moment of the night to blinded by the beam of the light the only chance to see in the night, the lost mind of tragedies of causality be discreet for peace in the army, for a life that is a mess to suffer from post-traumatic stress a life bound test to drown in the sorrows as the ground is hollow for no tomorrow.

The lost mind of chronic drunk never can get over the same hump to aim to flunk out of life as a drunk for an unknown purpose, his life is a circus show waiting for light so he can glow with flames for fame to be tamed in an insane frame of mind, the visions of crooked thoughts that came with time.

A lost mind to travel on the road above the sky to realize life surprise to rise in the benevolent skies the wrongs to be right in life to win the battles of the night to see light at the end of a dark tunnel for life can be a funnel to suck you up in the wrong for the right direction for the mind of inspection of self-evaluation to embrace difficult situations to among this crazy population.

The hypocrisies of a dominant gene the river of streams of bloodline to be a dope feen for the pipe dream of a screams the lost mind to find what life means the further the deemed to be condemned to live above the rim of dimed lights to see things bright, the fight of a mad man caught on site the parietal vision to be suspicious for a lost mind that's vicious.

To find social connection behind the mind of mental corrections lost in translation for the exaggeration for a great debate the mind of elevation to climb to the sky, the angels of eyes to see a destiny for life to rise in the benevolent skies.

The lost mind in the moments of discombobulated components to penetrated by ambiguous thoughts the faults of the wrong to prone in a zone of madness the lost minds of sadness with no happiness life of distress the feeling of less than other than the pride of a man to stand on two feet for a life of peace to rise for at least a moment to be, lost inside and found to be bound by life for the meaning of soft sounds of love to softly change the mind of human anatomy of grief with sick beliefs to be in the night of thieves to believe in the mind to change to finally see an unquestionable destiny for a sacred place to see, to rise in the benevolent skies for a life of infamy.

The Challenge

To love by physical features, to fall in love with a physical creature, not only matured, the values are lured, for them to ensure to be insecure. The damage is done the love weighs a ton, life is not fun. Only remain in misery the history of love is gone, no longer happy no longer to be strong, to become weak, the battle of attrition, with no intuition, for love to put me under, to wake up and feel like thunder. A fire in the sky, for life I'm prepared to die, for me to realize, life on the road, I'm about to explode, the last episode, for life on the go.

Life on the go, with nowhere to run, for the sake of time, the life of the sun, is steaming hot, hot like hell, only to tell if you are not living well, only if I feel on the seas to sail, in my imagination, keeps me going to different places all in my mind, my life would be forever in time.

The anatomy of life can be astronomical, only in mind to be Bionicle, suit up with power, imagine life with no flowers, no beauty on earth, for only love, life shall live inside, only to find the conclusion of pride, only for justice as hard as he tried, only denied, to be simple in mine, sympathetic in time, life on the grind, for destiny to find.

Life on the coast, the beach you love the most, life is so close, touching the sky, can barely breathe but he still alive, for only to strive, never to give up, for only life in the tunnel that is dark, looking for luck, praying God to come and lift him up, in his mind, he's stuck to not give a fuck, only for life he known to be nuts.

The challenge of life on the hard walking path, the challenge in life to make someone laugh, the challenge to be what you had, the challenge in me to always believed, for all the challenges to see the best of me, for a life above the sky, the eyes are watching in the benevolent skies.

Dark Skies

The sky before the night was blue, for eternal life that's new, the beginning of me just flew, across the place I knew, the mistake in life for all I knew, for dark skies is a place to have grown to be grown.

The conclusion of a choice is a voice you must hear, only forever lies, the sky is clear, the further, is life on another planet, only the chosen can go, encrypted with life for ever known, to what we love the most, to enter our inner thoughts, to cry with love for what you saw. A distance law, to contain what you have, only to mourn for the lost, for peace at a cost. A life of total blindness with daily stress the streets of end meets with no peace the theory of a jolly man to be happy in the dark, always drunk at the park, the matrimony of love with insecurity to led to infidelity the dark skies of Penelope the actions of mental telepathy, the skylines of heaven with a close eye for life after you die, the benevolent skies.

Life in the aftermath can bring joy, for what can destroy you learn how to enjoy. Only for you, only you can be you, for days we walk, to empathize with love, when we talk with sympathy with hugs. For only life under the sky, the tears in your eyes, behold of the dark skies.

As to realize, life under the dark skies is nothing to live in life to stay positive, for a trial in mind a place you can't find, only be blind, to know facts, things that you love for people like that, in the matter in time, to be exact. The memory is a tool, don't be a fool, to play it cool, only for life not to be taken for granted, stuck on this planet, can't take life for sure, for only it's pure.

The apathy of life is endless, only to be relentless, for life to make sense, the control of the mind, that's condensed for the broken fence for failure, never to climb. Over Casanova, a four-leaf clover, for life that ran over me, I be the enemy of me, for broken dreams, those stand before me. Polynesia, for heaven in Indonesia, for the right procedure only to believe ya, life's amnesia, only bending on its own terms, with great concerns, the bridge under the sky to

learn, for the dark skies to turn bright with light for all to be wise, the benevolent skies.

The One

The son of the vibrant one, for only the sun of the vibrant, one will rise for the only time in life. To prepare for trials and tribulations, for different situations, to prepare with preparation. The bottom of life is like a steel tank, for only in life it's hard to think, for a drink of gold, the myth is told, the bigger the bold, the story of gold, for only the one that chooses to hold, to not fold, to be really strong, for only him to be one.

The battle of zones, inside the mind, only to find the world alone, the powerless one for his life is gone. The further in time, in a different place, life up in space, to find his face, a look in the mirror, only to see his pain, only the one, believe in vain the walk of fame strolls through his brains, accumulated by pain what's left of his name, for only the one to rise again, to embrace a living for grace, the mercy of one's race the benefit of an outfit to mastermind time for life in mind, to find the skies to rise to realize.

May he be immortalized with love, to improvise what's above, the showers of teardrops fall on the floor, this unknown man can't take the pain any more. The shadows above may rise to the occasion, for this living man of relations, the ideology of his infrastructure was not the same as ours, he is to stand at the towers of our universe, for the life of pain that really hurts.

The opposition of one to come from a place of none, to follow the sun as the world has begun to fall from the bottom of one, the nature of the one to become the legislature of the sun for humanity as one for eternal life to be lead for the dead has come, for the one who is special in critical times of havoc, the one who falls from the sky, to be an angel of magic, for the times of humanitarian tragic as life to be lived for whatever happens for a life of bad habits the benevolent skies to rise as one dies to not be frantic.

Far from life will he come, a planet of none, no money down, for a car and some sounds, to step out of bounds for the love of his life, only the chosen one, the love of the night.

To walk down the avenue, for the things he has to do, a distance of faith, unbelievable the resistance of the milky way, he lives far up in space, to land on earth, for this is his place, the life of the one, in life to marinate to overcome.

Sunshine and Rain

The sun shines, rain over plains, and gifted lands, only the sunset for life to plan, to understand the beauty of nature in a world of nature, the statue of humanity, the world of insanity.

Beautiful streams, a river fall over for life for what it means, a beautiful world to have some values, the sun brings the shine, the rain brings the pain, only in mind for life to be the same.

The sun will shine for only the pain, the rain will fall, for the love in all, only to stall, anticipating beauty. Life in the sky, only for beauty of life in the hills, only to realize in life that's real. Only to reveal the beautiful mills as the wind blew down the field. The nature of rain, for it to shine, for in life the time is mind, to control your thoughts sometimes it rains from the pain you brought. The sun is shining today, it's gonna rain tomorrow, loving the struggle when you beg and borrow.

The life of sorrows, narrow the road, like the sunrise, this life can explode, only to know how beautiful the roads, covered in dirt, on the side with flowers for life that hurts. The sun starts to shine an angel entwine the life of a dime, without a nickel to spend, only the rain in life can come in, the sun of sins, only to play, thank God to be alive this sunny day.

For the love of God to travel abroad the road is hard, came through the rain, the mind to be tamed a collision of flames up in a fire, the whole life's on the wire, for some to admire, the rain expires in a world of liars, only the rain brings the sun, the life of the moon only in the time it will be raining soon.

The sun and the rain to breathe again, as polish and clean the rain brings the ring the fat lady sings, only the sun is making a king, king of the bar, drunk with the star, only for rain to find out who you are. The identity of pain to come inside again, only for the rain and sun fun being your friend, at the end of time, will it rain it pours, only for yours, the sun brings the shine for life in store, the reason at dark, the vigilante is smart to strike for revenge for someone killing

his friends the beauty has come to an end, the answer is why, for the benevolent skies.

To rain in pain for sorrows of tomorrow the life of borrowed, to be stored to be bored for more avenues to choose to be confused for life to be used to have been abused to be amused by the rising of the sun, with nothing to lose, for a choice of fun, life in the sun, to keep humanity in line here comes the angel from the skies to find, the soul of humanity for sin to blind, only in mind as the sun shines, the eyes of the sky, the benevolent skies.

Beautiful

Beautiful eyes with the beautiful sky's only for you and I have beautiful lives. The beauty in the earth is the lives that live, upon us all the beauty of falls, rivers that run, state to state the beauty of sun, the rising of tides, the beauty of life roads to go.

To go inside the beauty in you to be denied, for only I tried, beauty just lied, the beauty of life, the beauty of the night, follow a road for beauty to go. The oceans and seas the beauty in me, the nature of love the beauty from above, the shadow of life, the beauty of triumph, only to be, a mission in time the life of beautiful times.

The lady of swag, her beauty to nag, forever been had, she made people mad, for only she's glad. The beauty of sin the monster of kin, for only my love, the beauty for what it was. The plains of valleys, the alleys in the streets, a dark narrow divider, the insider to come upon me, beauty is life, beauty is reality.

The sense of beauty is the sense in me, to comprehend beauty for its quality, the beauty of God only to believe, for perseverance for beauty to be, only the appearance for beauty to see, a beautiful you and a beautiful him, for only beauty can be condemned.

The reaction of action is action, only for satisfaction, a life full of distractions. Only beauty can complete a picture, the next thing to get ya, the natural beauty for a woman to be a queen, only in the life to seem, a life full of dreams, only inside her beauty to be clean, so that it seems, only her heart is pure and obscene. An obstacle of an illusion, the beauty of confusion, coming to a conclusion for beauty resolutions, the confusion of beauty by nature, a holy place across the sky that's where the beauty lies and rises, as beautiful as the benevolent skies.

Imagination

Imagine living in a world where everything is free, a life with no responsibility, the eulogy of self-defiance the science of freedom for self-reliance. To imagine someday to become a movie star, for who you are, the words of the Greeks, for something to seek, an imagination to see the possibilities to be. Imagine if you will when the earth stands still, imagine to win, when you always lose, imagine the choice to take back you chose.

An obstacle illusion, to imagine the confusion the property of anger, imagine a stranger, a first responder of danger, to save lives, imagine catastrophe battles of the time, only to imagine an astronomical mind.

Imagine people dying with cheers, only for the living, dying is feared, to imagine death as a beer, only to come near, for death to be sincere. Forever clear, imagine the atmosphere, close to the hemisphere, close to the comfort zone, only for how life appears, imagine for love to be gone, no love in a home. Life to live what's the answer, imagine life without cancer, the proportion of death, imagine life, with nothing left, for only a breath, imagine a mind clinging to meth, the vision of plans, for what life stands, imagine a life filled with helping hands. Imagine for indiscretions to be exposed, for a direction to be closed, imagine living so close to the love you want the most, to uplift the ghost inside of you, a vibrant spirit, imagine the truth, for only to be a youth, to imagine what's inside of you, for dreams to come true, for what you do, the bridge under the sky loves you.

The imagination to find the truth about you is personal vendetta life to get better for more than a love letter, the eagle that flies across the benevolent skies with the eyes of angels to see life as persevere to steer in the right direction for the protection of love and affection to protect a broken heart to imagine the pain a special way, the imagination of life day by day.

The Old Man

Age is a number to show life journey, the boundaries lines of time can be distant but close to being old as fast as time goes by, an old war hero, to store horrible thoughts for life, for terrible sights at night. The vision of a wise man with a disguised plan to understand his old heart is better than his old farts.

The mourning has arrived, the alarm clock goes off, the moment he wakes, this voice sounds soft, telling him to stay, in a world he's lost, only for him the time has cost him a desolate life, only at night he sleeps with a light. Fearing his crooked soul, his mind doesn't have control, for his past, that's behind only to find an ornament of time.

For every moment he cries, his dog makes him happy, if his dog dies, what will he do, no family he's alone with the truth. The walls are dirty, the pictures are old, only life tragedy his life is bold, his memories are old, only to memorize, the war was cold. The war stories are told, the life of a soldier grows on in his shoulders, the time of chaos, and atrocities, only to be old with some capability. On the stone edge porch, he walks out to sit on his chair, only to spear a few drinks of some beer. He listens for birds, the holy spirit, only for God this man can hear it.

Sometimes he speaks in tongues, a metaphor speech, forever how long I life can he see, at the end of a tunnel is his destiny.

A ballot of a dead soldier fighting his enemies, lost all family, very familiar to pain, only to lose his mind, to never regain. Life of confusion for a conclusion, only to abort, for the life he transports, only retribution, for him to resort.

For him to accept pain, arriving on two feet as he walks through the door, open skies of heaven for him to adore, to put a smile on his face, he lives with grace, as his dog licks his face. A place on the farm is how he lived, only his life, only his prerogative, the distance he walks is very short, only to use his legs, the memories of sports, this all in his head, forever he lives, only in the

life to be derogatory as he still can give, the end of a story for this man to live, no longer worried for the to be buried in the benevolent skies.

As the old man dies in heaven for his soul lies with grace for a man of hate to be mad and disgruntled for the abundance of love to fondle for love inside to funnel through a channel of faith in a sacred place after he dies the benevolent skies. For his trials and tribulations the faith of his revelations, for the emotional preparations of life flaws for broken laws, for emotions to grow as he gets old, never to fold for how life can be bold, the old soul for an old goat, he still had his old wool coat, as he stepped into heaven for the skies to cover him with hope, as he glows across the skies he is now a ghost of a lonely old man to be wise.

Far into the skies as time goes for life to be recognized to apologize for wrongdoings as life expires to except not to live in denial, a trial for life on fire the last moment to breathe to see the angels from the sky to admire, beyond love for the heart to the desire for the benevolent skies to rule as a galactic heaven empire.

The old man of a lonely soul that got sold as he got old, sometimes he folds with cold emotions to hold, behold of a man of gold as his story is told to mold himself as his life for his wealth as his mind melts with his bad health to stay stealth. The father of time is his intuition that in a position for his life has been a walking mission to believe in God's proposition in a world of superstition for the mission to be complete for life to stay discreet.

To grow for the time of peace for life to see to live in time for an unknown destiny for life to be an accident, the evidence of life to be the approximate amount of one hundred percent discount to have found life inbounds of the night for his old life to take flight into the benevolent skies when he dies for an afterlife in the friendly skies.

The Rat

Only a rat lives in a certain habitat, addicted to that, the stuff of disease, only to please themselves, for victims to accumulate dust the ones you don't trust, only the ones who live life for lust, for them to get over is a must. For a life of guilt to build on hate the fate of a rat to live in these times of life to create bad times to facilitate diffusion of an illusion for the contribution of confusion, to eradicate life for people despite their intention lost in a world of their own dimension.

Compare the rat to something that's a creature, no shape or form physical features, the rat of the myth, only for her or for him. To live with no empathy, never to have any sympathy, for the only thing that's simply a matter of time will justify, that to live in a garbage can like rats.

The unforgiven, the rat has risen, the sun sets in the east, the rat went west, that's what the rat does best, there's no contest between a rat and mice, the mice is nice, the rat is mean to grumble and scream, so that seems, the imaginary skies, for the rat to run and hide.

The rat can be glorious, as they can be notorious, follow a rat to become trapped they multiply fast, a world of so many rats, no one last, a victim of the past, a rat has been cast, the science of movements, the judgment has passed. For only at last the rats from the grass, as they run fast, the longer they go, how long would they last, in a world of trash, to live in the sky, to move fast.

To be filthy poor, only for more, to get over with glory, the story of one kind only to find, a rat from behind to follow your path, for no good reason at all, for a rat to recall, only the things that have been done, a rat thinks it's for fun, never to run, for what has begun. The story is done, for a rat to come, a new beginning for some, those that have moral values, the status of them, for her and him can be bleak only to seek, for something unique. The defense for peace, to justify by all means, only seems like a dirty rat to be clean.

Hollywood

Hollywood is misunderstood, only for fame to live life full of flames. The city where dreams are made of, turns into a nightmare, for a life to disappear, in Hollywood nobody cares. Only for luck if you can get there, to be on a show to watch when it airs. Life on the beat, moving your feet, only for Hollywood to sleep in the streets. Breaking a leg to give it all you got, hoping for dreams as a has not, for only a star crosses the sky, for a dream you are willing to die.

The truth of Hollywood is to look into the eyes, the life of a broken dream as they all cried, been told a lot of lies for only they tried for the Hollywood dream they were denied.

Let the truth be told for a pipe dream that can steal the soul, for the mind to grow for a chance to get old, the dream of a nightmare to stand still to be scared for life ain't fair, for a Hollywood dream to be despaired, to live life homeless not to care, for a dream that's not there.

Life is all In shambles, the gamble is big, you let go of your job and everything, you want to sing, he wants to act, only the facts, could be coming back, for a life like that, to make a sacrifice, rolling the dice, playing your cards wrong, only in Hollywood just to sing a song.

Do you belong, to something that's fake, planet Hollywood is finally your place. It's all in your face, a face of a broken dream, only it seems, the streets are mean, chasing that dream just for a moment to sing. Only for things the Hollywood dream, the land of faith, addicted to drugs, only for love the dream is first, only to perform for a dream or worst.

This life hurts, so many let downs, a final finally in Tinseltown, put the pencil down, can't write any more, all was drunk at the liquor store, forever to store in life people want more, only Hollywood when it rains it pours.

To sleep on the floor, with no bed or pillow, only in Hollywood, a cold place to be, people are running wild to get to 20th Century Fox, in style.

To see if a dream was meant to be, only to see this town can be crazy, Hollywood maybe and maybe not, to affiliate to alleviate a plan of attack, only in Hollywood the feeling is that.

To make it Hollywood, is to jump off a cliff, to hang on to a dream, when the dream is a myth, the sound of a voice that starts to crackle for life to shackle and sleep, life in Hollywood runs real deep. For the dreams that people see is not a reality, for only to be, only in Hollywood can be so tragically. That of a star who lives at the bar, only in Hollywood better know who you are, to get lost only for a dream that is paying the cost, to be lost for the sky of benevolent dreams.

Out of Sight

The apathy of love can be overwhelming, distorted, and disturbed, no conclusion of nerves, to get what you deserve, only to be, far out of sight, the sight of a bird, sending a message with words, to not take any more, for life what's in-store forever love could be yours only to fight, it's time to get out of sight, as the eyes in the skies watch day and night.

For only peace of mind is worth more than things, only for life, to get out of sight, can keep the mind clear, negative energy is only to fear, the energy is near, cleaning my air because I don't care, only to be spared, to be on the move I'm am out of sight to be alright. For what would you do, take them to school to not be a fool, time moving real slow because this vibe is not cool, the energy of the light, time for me to get out of sight.

Forever to be for dignity for pride and joy, only inside to destroy, only to avoid, to shake them real fast, the longer it lasts, the worse it gets, it's time to get outer sight this date is dismissed, She was the therapist, life in the mist, to give a kiss, it goes like this, only to disappear, life is ever clear, to my advantage I did not panic, for she is so frantic for only the light, it's time to get out of sight.

Its helta skelta come from the delta, a place out of space is where the mind be placed in a fast pace, to be full of dramatic episodes, to cock and reload the bull on the road, the fires of heroes to go to the sky to sit on an ancient rock, the temperature is hot, to give all you got, this situation will not mess up my night for he who can take flight, now it's time to get out of sight.

Inside

A probable cause for some liquor and fall, for only love to call for imaginary falls. The elliptical grace, a difficult day for only to say, for life to situate. The fire inside is burning through the mind, captures the heart, raptures in dark, the logical theory, only to be weary, only to find to be burning inside. The trials and tribulations to live in harmony the matrimony for a life to be simple, the conclusion for life to burst like a pimple for all things that matter to scatter like rats in a bad habit, only inside to find things like that. A life inside to be exact for life's known facts to subtract the good times from the bad.

The moment is captivated, not to be manipulated, only to be motivated, only to be hated. Highly considerate the facts of dislike to be elitered, for a fire to start only deep inside to feel a spark next to me is a chair of gold, with threads, that's a thousand years old, Lord behold, to have told, said and done, I'm burning inside like a gun with bullets, for those quick to pull it.

The brain chemical reaction, for life's satisfaction, for our imagination, with litigation for only preparation. The fire inside exists, the burning of anger, feel more comfortable with strangers, when life could be in danger, for the fire inside, the burning from love, for he who hugs, close to desire to admire, only inside to be burning like fire.

Burning inside can only be cooled, remain transparent, a delusional mind without interference of a fool, God gave me the tools, eager to not lose, for the property of love, only for me to have, to feel pain burning inside hoping to laugh. The vision to see is a blessing, stressing for things of availability, the ability of anger to be endangered, the fire is high, to be burning inside.

The obstacle of an illusion, fire with hallucinations, decisions to make, to be logical with no mistakes, only to concentrate, to contemplate to consider a change in me, first I need God life is hard, never be derogatory for only to hide, only inside for how I feel, for life to be sure with a cure, life is hell only to prevail deep inside to live with deeper thoughts, only inside for what you saw.

To be capable and reluctant a bundle of joy, for times to exploit, to be annoyed, to insist to deploy, only for probability to be sane the vision of pain. For a synthetical cause, the life of laws, for probable cause, for life as to be saw, love can be raw, only to forgive it all, the mourning to rise, the sunlight beams into my room, only for what's inside to be revealed real soon, the flowers have bloomed, the legion of doom, for life to get swept, to be quiet and wept for only I have slept, the next chapter is death, beyond depths of seas, the light and night for the benevolent sky.

For a proposition the answer is God, for humanity to live inside, the nature of life, what's inside at night, when things are dark, only to hold on for a needed spark, to light up the park, only for life what's inside for a light to keep you alive. For the night of pride to dig deep inside for the eyes that see the ones that be in the skies over seas, the silent night of melodies with orchard trees the busy bees of love from inside of love for the one above.

The inside is made to be eternal the fire of love can be life to be external the fire of fury to be curious for a delirious path to live inside for a laugh of joy, for the moment to be happy for not being destroyed the voyage of travel to explore for more of life to live to restore memories of life to live with galore.

The inside to fill with pride for a joyride in life to hide by night, for the meaning of life too bright for eternal light to see the end of a road to be traveled, to get stabbed in the heart with an invisible knife for miserable life to run away by the day, to hide the soul by night, for God to pray.

The inside of pride to justify life in the night to learn how to be to never be defeated as life is repeated the need for urgency for life is an emergency to worthy of quality for security to be a clean slate for life can sensational in a symbolical form of life in the storm to be warm with love from above the eyes of the sky, the benevolent skies.

The inside of love can be special for a spiritual connection for the inside of affection for love with apologies the astronomy of a soul mate to indifferent to concentrate on fate from love and hate. The fury of internal desires to set this world on fire to admire the wrong that remains strong in a world all alone no home to call home life of sad songs to come along in a time of suffering no music to sing for a choice to bring the laws of life without no fling.

The Thing for the Thing

For sentimental things to value are precious, a biological thing is an infectious disease, for a terminological thing inside to be. Things come in many shapes and sizes, some things come in spirits for surprises, as the sun rises to show special things, maybe a thing is inside of many.

Abandoned bodies found, by all means, the probable cause of a living thing, that's not a human being, for only a thing, locked inside, a mountain to hide, a life for a ride, only things to rise, to look into the eyes of the thing that could be a cannibal or an animal that nature can bring. The silence of violence makes unwanted noise to stay poised to have a voice to live life for specific choice.

For things of the abundance of joy, for things that can destroy, loaded by time, has exploded in mind, for the things to come. In another world to rise as the thing comes for you and me, another formula for life to be expected, only for things to be rejected, for things to be respected, injected by love, to be effected above never to know who the thing was.

Only for night, the moon is bright, for a transformation into another life, the thing has come for the chosen the decomposition of the thing to be, only when the thing comes out of humanity a monster with sharp teeth, only to eat for life at least the thing is a beast at night.

The thing is scientific a horrific past, at last, the things inside the burning hell of a soul, when the monster comes out as hold. For only things that're bold, for things to fold, behold of the things that're cold, the monster inside is the realest theory, the beast of time, through his human chemical enzymes the monsters in mine. The ruling for things to come, the monster inside the past of some, the thing to rise the time has come, to live or die, arise the sun and moon, is where the beast comes from to be revealed soon.

The fingernails started to grow, the eyes turned colors started to glow, the teeth got sharp like an animal, the noise is made like no other, the skin has

changed the form of another species of life, only inside the things that're condemned, only to sing hymns, maybe the beast is him to awake out of a dream that seemed so real, the monster got killed, the pain to feel is a life above all may the skies fall for things to be relevant in the eyes of the benevolent skies.

The thing for the thing to ring a bell in the name of hell the vision of superstition for a life on mission for a position of a thing to have great means for life for a holy song to sing for a theme of a thing inside, to hide as a monster for the rage of thunder to ponder down the stage of life to go up under and up in the benevolent skies for the thing for a thing to sing when they die.

Only in You

The infrastructure of you, for you, is the dynamics of the shape of the mind, only a heart for the life of the time. A profitable situation for only to dispute for only you to know what to do, circumstances make you for who you are, life at the bar, to ease the stress, for only you to live in a mess, your life is a test, for biblical lines, in critical times, only to hear the word, only to be absorbed, for the callings is heard.

Only you can go inside you to discover life for how you live, only you can maintain when things are not positive. Only you can be epic, hypothetically speaking for you to live with meaning, foreseen the limits of capability, for calamity observations only inside can be determined, for you inside yourself, for preparation.

Only to depart who you are, only for apathy, life can go far beyond eternal life, philanthropy for man to be, for ecology the face of humanity, on how to be, one with a mission for the sake of poverty. The apostle is a hostel, for broken promises in vain to suffer for pain, only for self-conscious the righteous in name the life has remained for the only sin came to walk in plains, the fields of dreams life seems to be maintained.

The preparation of you, is you, to cooperate with truth, only to lose for drug abuse, the light up the fuse, only to be used to a derogatory live in hives to stay alive until the day to die. May no one cry, the sympathy of pride tells the kids to go play and hide, for only you inside for life to pass by. To repellent form of a biological matter the logical state of mind, as life scatters, to hit the floor, the anatomy of situations created by procrastination for those who fall in an informal life of separation.

To let go of themselves to decide to give up, an elusive formality to persuade to quit, for him and her, they are used to that mistaken identity, only to identify themselves as something else, only you can find you for yourself, weather the storm for good health, follow your wealth, to be recognized within

the side of you, for only you should know what to do, the heaven in the skies is waiting for you, the eyes in the skies is regulated by truth.

Only the innovated for something to desiderate, condensed things to immaculate only for the inside of you to accumulate, the full force of energy is what it takes. Only to debate for what's wrong in you to overcome, the only God got the power, where the source is coming from, to fight the forces of evil, life can be lethal fly like an eagle, only for you, your life is legal.

To find the mind in a dark place, only inside you can you face, the miracle of a magical rat race, as society habitats like cats fights for space, for time to travel to space, for the benevolent skies to trace, for the heavens to come from outer space, for the dead souls to live the afterlife with grace.

Only in you, you can find you in dark places with dark faces, the races of life won by you, the truth for you to learn, for things to earn for forgettable moments to concern for time is fast as the years burn, at last, the fears turned, in favor as life's terms, to live in life, is like germs the terminology of life to be well firm, for the astronomy of life is the skies to come as one dies the benevolent skies is where heaven is from, only in you to see inside of you in the valley of the sun, for life is a struggle to weigh a thousand tons, for the benevolent skies for one that dies for no lies as one, to come in the shadow of the sun, for the spiritual guidance in the matter of sum, an amount of living in the kingdom to come, only inside of you to be true to take life as it comes.

Only in you for dreams to come true for the things to go through for what is new will get old as many stories are told to fold into a message for you to send only you inside for a ride to recommend. For the heart of brave men to gather to cringe the silence of sins for the time to begin only in you to find the mind inside for life to command in the night to understand for God has a plan for you to demand life is hard at times to regard only in you to live in the benevolent skies when comes a time to finally die.

The mind in certain circumstances inside of emotions as time enhances the pride of many romances for things to be only in you for life many chances the dances of wolves in the din to win the problems in life has just begun, to follow amen the silence of pain to be vane from suffering, the abundance of time to live inside your mind to find more time to love for what's up above the nation of love only in you to know what to do. The challenge is you from far away to stay clear to live to be sincere for love inside to be near to mere for love to stay

here, the miraculous fears as life disappears the shadows of fears that only you can face life from a different world for a sacred place to value for you to face.

Inside the mind stuck in a harsh reality full of vibrant electricity for the ability only in you to find out what to do for many dreams to come true, to find a way to pursue happiness for life to finesse to live for moments that best suit you in life's tests, to take the monkey off your chest. The modest ways to be humble, only in you can be devastated as pain can be accumulated for emotions inside only in you to be separated as life is faded in a world that's overpopulated.

To be boggled in the brain the motion of pain for a proportion of you that's only in you to follow your heart out of the dark to make an impact on life to make a mark to lurk back into the dark to only love drama the islands of Bahamas, the dilemma for a decision to be made inside of you, only in you for an agenda to know what to do in times of life to be persuaded on what to do day to day for a ride into the benevolent skies as the sun rises.

The End

The ending has come, for things to be astronomical the phenomenal one, the living spirit of the sun, to rise for what's to come, from the fabric of some to live and be done the end has come, for humanity to be one.

Only to convince the hint of the end, the roar of a lion to call it my friend, I'm just trying to follow the end, to recommend the power of love always beats sin.

Only to come in, the biblical den, the use of love as the time comes to an end. For life I bend only to send a message to kin, life on the row, the choice for me to go, for life to show the destiny of growth and development, life is heaven-sent, only time to reminisce, the decision is made, the core in the earth is about to give away, to live only today, there's no tomorrow, to go sit at the bay.

For time can end at times for the mind to begin again, the pain from far away in your heart to speak highly of yourself in the dark to see a light spark for the point of a mark to dart in life as it starts for the benevolent skies of heaven eyes to be wise when your world becomes dark.

The world is in panic, for life is organic the structure of creation, this world is frantic people are running in tears for millions of years the sky stayed clear with a few clouds laughing out loud, my life to be proud, to disappear in the end, the sky is red, the end to comprehend, before we are all dead, the word is said, that shall not kill, the ending is real.

Thunderbolts hit the streets, the buildings have fallen, everybody screams, this is a nightmare stuck in a dream, only to accept the end, first to accept their sins the beginning is now the end. The red sky starts to pour, it didn't rain, it was a chemical that eats up the brain. The end is insane, as the Earth's core melts, bolted rocks fell off the cliffs, rivers running through cities, showing no pity, a girl lost her kitty, all lives in ruins, congruent to life, as the sky falls, we want to make it tonight.

To sleep in an underground tunnel, the funnel of life is an abundance to struggle, only to say I love you. With those words said, be ready for the end, only to fend for the life you commend, only to send your condolences to them, only a loss to persevere the ending of time living in fear.

As things get rougher we have to be tougher, the earth starts to shake with earthquakes, for God sakes people cry screaming as their minds break, they can't take that death is faith, only, for now, the earth is about to bake.

The temperature is rising, the living for more, the sun fell down on Earth's floor, the burning of the sun killed almost everyone. The ocean tides went 200 miles inland, my only plan, to understand, if I may survive to live with grace, to live in a holy place, for the explosion I hear, the closer it gets, my time is near. For everything is silent, I feel like a ghost, only remember things or who I love the most.

Only to realize I'm a spirit, the world has ended, no more humanity, the loss of sanity we have to start all over again. The world is red, nothing is said, because everybody is dead, to awake from a nightmare to be speared for those who care, in the sky, is something up there, preparing us to die, the benevolent skies.

The Singing Bird

Only for what I heard a singing bird, the bird knew songs from word to word, the more the bird sings, people just hung around to listen to the melodies, these bird songs are memories.

The bird is historical, a lyrical bird, only for the bird talents people spread the word to observe the bird with an ego. The bird is an eagle, with legal residence he lived in a tree, now the bird lives with the presidential suite a vacation to retreat.

The bird changed the world for everybody to change, only inside the bird for only it sang, the distance of fame is close, the bird bragged and boasted. The next day the bird felt no shame, for only he lived a life of flames, a particular bird, for ridiculous words, he told everyone he was not a bird. With anger, the bird screamed he wanted to be treated like a human being, if not the bird wanted to ever sing.

The joy the bird brings, words melt in people's hearts, the singing bird is smart, for how he lived his life in the park. He sings acapella with the rest of the fellas, his song went gold, every venue was sold. At times, the bird had to vent, his voice was heaven-sent, to follow his words in his songs, the bird lived alone, his heart was strong, for how far he flew, the bird only knew the burden as he grew.

To be tested in life, the only fly when it's night, easy to take flight, to fly in another world, for many reasons, treason of faith to anticipate, with no hesitation, this bird is lost and on a vacation. He realizes he belongs with the rest of the wildlife, the longer he stayed, the more he prayed, to sing all the way to the top of the mountains, to land on a fountain to take a drink of water, only to be thirsty for a drink of beer, the bird was a star and he made that clear.

Forever his songs will always last, he went back home to his life of the past. Up In the mountain where the bird stayed, he's now a superstar, in the world of birds, he has changed the dynamics of what other birds heard. His

songs were number one on the Billboard chart, forever be grateful to get out of the dark, along as he lives he can never be human, to accept being a bird, the life of battalion to fight to survive in the Yukon for better or worse, as the bird flies, he flew across the benevolent skies.

What he realized was that superstardom isn't great, so many days he just could not take, people being fake, telling him lies, just because he's a bird, they didn't think he wouldn't realize. The way he was treated, defeated in his heart, from the start he realizes how humans act and react,

to actions for satisfaction, to only be used, after so many years, with tears he knew want exist, to be another bird, for only his word, he flew back home never to appear again, the singing bird is gone.

The Wind

I'm running with the wind, only from within myself, running with the wind to begin a story to be the chapter to be, only for silence to be quiet, no longer to speak or seek the wind, as it comes in, I can feel the draft, spiritual energy lives in me, the sky's look grey bloomed with clouds, to be proud, the wind is loud, blowing through the house. Life is a game that is played to win, running with the wind.

The wind is a storm for the heart to be warm, to face a cold soul to embodied to be bold for

many times of being cold for the moments to hold. The hollow wind to come in as a blessing for a message of a secret passage in a savage life to scavenge in the darkest night.

For life is a monumental statue of elements, an enterprise of events to realize and vent only the wind can change the life of a human being as the wind blows in for all means. This life just seems like it's standing still, for only a moment to heal, being sick is real, diagnosed with a chronic disease, to run with the wind for living life above the seas.

The legitimate form is full of warmth, love, and happiness, the wind can blow in, a surprise for you. Only the wind is valued, to be valuable a bondable source, a course to learn inside you the wind is a friend that will find you, only to dilute, the proportion of nature to make you strong when you are weak. The wind is blowing through the trees in the valley, the wind blew down cans in the alley, as the river flows the wind blows, the wind whistles the sounds of angels, coming down for me, the wind is a form to be adored.

The wind is a person that travels abroad, for only the wind when life is hard. Only to regard the reality of a lost, only to be written with thoughts for the person in the wind I saw.

A prominent soul never to fold for life as it told. This man in the win was an angel in disguise, taught me to be wise, to love others more than I love myself, only the wind can defeat sin.

So let life began, the afterlife of the wind, as the wind blows, a breeze of air, fresh and delighted, the wind is invited inside of my thought process, to be only processed with an angel at best, wake up I'm alive again, I been dead for a minute, the wind was in it a person of interest, for my life sentence, now I'm convinced this angel made sense my life was intense, now I'm alive after I died, to run the wind is an angel who never lies, an angel of the benevolent skies.

Ballot of a Dead Soldier

For the life of me, to try to be, only inside to be, death is destiny. Only to close your eyes, for life's surprise, the ballad of a dead soldier, for those who died, only to live for pride to go deep inside, never to hide from any emotions inside, life is a ride, the Ballad of a dead soldier at war for those who died.

To live and appreciate those who died, the wars on the streets and the war in the Middle East, started by revolutionary strategies for life and peace. The war of the world happened two times, the ballad of a dead soldier, for those who died. From war to be, war is a great tragedy, on badly to be harm, of soldier's death in arms, for warmth and love on the battlefields. The holy shield only inside for a soldier to die and come back to life, he was so happy to see his wife, for only in life he wants love, the Ballad of a dead soldier, life is not what it was.

For life to be war is a reality, not a fantasy, for only I believe are soldiers dying in these streets, it's a war of atrocities, the probability of not coming home, only in time to sing a sad song. Only in mind, the days are long, only to remain strong, the ballad of a dead soldier is in your heart, the ballad of a dead soldier, life in the dark, for he lives for those in the light at the fight, only he died for his brothers he loves the ballad of a dead soldier for life up above.

Only to feel yourself, your legs are weak, can hardly speak a visionary pattern to proceed with ease, people dying from chronic disease, only a soldier life ironically has been a great myth, only in life you must be uplifted when you fall down, the ballad of a dead soldier, as bad it sounds.

Only in all for a soldier to stand tall with love in all never to fall. War can leave an astronomical effect, a dramatical wreck only respect for those who reject, to live inside for only they killed, the ballad of a dead soldier, life at war is real, with virtual reality for many casualties, the ballad of a dead soldier, with great atrocities, possibly the end only to die with their friends.

For malice and mayhem the position to kill, for only you live, for your prerogative. The anatomy of death is controlled by emotions, the devotion of war does not spiritualize, only for war to be paralyzed, cannot move stuck in a hole, forever to be, when it's time to go, no plans for tomorrow, but the sorrows of pain, to rise again, for the eyes in the sky, for life to live in the benevolent skies. For the life of soldier only they know what happened on how the firefight goes, nobody knows but our war heroes the bravery of many to have fought in many conflicts in the war for the mind of a soldier to be living in hell for crazy stories to tell to feel like life has failed in the eyes to rebel against an army of hell.

Life for a dying myth for the moment to be uplift for the gift of God, to dodge life from the time of living hard to keep up your guard, the ballot of a dead soldier as time goes for life to get older, to unfold life as the war story of glory is told for how strong and bold to kill and behold of a mind to be real in the killing fields a life of a protected shield for the mind and heart to heal.

The ballad of a dead soldier to be lost inside at best, to suffer from post-traumatic stress for a life of a mess to be put to an emotional test for the dead to rest the life in the eagle's nest for the time in life to have invested with stress across the chest for life inside to know the rest until one dies for the moment concrete emotional ties to miracle lies.

The Wait

For every day, to be patient you could die, only to wait, to anticipate you can get by, only to have tried to be, led by anxiety, to wait patiently eventually the wait is done. The sun all fears shed by tears only to face the sun, only to wait for the time has come, on an open road, life on the run, never to wait to have too much fun.

To wait for a check, your life in a wreck only to direct what you respect, losing your patience, waiting in line, the longer you wait you losing your mind, only in time you will be gone, waiting in line ready to go home.

The value of patience, on ease you could be, only to give to God, the rest is to be, for a ride in society, the probability is relentless to finish the wait for a song, to come along for a strong finish, that is the beginning of a flash of life that's fast, only to wait to remember the past.

Patience is a virtue for values to be implied for which to live to be denied, unfortunately, to try. For the love inside to be discovered, to wait patiently for a universal lover, only to need each other, the wait for a perfect storm like no other.

The wait can bring the rain for pain, to anticipate to utilize life to maintain, to specialize to participate and realize heaven faith for the wait. To be in patience to visualize with thoughts, for the love of life for the things you brought into a life vault. The front of time can be at the end, for only the wait to recommend, the violet colors illuminate places can be so beautiful, only the wait can be mutual.

The wait to anticipate time for only to exist in mind followed by actions the reaction of choices, with too many voices can be confused, for only wait patiently inside you.

Patience is a virtue of reality for society infrastructure, the structure of time to wait in your mind, only for time to wait with a shine.

The wait is to accumulize, soon to rise, can be transparent sometimes incoherent for the wait to propalize the innovation of pain. The motions of satisfaction can be measured by a fraction, the insulating demeanor of love, for concentrating the wait from above, the angel of love, only to wait for life what it is and for what it was.

The wait of propaganda for something to control, for a life down under hoping to not fold to wonder, only to hold on to the faith of the soul, waiting in line until it's time to go, to the heavens in the benevolent skies. For the wait to anticipate the love of the skylines to take the heart of the fake to turn real, when a life is at stake, the mind of faith to make life as strong as steel, to feel the pain to wait for the sick to die is real, no longer a menace to wait to be revealed a soul to steal wait to heal, only to relieve pain with pills to wait on your heels for the life of a man that kills the wait to anticipate life for death is hollow to be veiled to conceal the reality of the wait to be terminally ill, for the skies to feel, to be seen with eyes in the sky, the benevolent skies.

The moments of waiting anticipating for everything is fine to find that the truth can be blind in the moments of time to be critical and difficult, for the wait to be spiritual to be neutral in the mind to find crimson tides for the life of joy ride to hide inside of life until the day to die in the night with no light to wait until life can be bright for the fight of the benevolent skies as one person dies for a soul sent to the sky.

The wait for an unknown answer to the reasons to be cancer for life has provided a ride into the skies, the wait to be compelled as many times for miracle moments to fall far from hell to rebel in the mind waiting in time, the elements of life in the night for the stars to be bright to see Mars in the light for many bad ways to turn out right for a gifted life.

Love Infractions

The gratification of love can be identified, for satisfaction, the unified love can be a conspiracy of actions of love by fractions. The identity of love is the person themselves, for love to be spared, as love to be disappeared, the vision of love to appear forever to shine love for a ring, a moment in time for love to be a dream. The love of an aphrodisiac to be exact in the frame for love to be tamed, as love can be a pain for love to be sane.

The possibility of love, as one wonders, may love pounder in a form for love to be unknown, a scientific theory for love, to stay strong, the study of love bones join together, to weather the storm, forever falling heart to never be wrong. The information of love has been chattered, the implementation of love does it matters.

For love to be prohibited, for love to be exhibited from one and another heart, only love can be one with the dark. The meaning of love for what love is, only defined by a kiss forever to miss that love can exist. The violet of love is a beautiful sky, to look in the eyes for love is a surprise love on the rise, upon a star for what love is and how far love goes, for the shadows above the sky, for love can be the benevolent skies.

No one knows love can be unpredictable with despicable patterns, love from Saturn love from another planet doesn't take love for granted. In this unslanted world love is a proposition of a boy and a girl, or a man and a woman, only for love with spiritual beliefs, the showers of love came falling on me. May I rise and love eternally for a heart to be eternal, specifically the love of another, physically for the love of a mother.

For the love of friends only to tend, for love to recommend, for the message love sends. Time to heal for love to bend, for love to be comprisable and miserably to be, to love in passion with great capabilities. The astronomy of love in this economy, love is a universal reality for a personality to persevere only in time love will come here.

The pressure of love can be aberrant for love can be transparent. For the development of love to be vibrant, to formalize silent feelings of love, the words are not spoken, a token of love, hoping for love the shadows above, for what love was. Love is a bug, only to get bit, the war of love is explicit.

Love can be afflicted by pain, addicted to pain, to love in the rain, for love to be sane. Prohibited by veins that run through our body love can be joy one big party, to love on the shores, to love in the stores, the infractions of love for the satisfaction of love, as the sun shines love will shine for only in time, love is in mind, far in the delta, never felt a sky that is our shelter over our heads in sight the eyes of the sky watches us with love, for it to try to be right, the day brings night, the light from the benevolent skies came to protect and fight.

To be ready for some action in love fractions to wait for love to come from the sun as it rises, for love to fall from the skies as love lies on the shores of beautiful oceans for love to be in motion as life is the chosen, for love fractions is coasting the roasting beef of beliefs for love to live above all means for love to seem like a heavenly dream.

Obstacles

The obstacles of destruction can be a distraction for the ruling of self-evaluation. The presence of salvation in a form of preparation, to determine the obstacles, the illusion of the mind, is the resolution of time. To evade only to persuade the thoughts for how to think, only to be logical for these unwanted obstacles to sink.

The form of body and mind, destitute and dilute to live in your prime to justify a mind for the obstacles of mine. Only through time a resolution for things, the outcome it brings only a voice can sing, an obstacle revolution, for the obstacle of confusion, consists of all elements to a form of pollution, with no conclusion.

The obstacles of life can be overwhelming the repercussion for disaster an obstacle after, can be too great, for an obstacle to penetrate the mind at stake, an obstacle to manage to take advantage, this is outstanding, planning to convene, an obstacle of human beings, to justify with all means, an obstacle fling.

The road to recovery is an obstacle of faith, only to predicates with an obstacle that's great, with good taste in all, the obstacle of allusion the conclusion in all, an obstacle to fall, an obstacle to rise, the obstacles of the night an obstacle that's small, for an obstacle above light, the being in life's obstacles just might be a wall of obstacles in triumphant.

Reluctant views are seen upon obstacles of reliant, the obstacles of defiant to be processed in science, to the motive of theories for an obstacle to be near me.

To do what you can do, to do what you can't the evolution of life is in drinks, to help me to think, a couple of beers people say cheers, here comes life. An obstacle frantic never to panic, every day in the light, only for obstacles I have to fight, to never give up, life in my shadows to live up to life for every obstacle a moment to define, for who I am, my life on the line.

How ironic can an obstacle be iconic, bionic as an obstacle is Sonic for the ride of life, a distant past to realize, the obstacles of socialism the prize of realism a sentimental logical stray for everyday obstacles to prey, the sky of angels is coming this way, benevolent skies, only for those who tries, to never give up to believe in faith and luck.

The burden of life can be an obstacle to overcome, to be congruent in the lives of some, the sum of all fears as the obstacles appear, the strategy to clear the obstacles that're here.

Obstacles to face every day the parliament the definition of a certain climate to face every day for certain ways to live a life as a stray.

The benevolent skies are easy to see, only afterlife for the skies to be full of beliefs for many times of grief, the power to be, to face obstacles that could be deadly a life like spaghetti to get sick as you eat, the moment for peace for many times to be, to realize for a plan to see.

The obstacle's disadvantage for times of advancements for the life of sovereignty, for the mind of intelligence, as time has commenced, to box in and fence life full obstacles for miracles of the past tense that really don't make sense. The fire in eyes to admire the skies waiting to die for an obstacle to rise to hypnotize the obstacles of evolution for life's contribution of an illusion that caused so much confusion of collusion.

The making of a mind with obstacles to go around to be heavenly bound by life to be profound to go down to find a mind that's blind with many obstacles in mind to find the time they left behind, for the brain to be dead in time, the obstacles to find in one own eyes, the benevolent skies.

The Use of Words

Life without words to say how you feel in the moment, the components of speech will reach the definition of speech. To say what's on your mind each and every time to feel like a crime only, in time words is the power from vocabulary written in dictionaries envisioned in lines, words can explain the feelings in mind. For words can be strong, for the words of being alone, the speech of a mad man's mind that's gone, the fellow words of a mellow bird, to chirp beautiful words.

The use of words can tell its adversities for only words that can hurt, the fantasy is told the words are bold, the words of warmth for somebody to hold.

The words of blunder, the words of thunder that shakes things up, to be optimistic with a half cup, the words of silence for life are really tough so many bad words to have enough.

The facts can't be fiction with words of tradition, lost in super fiction the words of a mission. The words for action to be satisfied, only to rely on how to reply, to verbalize internal thoughts words for situations can be brought to certain circumstances, as words romances for life enhances for participation for words in every situation.

To be degraded over the devastation, the words of pain are simulated, to involve unification to an unknown form, only for words that come in a storm. The terminology of speech comes in many ways, the words of love speak for itself for what it says, only from the heart and nowhere else. The days of words so many said the power of speech something to reach for words to seek, the knowledge you read.

The words of manifestation for the congregation to remain polement, words of evidence words to have sense, for life that can be condensed. The amusement of trials in life activities, In the meanwhile to advance in productivity the reality of words to be observed, only to reserve the ability to be heard.

The velocity of a moment that contacts the mind, for words that have a rhythm to sing for the mind, only to find words of expression for regression of time. The belligerent use of configuent abuse to add up the truth, for words as a youth, life is living proof of life for only you, the words of color may dreams come true.

The words of destiny, to be a final destination, the words of population concreted by inflation, may words be used to complicate, love on the rise words to fabricate, only to alleviate, and deviate from the past, words that would last forever in life as time moves fast.

The words of war, ever galore the historical events to ever explore, words that're in store for power or more, the words to regulate or to procrastinate. The silence of you to debut to solute the words for the living, the heart is forgiving, as barberek, it seems only for special words fill life with gleam words of beautiful streams, as silent as it is, the roar of river falls the words for it all only when mother nature calls, as the rain just poor only for the love of words to have in store.

The words of sin, the words to come in, follow your shadow that you recommend. Waiting for something to happen, words for apologies, for only strategies words for peace. The words of tragedy to live life happily, the sorrows have ended, to live for certain words for tomorrow to begin, befriended by them for the words that're kind, for only words that's in my mind, words of why, the benevolent skies.

The words we choose to use can bring pain to a mind that's already not sane for them to be living in vain in the mind of pain to be lost for words that cannot explain the meaning of pain for words to blurb to disturb for the lost to be strong like concrete for the walls to stand tall for words to be discreet, to follow the words of peace for the destiny of life to be complete.

The pattern to follow for tomorrow full of sorrows for a road that's narrow to shoot an arrow across the sky, to visualize the price of a moment of crimson tides for the life of a joy ride the benevolent skies to rise for words to be heard that came from the unknown to be shown to see for humanity to be at peace for the words of the deceased may they rest in peace.

For powerful words of wisdom the darkness of pride to hide behind the mind of a mad man, the words of kindness the sight of blindness for the might of to find the rest of you to hide at best for the emotions inside, the biological

miracle mile to run to be historical or none for magical words to come in the mind of some.

The use of words to be observed to observe the words that get on people's nerves a life to deserve the good or the bad, words to be sad for words to be glad the urge for words to use when you made the life of a trial to last for a while the words of a lifestyle with all smiles. The terminology of sociology is the verbal expression to go in many directions for words of protection from love and affection.

The words to be symbolic for the life of an alcoholic to indulge in anger, to become a known stranger to danger the words of fire for the words of desires as life transpires to stand tall in the falls of why're the benevolent skies.

The River of Dreams

Under the river is cold, shivering with chills for somebody to hold. The river is gold to get rich, so many people died doing it. The river has a name, death means the river is alive as it streams, to die for a dream. Under the river is a place for the sun, when the river runs, a flow of gold down the steam, this is a river of dreams, so it seems this river is dangerous, the stream of gold is in vain to us, up under the river is a dream, this holy river of streams.

In the dark only to hear frogs, passing by giant logs, the birds are singing, the noise is ringing inside to be thinking. The river is running as it talks, up under the river to walk, the noise of a God, as the river streams hard, fast and rapid, the river of gold under the stream, it seems this is the river of dreams.

The river is complicated, this river can be devastated a river never to be found. A mysterious sound travels around and through, as silent can be, a noise of chants violently, soars the sky, and unwelcome presence of a river that died. As long as they try to live rather than die, an unholy river lies beneath the sky embedded by the history of myths this sacred river of gifts.

For a river to entice, only to sacrifice the price of gold, as the stories are told, the river of dreams remains mysterious, a mystery theme in this dangerous stream only for what it means, the river of dreams. Only for dreaming the river of a demon as it glows with red water, brought from up underneath, only to believe, only to achieve, for what it means the river of dreams.

May the river of gold be tantric, gold on the metric scale, the river of hell, for only to tell, for the smell of gold. This river is bold, with a mind of its own, to show and tell many parishes for gold in this river is hell. The waves are unpredictable, a ritual value the gold must stay in the river to protect the river, the distance between heaven and hell, greed is a sin with a spell, to tell to escape hell for an eye that sees from many seas, the benevolent skies is for our souls to be.

The river of dreams for a mad man screams in a life that has been deemed to be teamed up with those to find an ancient dream as the river falls with screams the shivers of a cold mind to deliver a gold mine to find in a river of ancient time lost treasures of desperate measures to be searching for pleasures.

Defeated

The agony of defeat, to repeat the same thing to fail, only inside is hell, it's hard to tell if you are alive inside. To ride for a challenge to hide, the loss of pride with some joy, what little to have to enjoy. To advise your assessments to realize the adjustment to prevail. For the things to smell, the aroma in the skies filled with denials for trials and tribulations. To be defeated can be an emotionally repeated, only for something to feel, for life to be concealed to feel the wind from a windmill, as time sits still for a moment of thrills to send a message down your body with chills for a way of pain to feel for blind thoughts to be real, to be taught a life of steel, to be defeated forever to love can kill.

The form of life is full of choices, for voices in mind, as solemn to define for a pattern to be blind to fall on your behind. The failure of love for the wait up above the sky as outer space, life is a rat race, to live is to die to stay in place.

The defeat to be repeated for the sorrows of cries no one realizes but the benevolent skies, for a life of broken ties telling too many lies for a heart that dies and cries to defeat in the midst of the night for light in life.

The eyes are full of faith, only to be defeated by you, repeated by all means, seems this is a pattern that's streaming for to be in a dream. Life can be fragile as agile to be defeated by society for imminent views to be obscure to remain sure for an opportunity to be cured.

Life in plural formation, only for separation to define my situations with obligations for possibilities. The things inside that are killing softly, as often lost for words, cannot speak, only to seek for the answers to be.

Only to identify for the love of life, may time pass open with perass to be harassed walking in tall grass. Hoping to see me on the other side of success, for only I live to fail with stress, to believe in a mess, this is a test. Only to be defeated remain seated against all odds for only inside the faith of God to

believe it and see it, with an eye for the eyes from the sky, that see you and everyone, the eyes of the benevolent skies, to get the job done.

For the eyes of eve the nights to breathe the sun for fun the benevolent skies to come for the way life runs, to stay top gun for the beloved shadow to come for the sum of love to add up above the skies of magic for mystical tragic the mythical ways of humanity bad habits, for sanity to be savage for the walk of the defeated for a life to be havoc.

The defeated is low on energy the sympathy is empty to simply walk in gold to sell their soul to be mighty like King Kong for everything to go wrong for a sad song for a time in the mind to come along to stay strong in the long road to go, as the sun cover a shadow to believe in tomorrow the evolution of human anatomy of the academy for scholars the ones to make more than one dollar the defeated to be repeated, to be seated among the sun to rise, for the benevolent skies.

The making of a heart to be strong as life carries on to belong to the right not the wrong in the night, to fight for a life of the light the power of might despite the light to come in the middle of the night, to be defeated as many times to be repeated to stay seated in life to remain undefeated.

Only Inside

Only inside is a ride for life, the ride to the light, filled with joy, to employ people to work for God, but not to destroy. Only to allure for what's pure, my heredity rains heavily upon me like a disease, to be sure the emotions of living are inside of me to be cured.

Only inside of me is complicated, for the walk of life can be devastated. A world that's overpopulated to have concentrated on views to reply, only for I shall weather the storm, only been warned, inside of me is warmth, to be consistent in the norm.

The prophet for catastrophic events to be enhanced to advance for only a chance to provide what's inside, a plan for pride to take a ride to go inside of life to find the night of a holy life the conclusion of a resolitional response to reveal pain upon the rain, to go insane for a moment to breathe to see life as a tool to school the mind to find faith when times are blind to find the benevolent skies.

Insanity for all that's in me, for sympathy to comfort the broken, hardly spoken to be advised to realize death as a surprise.

For only inside that I rise to the occasion, for the relations released with an ultimatum, the fabrication of love is life. The death of life is to live to be one with yourself, the beliefs to believe, the visions to see for what's coming in a dynamic adventure. A panoramic system of reality, for casual use to lose and find a way back to you, to pursue an avenue to rise, to entice for the night in the benevolent light to rise as the benevolent skies.

To Be You

To be authentic invented to be you, for you to do you, the perfection to be protected from emotional effects the nominal direction to go. The anomaly of a chapter to be, for hospitality to be received only to be, let me be me for who I am standing like a dam wall, never to fall, only can be damaged in all.

The ideology of me is possibly full of profanity understandably for one man's sanity to remain human to be ordained the vision of pain. For silent quotes to promote the inner you, for the reasons that're true, the interested out stated person of velocity full of animosity to live with philosophy educated theories of atrocities with probable cause.

The mission for law, an imaginary vision he saw, an illusion of something astronomical, a visual continuation of a population to be, only inside of me. The infidelity of love to rise above the sky, only when love stall's that's when the sky falls, only inside you can feel big or small to stand ten feet tall, knowing yourself for wealth and health, forever in all. To be recemented as time is splendid for the descendant to arrive, a surprise entices to be nice, for a particular price, only to pay for his judgment day, for only to live a stray, for a good day as the sunsets across the ocean for motion as the waves plunder through the water the spirit of his lost daughter, the light of the benevolent skies.

The integration of thoughts the revelations he saw, the preparation to be, the desperations he sees, life with no quality, for him to be, only inside him that's all he can be. Miraculously with positivity for longevity for life to intervene to be obscene deemed to be a way to escape reality.

Only you can be you in many forms, a life of storms, to reform probability, the utility to live, to be derogatory. The mobility to give, the ability to communicate to insinuate to concentrate to evaluate you, for what you do for life to annihilate the truth, in you.

To Blunder into the Skies

To blunder into the skies, as someone dies lyse ruins, brewin for sensational deeds for individual needs, to succeed to prevail for life is a living hell. Only to tell the odds against time, to reminisce to be conspicuous for the elements in mind, to define insidious glory times. As life rise to entice a delightful warm way of thunder, for the reasons why to blunder into the skies.

As one humble man tries, he realized his life was congruent to be ruined for many reasons he was influential with differential treason with formalities. Highly contagious to his personality, outrageous with kindness which led him to blindness, an unfortunate to appreciate the values of appropriate life.

Up in the sky are stars where there is light, only for him to blunder in the skies with life.

A ridiculous song for a miraculous tone to go over with chants, to enhance the lives of a lost man, forgot his name for he is not sane.

Only to obtain a structure of validation for immediate diverted moves to the sky, inserted groves as he dies, a wonder as he blunders into the sky.

Only to deviate to alleviate the imaginational mind, to eliminate the progressional find, only inside he has an exceptional mine. For all that life means, as solemn as he can be, the sky is a fantasy, a fanatic affair, only to be despaired for no one to really care, for his life in this air. Thunder on the rise for a blunder in the skies.

The malnourished form takes place, you can see how sick he is, in his face, for God to take his place, his eyes are pierced with grace and fierce with hate, to deliberate ungrateful waste, to not live with faith. Only to participate in voluntary debate, love over hate to the consulate to consolidate only the walk he will make, a blunder in the sky, awaits him when he dies, death has a plan for you and me.

He has no ultimatum for preparation for the ending of life, the sending of the night the moon is full, only to endure the obligations to be sure. Only he

remains pure, for the facilities of cures, to send him abroad to lure, looking for God the revolutions of the words to speak is hard by his nature to regard, for each sin he has committed, his life is prohibited, exhibited by God. Only when he dies, a blunder in the skies, for heaven when one dies as hard as he tries, is a heaven in the sky, the benevolent skies.

The blunder from up under to fall down yonder to pounder with thunderbolts to jolt into wonder boats as life floats into the seas to believe in the night of thunder to blunder into the skies as someone dies to realize time is short for life is a sport to resort to stay on course as life can be forced for a vision of course to lay down a law for time has been raw, to see life fall in the midst of it all, blunder into the benevolent skies to wonder when someone dies.

Trials and Tribulations

Trials and tribulations, a mind of conditions known for situations to listen, to comprehend only to fend for the mind not to bend. May the roads we walk tell our lives, for only inside you can deprive, no longer to strive, to stay alive, in relation to trials and tribulations a look in your eyes, with great anticipation to only to get by, in the day to day transformation for trials and tribulations.

The opposition of therapy a theory of passive to proceed to structure to believe, the sensation of greed to swallow joy for pride a nation inside, a natural high. A decisive state of mind to find written in time, the obligation of life can be imagined in mind, for the reason of love is waiting above far and yonder down under the road you walk, the message to talk and be speared, only to be cared for with great expectations, for trial and tribulations.

A natural-born leader his procedure to conflict, to addict the public with explicit derogatory fumes convicted to loom the legion of doom. The clouds are gleaned, for a life of profanity for what life means to enhance his sanity. The canopy of ideology is a form of his philosophy of an astronomical event to prevent, the relations of trials and tribulations, an emotional state being to convene to vent.

To live in false pretenses his life is tense only to convince, what makes sense, the probable cause, for life as he saw, the government of law. The vision of innovation for trials and tribulations, the sound of a mockingbird, for the words that are heard, only to be observed, for whiling is blurb forever disturbed with many violations for trials and tribulations.

The political power and advantages, as an evangelist is scandalous to manage this, world of observations and humanization. The power he has every day, he works for the CIA to cooperate and conciliate to cooperative governmental debates.

Only he relates to unjustifiable crimes, as long as he lives, his life is time, the elements of prime the justice for peace the relevant of cease to ease the

Middle East. At least his life is a secret, indecent proposal, only for a life that's disposal, easy to clean, a government official clerical state of being, foreseeing the light in the benevolent skies.

Paradise

To be in paradise a life to roll the dice, to entice the beautiful light to be, with great possibilities of pleasure to measure eternal reality. The angels of doves, with love to live in this paradise, far insight is the rage to be cleansed with sage, to unite the battles of infidelity for love to keep telling there is a place to go, only to arrive, to live and die, for a life in paradise.

To be ideological to be philosophical in the biological astronomy of paradise, on the horizon of being a stereotype, to unity with inside to be a prize to express insanity. The vision of paradise is only to be utilized to overcome reality, the propaganda of standards to be a burden beneath and underneath the fire of sociology, in reverse psychology the astronomy is powerless, to be careless for life to be under and over the sun, the benevolent skies the horizon of the sun to come.

To be one inside of paradise, only to find to be a stereotype, to improvise is paramount a life to be a prototype to imagine life in paradise for the sun to rise, only to be hypnotized by the visions in eyes. This place of lust to not trust, to battle inside a life that has been denied, only to be fainted this life is tainted and crazed with fantasies for a life of proगतivities, only for advice, the land of paradise.

To be opinionated for life to be saturated only to live with great motivation, to be unprepared for the terms of life's preparation to survive each situation, for the sun to rise, in paradise.

A protocol methodical life indulges by alcohol the vision to be hypothetical to the mind of critical matters, this life of a living hell 7.5 on the Richter scale, only to breathe and live well, as your earth shakes, to do what it takes to not make mistakes.

Only to live in isolation in paradise is the final destination, with obligations with no hesitation to generate the mind, to insinuate with time. The mind is infiltrated with automated desires to admire to be transpired by fire, the

obvious to be a curious illusion of affections for love in the wrong direction, a cold heart is for protection.

Paradise only to find light in the dark for a life of Mozart the feeling has loomed that glooms of glamour a condescended tone of grammar. To properly internalize your thoughts, to memorize those things at fought, to accept those who cross the line you taught yourself to have, only to see the life of paradise lies in front, complies to one, for life to come in a fashion of some, only in paradise the rising of the sun. To be curious and serious for a place in the skies, behold the place of paradise as it lies on the benevolent skies.

Time

To synchronize time to realize the time, the elements of life are the events of the time to live inside the mind. To rewind time to reminisce about the past, how life goes fast, at last at ease with time, for life it doesn't cost a dime to accumulate time for what life is, deep like the abyss time to fix, time to heal, a time for everything in life that's real, to see how you feel for life thrills for time to kill, for the life of I, the development benevolent skies. The theater of time is a mutual sign for a miracle to trickle down a line in time to be next, for life at best, the sky that protects, for why, the benevolent skies.

Time can be condensed to be immersed with strategies for strength in tragedies for life casualties the reality of time, to position in mind, to follow a thought, for a grateful line to walk and follow the road is hollow, to live for tomorrow to embrace and face the pain and sorrows. The land is narrow with rug edge edges as time wedges between the vine in the mind is a divine obstacle to accumulate time dialogical to concentrate when time is difficult to tolerate.

The nostalgia of time is to remember in mind for the feeling of time, to eliminate ways, to terminate days to only live with faith to not stray for happy days. Time of deviance to be exuberance the elements to parliament for the breath-taking moments, time components for only it will be, time of life, to be a beauty like maple leaves, the violet colorful tree, for time terminology.

Time in the tropics for life topics to convince what makes sense to evaluate the time, participate in time only to find the value of time can be condensed. To take a hint, the quality of the mind is evaporated by time to commence, designated by time to generate a time to confluence the conclusion to the illusion of time. As years just fly, to get old and die, only to multiply the strains of DNA the birth of a new life today.

Time can cross many bridges, surrounded by ridges to crumble and fall, or to have faith to stand tall, only in life in the time you can feel small, to still be

lost in all, for time just flows one must grow for the others to know. The compliance of time for the science of the mind, for time to be blind, only to bend for time to recommend, only to offend for time to comprehend.

The trends to be properly for time to be cooperly the days to alleviate only to appreciate as time passes by, only to reply to remain essential for time to be detrimental to uphold and not fold as life and time goes.

The Vigilante

The world of troubled individuals, the spiritual natural mankind, the hero in mind, he's hard to find, one of a kind, a man in time, can stop on a dime. Only to compete with fire his life is admired, for love and desire heroic efforts to transpire for him, life is on the wire. A man that's not human, but immortalizes his strength to visualize to save lives, to criticize human anatomy, the apathy of love, the vigilante stands above.

When things are catastrophic he is the public prophet with vengeance to emerge to diverge relentlessly as he serge for the urge of revenge. Only to send a message to contain the main reason to obtain and sustain keeping society safe and sane. The super-being that's not human, far from another place in space, the astronomical Bionicle vigilante, the savior of the behavior of humanity.

To be precise, he's really nice, only for the media to write, a hero in the night to be the light of an individualized stereotype. Only he fights those that harm the innocent, the reaper of revenge for those who killed loved ones to face a death sentence. The dos and don'ts for those that want, for him to be immortalized to be on the front lines for war to be humanized for sanity to be utilized.

With an abundance of condolence, the vigilante of the insolence of impudence to conclude for him to do. The law can't prove, so the case got dropped, nothing can stop him as he revenges one's death, the vigilante is all in one breath. To exhale on a massive scale of envy, for people's destination to be trendy for concerns of many. He is in friendly and abnormal state of being, to revolutionize life's meaning, the vigilante the protector of evil, to be lethal for life seemingly only to be safe meaningfully.

A moment of intuition the mission to kill those who killed for his ambition, the sky of darkness falls, he lives with no love at all in a land of superstition waiting for time to stall. To walk a road to roar, a life to soar, for what he has instilled, for murders cannot be ignored.

For many forms of inconspicuously to be ridiculously as viciously, the history of the vigilante, for insanity he's called the Praying Mantis, the reality to revenge in vain for the pain to utilize and to be specialized to be absorbed again and again. For those who lost loved ones, to be killed in sin, behold of the vigilante to seek revenge, to begin at the end, the loss of friends and kin, for the spirits to rise after death a moment, a breath for life ties the benevolent skies of the vigilante.

The Dungeon of Love

Deep down for sexual tendencies for sexual fantasies for the reality of sex to be stimulated, to be innovated for simple forms of erotic desires, for sex to be inspired for the moment to admire, the bed's is on fire. The entire moment of fun, the sex under the sun, for sex beyond, the dungeon of love, far from above the sexual security for love.

Love without sex can be devastated, for only to have sex, it must be recreated to imply sexual circumstances to enhance the romance for sexual advance for love to have a chance. For sex to be adored it must be explored, to absorb sexual sensation for the elevation of sexuality, sex in the dungeon for many personalities, the agility to be in the moment of lust, for love with good sex may have trust.

The sexual existence with physical assistance sex can be relentless as general and kind, only to find sexual deeds in time, for sexual needs in mind. Sex is symbolic for the moment to be exotic, only to be ordained for love to remain, the tendencies of affinity the quality of love is sex, the sensual form at best.

Pornification for fornication with explicit individualization for sexual salvation the dungeon of love. Only to be an orgy for sex to be loved, love with no insecurity, for love with only sexual infidelity. A place to be delighted and hardly lighted, this place is not quite for sexual intent at its highest, the defiance and reliance of temptations for highly sexual participation in group sex for fornication.

Among the duration of sex in exploration the devious love for mischievous ways, to understand for sex is the way, to explore too with aphrodisiac sex maniacs, in order for them to love each other, is to have random sex with others. The fact is sex is for reproduction, a conclusion for the destruction of sex is the gift of a child, only to raise, for less sex to remain in exile.

The faith of a sexual appetite remains in both, for the truth of things, to get horny and swing, a part of many things, to be unfaithful and faithful for sexual means, the love of sexual themes. A sexual manor is formed by values, only to be true for the things inside you. A sexual desire as life transpires the seduced behaviors for sensational evaders sexually elevators, the purity of sex can be violated, highly concentrated for love to be regulated penetrated by love is what's above for life, the benevolent sky at night.

Sex is the envy of love, only comply the reason for sex, to reply the breathing down the neck, the moment in heat, the desire to be inside the person for sex, for sex to sound like hymns, the diamond of gems the sounds of moans set the tone, for sexual encounters to end up alone. Only if love is strong to last in the dungeon, for love to be abundant full of sexual pride and happiness in conjunction to function for love, for sex in the dungeon.

The mind of sexual nature a place in fantasy the extras of the night to get swept of your feet for the sign of sexual peace to at least have sex like a beast the fight in life to see for the sexual purpose of sexual possession for an erotic lesson as sex progresses to send home a message.

The dungeon of love with twisted fate in a thin line between love and hate, to debate sexual confrontations is a place for sexual preparation for sexual presentation the makings of spending off to feel someone body that's soft, to have sex in the loft at all cost of infidelity to probably get a divorce instead of staying married.

The Swan

Once upon a time, a swan came to town, only to be found, the swan of beauty as good as it sounds. Her eyes glared with joy, the eyes of the sun the girl had fun, she came to run, in all boundaries, the talk of the town, the glories of humanity to be found or discover pure beauty on the top of the mound, a lover of affection to send men in the wrong direction, to control with arms.

The swan was a woman of intelligence to be with elegance. Love was irrelevant only to be heaven-sent, eventually to prevent, to live silavent. Her apathy for love was persuaded easily to invade then to evaporate, to liberate to evade. She lived in a treacherous way, only for deliverance in a mysterious song, when she came along, everything went wrong, a woman of intoxicating beauty manipulate the minds exclusively for men who had wives to tend for the wrong reasons for all seasons.

The town was on a spell no one could tell that the swan was from hell. Only the beauty can be intriguing, the ears are ringing, when she starts to sing, the start of a lonely heart by all means. The delicate woman of depreciations for certain situations, the evolution of time for manifestation the woman of a generation, the beauty of manipulation.

The power she held was scary in mind, only in time, five divorces and more in line, a home breaker, a money taker, the woman of prophecies with no religion. The fuse of fire a girl of superstition, the time to admire, a girl of inspiration the evaluation for the elements to exist only to consist for who she wants to miss to deploy her mission is to destroy, only to avoid the one she could love.

When she sings with a mythical voice, to love her is a critical choice, only for love to disappear the appearance is here, only for love if she cares to be clarified as an emotional nightmare. As the night glared the look in her eyes, they bedazzled with a look of surprise, as beautiful as the skies, with stars and

lights, when she came, despite how things change, everybody loves how she sang.

Is her love can be attainably sustainable to marry in heart, a new love of the dark, with a voice that sparks with glamorous hymns a voice that simmers the mind, a voice that lifts vines with the flower in pines the voice of time. The voice of beauty, she's complicated infatuated by her only beliefs, for love to be stolen like a thief, for the pain she reaped only to seek, individuals with families. Life to explore forever or more, she never cared only lonely hearts to spare for those she had an affair, only to date married men, for sexual preference the evidence of sexual intercourse, with no remorse for her for a man to get divorced, only if the man had a voice, this is the tenth time a man made that choice.

The swan came and left, the town never slept, things would not be the same, when the swan came to town, for only love now is something much higher, the skies are not liars, only the truth for the things people do the benevolent skies to protect you.

The Mourning Night

The prediction of time can be addicted in mind, for the mind to consume to run on fumes, to inspire for you to admire the vision of resolution to evolve with contributions. The premonition of prediction of death, for life, is a breath to take for all sakes, the vision to wake up, the times you had enough, from facts to fiction, to live in a world of predictions.

The predictions for life to be civil, to be liberal for the time of the Hebrew only she knew, a clue to predict, to convict within inside you the predictions to find you. To illuminate to accumulate the pieces to create a future to hope and see, forever a destiny, with no animosity. To predict to assemble for the symbol of a sign, for the message of a passage through time, the predictions to find, can be eased by mind, to be pleased in time, for the nature of life terms to learn that fire burns, only to turn a situation for the entire storm to end concerns, the skies come with terms, the benevolent skies to be firm to regulate as one dies.

In the fire of flames, this girl to be predicted came, from the thunderstorm in rain, she was predicted conflicted with pain, the joy of a world to see this girl. Only for predictions to come true, as far as you knew, as time passes through the tunnel for a few, this girl is the only one that knew.

By all means, some predictions are extreme the theme of a dream, only it seems this girl to predict was a dream. As showers of a beautiful flower, she stood like an elegant tower, the prediction of a beautiful queen, only for life to be obscene.

To predict the notion for life, as the light in the sky past, the motion of an unorthodox familiarity to live and last for a box of cash. Barley holding on to faith, only she has the answers for hate, she from another place for her to be admired with grace, not a trace of evidence of her residence, she had powers to predict, as the world was in a panic, people are frantic, never to take life for granted.

She came from a place called Atlas, a God was sent to us as the world was coming to an end, for planet earth to be swallowed in the dark hole that lies in the universe, a sacred place for the souls, only to be cursed, with no place to go.

Lord have mercy for the evil ones as shallow as they come, from the bottom of drinking rum, only to condemn people of some. Only when she came to our planet and it was safe, for the life we take, the perilous of malice can be complicated for why our planet wasn't obliterated, only we live with observations to predict for preparations can be devastated.

To face adversity to be thirsty to live, only to be positive, for her as a prism of realism known as a miracle, for life to sustain is historical. Life remains in these difficult times to be hard, she came as a biblical God, the power of love can make us strong, that's what she left, then she was gone.

Only to predict in my dreams, only it seems, to live, by all means, she was a mystery that came to fight, to be glad to be alive to see the northern lights, as humanity gathers its sanity, only to emphasize for those who died, for the purpose to realize the mourning night.

War of Society

War arouses all senses to its mental capacity for the war of society, for the world to head in the wrong direction a viral infection, for war and protection. For love and affection the moment of truth to blow through the roof, to be bulletproof. Bedazzled by true meaning to suffer for believing, to achieve in society the world to enhance to endure what's pure only to advance.

To live in bad habitation for qualifications lead to the fabrication of the sequences for situations to evolve to be condensed for life to be silavent for the purpose of society's creation of technology. For sociology the phycology is scarce, as drugs became a source to be dared to escape fear for only a proposition to be prepared, the war in society is here in the air we breathe is fumes, the warning of global warming to melt the earth soon.

The changes evolve the study of how the universe was created can never be solved, for society to fall under a spell, only to tell for society to fail. To many people in jail, the life of a living hell, to become a running rebel to face the devil's hypothetical lies, for political ties, to face reality with eyes, to see the surprise, before the sun rises.

For the people that're unemployed for a shattered life that is being destroyed, only to avoid being evicted conflicted buy drug addiction. The mission is full of people that can't sleep, being homeless and sleeping in the streets, to change poverty, the anatomy of humanity is how far can sanity goes before people let go, to be insane to be ordained with strategies for tragedies when it came.

The real estate of oasis with many places for many faces, to occupy many races or religions, the fighting pigeon a society of superstition. The demolition constructed by the government reluctant urgent action of personification the polemic of verbalization to change civilization. The velocity of society is war economically, the atrocities are stored for astronomical liabilities the utility of humanity.

To be diabolic essentially symbolic to communicate to take appropriate action for satisfaction and a reaction with confidence and joy, for society's war.

The methodical logical actions of words, to speak and be heard, some words to strike a nerve to get what you deserve, to only reserve the passion ebbs. To get high to face obligations, vanity for conciliation to be involved of affiliation, to observe the prodigal son the sinister of a mythological personal to be cast away for the life of living hell, in society to show and tell, the curse for democracy war and tragedy the epitome of society for war casualties.

The history for the misery of the obviation of Jews, the fire with fuse, the oppression of insidious action for evil intent to convert terror, to look into the mirror. For obedience in society with deviance in society as a hole looking for the mole, the lost soul, for the precaution of the mentality of observations for the ability to elevate with limitations, to probate with litigations for the emancipation of authority in law to control minorities, for war in society, to wonder how the sky be, a fantasy of envy, to love plenty, for many souls to come, the rising of the sun, for why the benevolent skies.

Creative Thoughts

People with creative thoughts can be therapeutic to be disputed for things to be included in thought of mind. The thoughts of time and how fast it goes, only the elderly know for which the thoughts are gold to be old. Creative thoughts for global evolution, the conclusion is highly concentrated for a condensed world that's overpopulated, saturated with lust, for the mind to trust with thoughts of to become dust for thoughts to be processed to proceed for needful deeds.

Creative thoughts to create many devices that come with many prices, for the thief in the night, for cyberspace technology to steal out of sight. Creative thoughts of the past as life moves fast for people to break like glass, creative thought can last. For longevity for a pyrrhic victory, creative thoughts in history for electricity were created by Edison, the rising of the sun for a beautiful mind to come.

Critical thoughts can be contagious a thought of many stages can be outraged with the creative thoughts of people in cages. For the life of creation, the liberation of man-made technology for biology to create biological chemicals to kill, for only a scientific study on weapons that will, creative thoughts in the war for a weapon to fight, to be creative to live for the night, to bring out the sun for many or none maybe one will come, the light of the sky remains a mystery only to see to get rid of mystery.

When the darkness comes, the horizon of the sun, for the creative mind of some, to accumulate the odds of gravity for people on earth to accelerate in motion to stand and fly for devotion. Life with beautiful emotions to cry, for those who die, how beautiful for a mind to be with good thoughts that are taught for life's realities, the pattern of socialism the prism light in the cloud to stand tall, and talk loud to be proud, for how a creative mind can be for a destiny to find, for a life in the benevolent skies.

As the sky falls for nothing at all, the mission is small to stand tall for the seasons of fall as the river falls for all creative thoughts to be seen, from eyes in the sky as life passes by, for life as it falls, for nothing at all for the reasons for the meanings to recall.

The creativity to come in a fashion of a new style for one to smile with good thoughts to have brought the urge for creative thoughts for the verge of sedative minds, concentrative minds to be oblige to dodge time to find creative minds.

For Nothing at All

The mind of obedience to achieve or deceive the conjunction of familiarity obstacles for prosperity to properly state the mind of autumn, the fall of nothing to be inspired before life expires. For nothing at all, life can be small, to install another moment to recall, for things in all, a supplement to be healthy, as your health is wealth, for life to live inside yourself to be able or capable not enabled as the tables turns in life, the light in the night, only to remain the same in all, for nothing at all.

The innocents of children are something pure, to make sure to file your lifestyle to be sick and cured, only to lure a substantial amount of theoretical solutions for society as a whole, for construction of the constitution, to find to be mold. Life can be intoxicated to be paradoxically emulated to be biblically stimulated, the conclusions in all, life is a struggle to slip and fall, only to remain for nothing at all.

To advocate the visions of beliefs the silence of being cheap, only to reap what you saw, the prophecy of the law not to break, for only sins to make. For things to take, a heart is at stake, for evil to penetrate, to alleviate the structure of an evolving planet, that is society a variety of colonies for harmony to be granted peace on this planet, for civilization to be civilized.

To insinuate the emotions for preoperational adversities the quality to be diverse, the unknown universe the cycle of life, at times to pay the price to be enticed for something that's obsolete, to seek for the light at the end of the tunnel remains to be humble, to stumble and fall, only to get up for nothing at all.

The mangled triangles for life accomplishments for dead Presidents the astonishment to achieve the schedule God have for you to be pleased. Life is a disease, a chemical reaction in society, the agreed procedures to proceed, the deeds of constraints to hold or behold, never to fold to succeed.

To live with a disabilities disease for lows in life to be atomistic to believe, for everything to be. The eliterate personal response to respond, to be fond of, above all things, and to hold inside there's gold, the soul of an angel for life to dangle, the stranger the fall, life in danger for nothing at all.

The providence of humanity, the relevance of sanity, the gifted insanity, the conducted conclusion compromising with confusion the motive of a revolution the constitution to be in denial. Life on the Nile, like a river that flows, the waters are shallow for someone to grow, for life to fall you must first stand, only to understand for nothing in all, for so many things that hurt for nothing at all, life in the skies when someone dies, for life to be recalled, the benevolent skies in all.

For nothing at all to barely be able to stand tall, to be disable to only fall for time to be stable to be able to envision life to be big, not small, for nothing at all to fall in someone's hands to understand things that have value with means to follow a hollow dream, the benevolent skies of dreams the power to be as it seems to be a reality for nothing at all the possibility for a personality to be lovely.

Waiting for the Sunrise

Waiting for the sun to rise on a beach, only to reach the sky at the moment, the components of life in the light, hoping a future is bright, only to be covered by night. The petaloid is devoid of sensations to be deployed for what life destroys to avoid. The embodiment of a regiment ready to fight the life out of sight, belonging to night for the distance to fall, the life of a soldier in all.

Waiting for the sun to rise, as well for the sun to set, the beauty of the blue skies, with heat degrees that's high on the rise to be wise. Only for life to be defined by moral values, to participate in pyramidal a spiritual confondone to lie upon the sun for a vision to come. The bona fide liar the words of fire, for time to expire, the entire sun has risen to be superstitious, as a vicious level of heat, to be compelled, only felled in the burning seat. Only to reminisce, the sun that's waiting to be, a symbol to see, the marital fantasies for love and equality, the nympho phonomonone the dapradounded of philosophy, with velocity for the vicinity to awake for no mistake to situate the living under the sun.

To wait for the sun to rise is seeing heaven in the skies, the realization of condiments to eat to die, from which one does to survive. The liberal sanctuary for subsidiaries to abide by to construct to divide the lies fake stories are told by. Life in the night, the bridge is high, because of being high, the socialization of concentration to vindicated to be operated in a state of mind to cooperate for the use of the sun is to have fun.

Miraculously as catastrophe strikes for the impression of dislikes, the measure of life, at the instance of light, to cauterize internal wounds to soon, to load hard drugs in the pipe, as high as the stars at night, an unholy ride, not to be supervised by God for nothing to hide for life is hard.

With regards to the fiasco to stop the theatrical phenomenal typical route, handed down by many generations, the parts of genes that create humanization.

For the DNA inside of whom it may concern the sunburns, time to get high in life to learn.

The mythical political prisoner, a life of critical decision the division of countless revenues for convicts to pay dues, with cheap labor, a behavior he had, to stay high and be glad, not mad. A horrible story passed at last to laugh, no longer incarcerated, to be faded in the sun, only to subdued to be rude, only to conclude the addiction of drugs in the sun. The sun rises, here come some, people in denial put on trial criminal profile locked up and wild, the ones that're dumped.

For a gloomy cloudy overcast day to get high, the sun's not out, no life in the sky, the vision to apply, the mission to advise, preying the sun just rises, to imply joy, for life can destroy moments to remember, in September to become a member of God, he made a change for life was hard, only to prevail a life from hell, the awakening of some, may bring the sun to rise no more waiting in time, to be protected by the benevolent skies.

The Moment

The moment to reveal the life of steal hard and solid never to feel the pain to heal, the vision for a moment is real. The purpose of a solution for contributions for conclusions to arrive to be deprived of life to stay alive, the integral prize to realize the refusal for abusive acts can be so complicated, to separate love from hate, a moment to serenade to probate concrete evidence the residence of love at the moment to be, a moment like no other, a moment to suffer the tougher things get, to live in harmony for life to be legit. The worthy of the life to be advanced the property to enhance a strategic astronomical stance for romance to dance like the moment is yours, to adore to explore for a moment in the store forevermore.

For a moment to achieve if you believe for a moment to be, to be under siege the river to swim, a light that's a dime, the trees need to be trimmed a life that's hemmed with lust and envy within a fantasy a desire that's on fire a moment to inspire for life in a moment to admire for time expires. The eagerness to live for a moment to convene the leverage of means, the delicateness of love to be a human being. For every word that's a song, in life to come along to remain strong for a moment in tongues, to speak for the wrong, with kindness evict the capability of blindness addressed to convict, explicit as this, to amount to exist a plan to comprehend only to tend to fend for something to come in.

Open the doors for a moment of recognition the position to receive a moment to deceive a proper door to open with please a virus or disease. For a state of mind to collapse to fall perhaps the collision to crash for life to bash for a moment for cash. To establish a lavish formation for gravity to land on your feet, the anatomy of a vigilante, the antics of random acts for a moment of satisfaction in full capacity to develop in drastic measures of mental telepathy, the conclusion of an illusion for a moment to be, the eyes in the skies watching you and me.

In close encounters for the soul to rest, to die with respect, a moment to reject the fusion to inject the vision to ignore the living galore forever or more, the moment before the same as the floor, a good night sleep when you are poor. The moment of poverty to accomplish the components of robbery the villain is killian in vain life rides like a train the infamy of sanity with great possibilities for humanity can be bleak, a moment to seek to understand an unfaithful identity untraceable remedy the moment of infinity.

To remember the moment for credentials and fax the proper moment to be sentimental in life to the full max, the tax of life is governmental, to remain constitutional for distributional content heaven-sent from the parliament the political events for the message that it sends, only to come in for life to recommend the daily sins of all, only to remember when you stumble and fall, to get up and stand tall the moment of all, to call for the life in the benevolent skies as the darkness arrives and fall.

For a moment to breathe to conceive life to be, to receive pain to see down under for a life to live in vain to wonder about pain, for a strain to explain the value of the brain for the mind to be tamed, in a world that's insane, the mile of a river that flows like veins, the message is rain, the storm of the century the battle of emotional pain.

Killing Fields

The myth of the killing fields is legendary. The vision is scary hell. Mary's mind is blurry. Life rushed in a hurry, many women missing and buried. The outstanding sin of all, to kill and see one crawl, to fight and claw to live from death, and unholy grave to buried and left. The evil of men the chronicle fringe to drank to the end, only to begin his endeavor of sin to allow madness to come in, to occupy his mind and reality to cross boundaries for his insane profanities for his acts to be fabricated, to kill he is fascinated to be provocative, his mind is intoxicated his prerogative is unsaturated.

He remains optimistic as a narcissistic sociopath. He killed every woman that crossed his path, as a psychopath to kill and laugh a suicidal psychotic schizophrenic. thunderstorms make him cry and panic. He's taking Xanax to ease his mind for the following time. The proper breakdown for his grind to evaporate the adventure to heal and the illusion to kill. He is a doctor who saves and kills lives. He is good with knives and has a lonely wife that doesn't have a life. A person the community loves for those above the shadow to love was not in the nature of a madman to dispose of the magnitude of danger from a well-known stranger. A doctor of war, to war with himself, to feel self-reliance the defiance of man in limble the science of a nympho to kill is on his memo. The academics of higher education with over exaggeration, the incineration of probable cause, the flaws of the law, he saw.

An enthusiastic person for severe drastic measures of life, waiting for the moment to be right to strike again, to kill in his homeland. The unbelievable moments to be, so many crimes scenes for all means to seem so tragic, he killed like magic, alcohol was his bad habit he runs like rabbits to stay in shape a good doctor every day. The senseless rapes he has committed to be unfitted conceptions to be unforgiving exceptions, the viable to be liable actions to be feasible for his satisfactions for the envy of women, he is one of a kind, come

across to be a kind man with love from the dark the evil inside a surgeon of the heart.

The killings stopped and started for a period of time, the furious mind, the prime of his time has been filled, he killed with grace a patriotic place for a mind to be traced. The closer time gets for him to be caught, he is elusive very well taught to avoid being caught. His DNA was discovered on a body, the girl he killed in an abandoned building lobby, killing was his hobby to Saving lives as a doctor was his career. The abominable cavalier stealing human hearts like souvenirs. The time finally heard the evidence was really clear that the doctor was here at the scene, the scene in the forest was a gruesome sight. An enthusiastic theme to a dream to be deemed when a girl screams, this case is exclusive for a killer that is elusive with a future of psychopathic homicides for him to visualize the exception he epitomizes to be an example of Ted Bundy the evil to be somber the elements to wonder in the place on a hill that feels like heaven down under. With the abundance of time to preserve, the killer has emerged on the verge to surrender with the urge to confess his crimes the doctor at times a divine killer in a shallow mind. The cases were solved to result revolve as cold bodies were drugged up from a shallow grave, a tantric place for the afterlife to lay, a cold day to see things in society to be this way the explanation acts that can't be explained for a man insane to kill for his pain.

The myth of the killing fields is a legend at heart, only for the synthetic people of dark the communicational art a form only to comprehend for a message to send, for the killer to avenge. The nature of mental therapy to kill is to fuel to kill, the mission to be a duel to explain only inside of pain the creation of a monster to live in vain for the pressure in society to maintain. The lives that were lost to be sincere, the climax of murders is feared for people to disappear, for lives to be saved for he betrayed his career as a doctor and a man of trades to pursuit the emotions to kill that made him feel this way, like a child again a horrifying childhood with no friends, the lifeless graves in the killing fields was tragic to be symbolic to a logical view the killings fields as they knew.

The divine characteristics to be an indulge, the person to dodge the emanant person of values to prove an action to subdued to a reality to refold the capability to fold and unfold when is his life is cold for cajoling moments to face himself the resolution he felt to have felt the pain in heart for no childhood at the head start, the life in the dark for him who is smart. The

elegance of purity the communications of the eulogy to be shambled to amble in calamity, the killing fields of two celebrities for a solvent reason for maternity the enemy of him is he, to get the death penalty with no possibility of parole, visually, he sees the end of his road, life on death row, for the sparrows in the hills on the killing fields is real, like a flying bird that heals, for the word that he killed, but still to be forgiven as the benevolent skies have risen.

The Reason for Dark

Similar things can bring particular signs to an elevation of morality the moral values in time to a sophisticated mind, the qualities of Geneva to believe the crime to be innocent with no evidence the components for felonious assault the aftermath from somebody you fought to think with no thoughts the fire below the bridge to live in the dark, for the reasons at dark. The silent one walk with no shadow to only come at dark the sunlight at the park, the darker moments to walk the silent talk the mental telepathy of things at fought the bigger the better for more love letters in the noon to be dark soon the well-groomed to fumed to assume the actions to compensate for the actions by fractions at dark. To affiliate an alleviate the moments in the dark for the answers in soul to create a mind that belongs to those that know not to trust the darkness as it arrives only to be deprived to stay alive the darkness of fire to bring the rain to admire to inspire the entire event for living to vent.

The political pretense the contents of strains of violet colors the beautiful bread and butter, the smell of flowers and pork the evening news to absorb to restore the implemental value to a dork, the soft-spoken can only speak the hearing is bleak only to seek the night with great commitment of biology, astronomy for individual activities the solution to health to no know-how you felt to fall and slip to take a trip to the dark side of darkness the unholiness to possessed to be outstanding the fallen commandment the version of not to kill, for one lost for pain for a family to feel the dark brings violence with a license to kill.

The reason for the dark is the astronomy of earth, the astronomical diversion to be ethical, the heckle and jeckle with freckles on his face that looks like a cinnamon cheesecake, the gingerbread man the plan of a man with cupcakes in his hand. Grace with stupidity with no dignity for his world of realities with a dark disease, to please the destiny of a mad man in the dark the scaleless of being careless is harmless for appropriate actions in a storm to be

warmth with opposition to love in the dark, for light to come in, the skies of brave men.

The comical looks like he has the look of a man-made from grass, a precarious man with various lands to invade identities to become many and plenty names the strange beliefs that he is them the people he betrayed as him. The obstacle of an illusion the conclusion is an ailment to procrastinate to facilitate an occupation to stimulate a vibrant feeling of night, as the sky falls for the love of violence to prevent a moment in denial of the nature of being wild in the moonlight.

He lived life for beautiful things to walk and swim in beautiful streams the theme of the river with dreams, so it seems to be in touch with the girl upon the beautiful swan the hero of battle on the forever pavilion to be deviance, to be mischievous with no religious values no clue what to do, only to be wise with a disguise at night, to change behaviors and take flight with heavy drugs to use in sight.

The more to use, the harder the fight, to become sober in life, petty theft is many crimes he committed uplifted and gifted as a musician hoping someday to be a politician living in critical conditions. The mission with views in the pipe to wipe his life away, the cues of what to do for a beer or two for the day to go smoothly, he is a cool fool stuck in his success now he's broke and in a mess his life test to fail at best.

The next level of death can be his last breath to breathe to succeed in the adventure to beat the odds with intelligence to comprehend is relevant to be solvent the motions and elements to conquer him, within himself, for the feelings he felt. Inside of him was dark, the moment to spark a lighter in the park for a hit of crack, for a life of no responsibility to respond to be like that of an addict upon a due time with static to always be high, the reason for dark is an occasion to embark with his dog that's smart, who saves his life in the dark.

The evening of sun, is when the party starts, to end when it's dark to only play it smart, to end this cycle the mythical Michael is his name the motorcycle he crashed in the rain the obvious route to explain a ride to see the hunchback of Notre Dame, an imaginary friend he talks to as sufficient to be a favorable cause in trouble with the law. A parallel defiance a moment of reliance the violence of attrition the visceral biblical salvation with great concentration of terminology to read and digest his life, his life was a walking guess with stress

for the protest to be infested with drugs, for lost love he blames as the fire of flame keeps him tamed to aim at the star for a drink at the bar.

The self-mutilation is next, he sees ghosts in moderation for those who rest in peace the disease is among him when he sleeps, the survival of the Bible for difficult situations, the obligations for a possible cause an outlaw of the law for the things he did and saw.

A victim of his environment the structure of involuntary mayhem and destruction, the inspiration of dark alleys of art the knowing of dark silence with violence by nature of elements of an environment as solemn as quiet to be bleak at once, to delete those beyond under to fall like thunder to proceed to wonder going thru walls to install dark thoughts and all.

To stumble and fall to tumble and crawl the visions is small tunnel vision in all, the reason for dark can bring many troubles the provocative actions must be revealed only to heal from chronic emotional pain inside the pain of death can be blind, only to find an emotion for peace for the deceased to be at peace, the reason for dark nights is a challenge to be, stick with reality to stand on your feet, let the night be sweet for so on indeed, the peace in a dark night with extremity a hold lot of energy, the nightlife in the dark can be a destiny by view can be mighty as the sight of the benevolent skies is likely, to come uninvited.

A Bridge Under the Sky

A day for death and a day to be born the scorn of possibilities to be warned to get worn down logically with the capability to function in a way to structuralize a condensed advent to alter the appearance of atonement disciple the rising of the sun, for life to come from up under the sky never to know why we live then we die.

The bridge under the sky is a roller coaster ride the bridge between life and death to stand on the ridge to go under the bridge is mechanical life to live for death a brief moment of breath the sign to be relieved the city under siege is what he believes a conspiracy his ways of theories to be complicated overexaggerated to nominate to affiliate the aggression of desperate measures the missing treasure to desire a whole entire society can be liars among the fire to burn eternally the peace of concerns to be, the obligation of destruction, reluctantly the acumination of apologies to be profound for the lost outer bound orbits of visible habits that vandalize the mind to be a vegetable in time.

The creation of photosynthesis of a relentless life under a format to explode for the emotions to erode the sounds and messages of Morse code, a delighted episode the man up code, to reload and load the visual effects to take drugs directly injected to be infected with a germ of the bad direction the map of questions the lesson for a loaded life on the go.

To follow your own shadow with inexperienced follicles a diabolical sensation of genever the clever invention to be mention in the capacity of light on the ridge the dark tunnel is a funnel of light over and under the bridge. A man with astronomical views a dimension from the sky, the vision of a special eye, the future only he can see, the prosperity of civilization in a reasonable society, the evolutions to be miscommunicated in a world that's overpopulated highly concentrated a man with powers of elevation to a place in the sky for permanent vacations.

Sometimes he's known as the San Juan dawn the conclusive one to the beginning of dispersive journey to the center of gravity the apathy for anatomy is forgiven to have risen with the moon of superstitious biblical results the fighter of a liberal apostle in a hostile environment of the region is contaminated to be examined by the experts of secrecy the democracy of hypocritical physical findings of life outside humanity the composition of our insanity.

For tomorrow to be a natural humanized fantasy, the delicate of humor to stole the creation of another android to exist in human flesh to be sold. Human robots on the go, only he predicted the world would be conflicted by being evicted by artificial intelligence, a new local residence with no evidence the ghost of heaven-sent the bridge under the sky is now a portal for immortal life to convene with ours, never to be seen as a product of a theme the elevation of an invitation, in the earth for all means.

The vision of catastrophe the probability is endless to become friendless the time of commitment to be committed to being prohibited the exhibited spirits to validate the somber of life wonders to assume to fabricate the elemental evaluation with sentimental thoughts of joy the moment to rely on and deploy to destroy the invaders of our universe, a chemical rehearse to invert the biological injection with a powerful direction the recollection of the message to be, to save society of mankind.

Only to hear but not seem to be blind is a blessing to eradicate the sounds without sight to see, our vision is their vision, to see what we see, an invasion of a specimen that examined human beings and flee, the bridge under the sky is now salvation to stay alive and not to die.

A zoologist and anthropologist came to unravel the psychological of an inedible credible evolution of mutants, the ships are at a distance to invade to rain on their parade the man of powers is the way to defeat the impossible with help from the immortals who came through the portal, to be unstoppable is it possible for humanity to remain on earth, for the death of birth for life could morph a proportion to resort to a way to live for the moments, the fire in the sky as the atmosphere burns, ships came with thunder, the sound steal with twisted metal with vibration from down yonder, an accumulation of millions to arrive the war of the world to survive, for the desperation of cooperation to be divide by bravery the war for humans not to be in slavery.

The revolutionary war has begun the world is stunned, no more fun, no more life under the sun, for times of many ones the finding of death has come. Now the rich feel like poor people felt in life about to melt, the mechanical humanical breakdown, as the sounds of war rumbles in the background the shattered glass sounds fulfilled the room to stumble and fall to kill them all.

We shall not surrender at all to no other kind but us, unite together with a theme for trust, to prevail in this living hell of war, the man in the wind has come for us, he has in store the power of galore forever or more the power of the galaxy in so many ways the power of the milky way. Looks like we are in for a ride, this could be the beginning of genocide the conventional ride to die with pride.

The war has stopped the world has ruined, but we survive by loved ones who died the emotional pride is something inside, the bridge under the sky, life will never be the same this is apocalypse the gift of life, the eclipse is in sight the vision of the light for the bridge under the sky to unite for a graceful path for the sake of humanity the sanity can ease for a life of peace a demoralizing to defeat a pyrrhic victory the possibility of humans revival for survival the enemy in the sky to a rightful death the words of love to stand close to, to awake in a bad dream, but it seems the benevolent skies are the truth to be real, in his dream the man of steel, and people that kill, for an eye in the sky, the benevolent skies.

To Find the Missing

The definition of missing is to not be found the missing pronoun the vertical loop to scoop out the dog poop as profound to be logically connected to you, a personality to be civilized criticized with hypothetical ties the adolescent to be deprived the burning living with anxiety to be denied. Only to try to be missing in the heart the condolence of loved ones lost in the dark forever to mourn to be torn apart the edge of life, to jump off the cliff to stand stiff to be tall, life is a gamble to rise and fall, life in shambles enables the provision for life to prevail a living fire of hell. A desire to compromise to visualize a spiritualize foundation for the missing ones that's alive but dead inside, a victim of economical pride, the loss of finances results in death, the suicidal measures for desperate chances to enhance the future with nothing left.

The bottom of the sea for a cool breeze to be sick with a chronic disease the fulfillment of a political theme, the power to be for a world to be clean and preserved, to strike a nerve as silent the government can be, the X-factor of terminology, the chemical reaction for brain interaction the attraction by the nature of beauty the runaway dream to fall to the bottom of the sea, for a moment to spare if you care, for a life up there, the skies of holiness, only to go with this, lost in the abyss, to dig deep for life to exist inside, the formulation of domination to control the emotions on a ride of life a moment to be trifling with feelings of lightning, for a frightening ride the life inside full of methodical logical thoughts to hide.

The elusive conclusive behavior a life savior the apathy of love to discover above, a shadow of love, the egotistical fool to drown in a swimming pool. For the anatomy of us, for life to trust the violence of lust, to eat is a must the sniffing of dust, the collision of a brain the deaths to be vigilant to watch for resentment of pending actions for the satisfaction of his beliefs system of realism the prism of astronomy with efficiency. The infantry with artillery for the theory of war, inside to fight to die for more, a level of being poor the

victim of poverty the alley of a beautiful valley, the edge of darkness with extremities of memories to mention the comprehension of a life of denial his trial was convincing to be convicted his life was explicit unrealistic avenues lost in the mystic cloud, a life to be loud, the living in prison to be proud a violent crowd.

The instance with velocity for life atrocities, a life of animosity the life of inconsistency the reality of reliable situations for conversation of a prison nation. For thoughts of preparation the emancipation of a destination to be, only for life in the penitentiary for a century to be free, the hostility to being agile with probability to escape and be free, the equivalent of time to be missing in prison, a hell of a way to make a living. To find the missing, a solution to kill only to feel the actions committed by stealing the barrel of a gun, for death that's really locked away to deal with prison meals, only to heal inside for the things he did only build from pain to explain the son of a nun.

The covenant of a mutual agreement to be prevalence the relevance to be elegant the prison walls of negligence the unwanted residence locked up behind a fence with the evidence to immense in ways for false pretense the events that shaped the world to be noble, global warming the warning of a killer storm the geographic of astronomical weather to form, the perfect storm.

The weapons behind the wall that stands twenty feet tall, the incarcerated the unwanted population that's missing alive, in prison for life the condensed pride of a homicide a drive-by to take the lives of innocence, the evangelist to be a socialist to advocate prison for life to spend, so much pain and suffering, the anointing of disappointment.

The symbolism of prison the panic of realism just hit them when life terms were preserved to serve in a mythical dismal life of a burden the hurting inside seduced by crime the elements of a hard time, the chime of prison walls as the door closes it exposes the weak from the strong, to stand alone in a place of destructional behaviors the life that needs a savior, the need of Xavier a religion to forgive the critical exception of a political prisoner to live.

To be civil as a liberal to be convenient inside of him not to die living, to alleviate the process to debate, a life sentence to emulate his father in mine who is upstate, the congressional legislature of laws of nature to consolidate the inmate to concentrate to be optimistic, on how much time is at stake, how much more isolation can a man take.

The philosophical life in prison is treacherous with vicious tendencies for prison condiments the fundamental respondents to be competent of the violation of prison rules, to be confident with the confinement of prison elements to even a false identity to rule. Life on the inside looking out, for a reasonable doubt to live in prison to hear people scream and shout, for the route they took to be incarcerated.

The conviction of criminal elements has escalated in the search for the providence of the upper life within sanity, in a confinement facility eventually the reliance of defiance keeping hope to be free is shut off like a switch, with the brain chemical reaction to the reality of doing life, to be missed with no more women to kiss, every night to cry, to be alive and dead inside at night when he slept, he kept a Bible to read, a magazine for sexual deeds, the bottom of the mountain sometimes is where his mind be.

The Athens of Greece the physiology of the brain in pain with no peace the gratitude of mythology for his life of apologies for a murder in an arm robbery, as he paints his picture, for now, is his hobby, the murder scene in the lobby, the premonition of his own death life to tussle for a prison hustle with little or nothing.

The roommate is in for auto theft to reap what he saw, to go left instead of going right in the midst of the night, the thesis of his soul is ripped in pieces, the walking deceased to never be released to die in prison from elements of living. The initiation of the association to make the connection with God, for the love with affection for life that's hard. The atonement the disappointment of simple human values, that is lost in prison, to pay the cost to rehabilitate as stated to be devastated by the tragic loss of a loved one while being locked inside, only the tainted can be sanctified the mental supplements to get high to get by.

To find the missing that's still alive only inside is where they died, only to try and never let go, the corroded road to walk, the road in life may be shallow, an arrow for love can be a sparrow flying for tomorrow, only the lost and found has drowned in they own sorrows. To find the missing with explicit values, the volume is loud to be proud to be alive to change as the fat lady sang the end of time for life to be found, the outer bounds of gravity to stand on your feet, the profound possibilities can be a treat to speak, the emotions of feeling for the healing of time, to find the missing elements of mind doing time. To be lost at a cost for tragic crimes, to be forgiven by the supernatural living, the skies have

risen for the ungrateful evil living to be preserved and saved for the benevolent
skies came in waves, for lost souls to be lost and saved.

To Be Empty Inside

To remain frozen after pain has been chosen in the wrong fashion, the passion to love to be hurt, only to be separated by life for the worse, to get stabbed with a knife, that hurts, the heart is tantric with hate and anger turned into a stranger who could be a danger in a storm of cold hell, that fell from the sky of darkness to allow the infamy of love to be empty inside. To prevail in the form of nature to be kind with a beautiful mind to control the logical theory of emotions, for a portion of time, the mission of believing in dark the need of love to be full inside to love with pride for a ride with infidelity the collapse of the structure of love and trust is a mental telepathy a life in jeopardy for apathy, to live savagely.

To comply with the applier to admire a desire for the consumption to function to assume to be justified to occupy the modifier of fire, to feel empty to expire the life to admire to transform to inspire the ability to change for every second to be alive and sane. The life of love to complain about the distance from the resistance of affection to be in vain, to be solemn, in life to be the victim the strategies to be wise to disguise to hide from who you think you are.

The superstar of tomorrow now he has to beg and borrow, for the sorrows of pain makes him melt, he always wonders how his brother felt, he died in Iraq, the visual prosaic for an aphrodisiac the girl of his dreams the one to marry in his heart with a tremendous means.

The pool is green stuffed with marijuana trees, the busy bee in town his dog is always in the pound now the dog got lost and never found, a lonely hound walks alone in the streets a dog without a leash running away from the beast. The beast of the moon will be here soon, never walk alone after dark, the beast is smart with an attitude to kill at dark and dismembered the bodies for food, the beast of fire the falling empire to the envy of lust to control to be

schooled as a fool he ran from girls, did not want his world to get rocked, every time he had sex, he stopped.

His father was a cop, his mother works at the flower shop, the indigenous was his bloodline came from the Amazon the father of battalion, the fight of the universe the beast of the wicked for things to be complicit his life of superstitious his dog was vicious his apple pies are delicious, eager to be a patriotic an exotic America, like a mongoose of the jungle to follow chants from the gods in trees to warn people about the beast.

The period of nature has changed, the monster inside is ready to play, the eagerness he awaits every day the abnormality from his reality was a bleak and undefined creature at mind he is one of a kind of hard friend to find as generous and kind for the beast in line to be him next another moment of time to have sex. He would no longer be inside of his body, total control as the beast grows no one knows but himself for his health is at stake, to die as a human and reincarnated as the beast the monster from the rainforest, the Amazon man, the beast came second hand the plan of a cult a traditional chant for his own faults and assaults.

The boy was pure his blood was pure but now satanic to soon panic with fear, the closer time gets near. The beast has brute force the beast brings a colossal monumental moment of the horror of a gargantuan of a savage to have conquered the providence of heaven million years ago, the creature comes and goes as pleased, to use a human as a vessel to carry him for many years to come and in the past for man to fall on his knees to cast the beast in a vast land of fire is where he came from, the unholy empire.

A simple day as a human being, the doorbell ring the girl from next door heard a little more about the beast from the shores, no one knows what's in store time to explore the nature of the beast from the shores. Inside he is a monster to avoid when he becomes paranoid an ironic moment to deploy the vision of sharp teeth with long claws something inside him he never saw.

The time will come soon the beast will feast to at least eat fifty people a day, like a barbeque steak and bake potatoes with Alfredo sauce, the killing of humanity to be meat market. The day progresses he starts stressing the temperature in his body is rising with the full moon to be soon a werewolf this time, another monster the next time, the wolf unleashed a massive body counts to be deceased the pain is horrified by many families so many casualties dismembered body parts the beast at dark.

The killing zone is closed for no traffic, the static from the massive destruction the beast has conflicted the unconditional hearts pours out on the floor, everybody was dead only two or more survive the beast grew to fifty feet destroying everything he sees, only he sees the beast an inner and outer body experience he be, the question of his sanity for the dignity to possibly kill himself for humanity.

The story is international everyone knows the city of Downy has exploded with tragedy with grizzly murder scenes the beast of the wolf howls a load frightening sound, time to dissect his blood to find a solution to kill the beast he's very strong with tough skin, and real no myth from mythology news from an anthropologist to fix this, that the creature will fall to titanium in his cranium to defeat the beast and all the other beasts. The millennium change the minimum amount of titanium was discovered in the mountains with steamy rock fountains an oasis, wonderland shall I say, every day a wonder away, a place of beauty natural divine violet velvet colorful flowers, with daisy and dandelion standing taller than the world trade building.

The weapon was created by chemists and scientists to never known a weapon like this exists, the monster of a myth the theme of a dream the monster on Broadway an appropriate time has come to shoot the device at a fifty-foot monster, the ground pounders with thunderous sounds the air evaporated with fluids the device shoots at the monster head, the titanium is working the monster is jerking and shaking, the skin is turning blue with fire balls flaring up, his breath becomes shallow, inch by inch as the monster crawls for every step he takes he falls, that's the end of my friend too, the beast got thru to his friend's soul, as the beast dies he will too, for all to know time flew, to miss a friend because he was a monster inside, the days of the dark eye, to fall with pride, this is a story about being empty inside, in a dream to awake from a nightmare the dreams can be real if he cares, but only he stares at the sky of benevolent skies.

Aaron Poperfield

In a small rural area was a retarded boy of hostility the ability to be humble he stumbles because of his paralysis the value of this, is he accepts the reason to be sick, the abyss of his downfall to hurt in all to feel small when he sees beautiful girls, the less he thought about the world. His name is Aaron Poperfield he is a heavy set build, never missed a meal, only he feels alone, he is weak and not strong for all the above, he has a face only a mother can love, that's the way that it was, a lost child that will never be in love.

To feel lost he cries and runs in the woods, that's the place he understood only if he could find the tree of faith a sacred place not to be found ever without a trace. He can be clumsy to fall on his face, known as a dummy to hold up space, everybody laughs as he hurts his leg, asking for help as he begs. He could not stand on his own, he uses a wheelchair not to feel grown, believing the tree can set him free, gave him the power to change physically and mentally.

His mom says he was heaven-sent, a boy with no confidence no strategy to convince everybody that he has sense, his life is immense real intense the ability of false pretense for his capability to be special, he had a facial to be unrecognizable, to be a new person to be reliable instead of being plausible deniability the agility to pursue if he could.

A lost child when he was born deformed as a child he ate worms to be warm inside, the emotional ride to find the tree, the faith that things can change is all he needs. His life is full of rhetoric a hectic highly energetic life of misery the mystery of the tree remains in mine to find, the time he waits to anticipate with grace, his face is of a monster, his legs look like tree branches that fell off the tree, his mind dances in places he wants to be, logically he becomes a walking fantasy, to see but not to see only the way to the tree.

The astonishment at his punishments the asylum was granted from another planet before he will be the tree of the delta is the name of the place a light in

the northern skies, proves the tree is real and alive for him to be revived to believe until the day he dies. He tries so many times to find this place of chimes to use to open the gate to penetrate through the portal to another place to feel like he can be healed to be immortal, to resort to his life lesson with bi-polar depression the ease of his journey to complete to delete him, and bring him back to be one of steel the power to heal before he kneels to feel lost at all cost to quit and give up, now he lives up in the tree, his soul is borrowed for ten light-years to equal one week, for him to seek a new identity.

To him sex was romance to increase your chances of birthing a child, in a world that don't smile, for a place with a low profile, for the earth is a place that is hostile, this is a place where all life forms care, only to stare as he enters through the air through the portal, as an immortal first he must die and come back to get back on track for that of one who will never die. The man of a million deaths they say, the equal opportunity the soon be invincible the principles of life in detail to fail but have failed many times, as tears start to fall from his eyes this is the day he had been waiting for all his life, the place he sees at night up in the sky, the tree is universal to be diverse he craves for his ceremony to be rehearsed to be saved and speared.

He now knows the metrics to his epic skies, the power we use the sky does too, the door of evolution can come through the silent lights we see in the sky at night to be extraterrestrial he used to be fragile now he is strong as hell, the body of superman the brilliants of a noble doctor, for a global war, for what's in store to reconcile that the earth is on trial, a place of humanity to be filed as a nation of bad deeds to be wild. They watch every move we make as human beings, that our past is lived tragically that magically we still exist to insist that we can be missed if they get pissed the boy has now changed, he will never be the same.

For leaps and bounds this world has been found, the sound of a violin that played the songs of a sad day, for trying to deceive to believe in a bad way, Aaron came to stay, from this world he is now our hero of the day, to save many lives with the great strength he has to strive so people can stay alive, he now lives with pride to very debonair, he looks great fine as the thin air. For all Aaron's sacrifices and trust he came back to us, a new friend for an old friend, he was heaven-sent, to protect the good from the evil, he's the last sequel the human immortal to save all lives, men and wives, kids in all the tree of faith gave us a man of trust to defend us from the war that's here, the air is

not clear gunfire in the background the world is in riot defiance of lost love ones.

Above in all the war of the world was catastrophic he is a prophet to be an outlet for us to believe to not be extinct, we cry and weep the street is bloody the woods is on fire the whole entire neighborhoods is gone, life is down to the wire as time transpires, now he's the one to admire to be a liar not to tell the truth, about what to do and how to live and how long to live, he remains positive, for God to let people live that survived, to breath is the prize. This miracle is a historical moment a monumental value of life aftermath the path to pain is the path to prevail from this hell of fire for the desire for humanity to fight things that invaded our planet, to be pulverized, to be mesmerized dramatized to realize the lost is a pyrrhic victory for the history of mankind Aaron was our global galactic warrior to stand by.

For the rising of the sun, the day began, people were still stunned, he came from a prominent source with a dominant force with no remorse for the dying horse, of course, he will now live forever for however to the end of time, the apocalypse will come to begin the end for a friend with a destiny nobody knew that he was chosen as he grew, the old Aaron was gone forever the new Aaron became our savior, with our rude behaviors his new name is Xavior.

The world of delicacies pleases the mind to be, commenced the emotional senses for the condensed population the preparation of death can now be explained for a new disease to be contained. Only we can maintain to strain for lives to be in vain the violence of pain, the suffering of doubt to shout for a moment to get everything out, times to be acclimated to a new climax the ozone layers has changed how strange the beginning of the end has come, for Aaron he will live when we are all done. The shining of the sun in a decelent land, may life be eternalized, the day earth change is the day Aaron Poperfield was born to be torn, scorn by physicality the reality he lived was coincidental for his fundamentals. Eventually, his prophecy was true things he said was the truth, people laugh and joke when he spoke to provoke what had happened, he was telling us when he was retarded and sick, a fat kid with a horrible face, a face of a monster, now to wonder was he born dead up under before he lived, the thunder in the night came light to see and remember this dreadful day in September, for a name that will forever be known for the unknown to be real, his name is Aaron Poperfield in the hills of another dream to awake, but the benevolent skies are real places to escape.

The Secret

For times in life for things of corruption can erupt to assume, self-destruction in life to take enough, for life is rough to be tough, the spiritual ritual is the scene to see the invisible miracle of a life that's historical, physical action cut down by fractions of elements, the condolence of tragedy, the viviscal relief of supplemental advocates, for life anatomy the astronomy of plasmatic health condition to evolve with meditational theories. With no static to be charismatic, for life struggles to become an addict of many ways day by day.

For a sentimental coincidence to be relevant the fulfillment of eternal desires for in which fire is nothing to play with, it can be self-explanatory to move swift, sometimes to be stiff and can't move off the cliff an invisible force of nature, saved a life today, it could have been a suicide to take life for a ride after death. To take a breath to breathe at nightlife can be a thief stuck off weed a bad seed to be born to have sworn a life destined to be torn, a moment for some that unrivaled the biblical forms for life to mourn in a storm, to reform the mythology of a pathological mind to be symbolical methodical for terminology to be bleak and blind from sociological times.

Life can be like weather, like cold ice on a hot sunny day, for whatever somebody says, the town that preys stays in the middle of the mountains, the fountain of Jereal, a cursed that's real, its curse that kills, for a town that heals the wrong, to understand it's a curse to them to have too much money in hand, for joy to bring to sing a song they all sing at the town meetings.

Life can be old and soft, people got rings on their fingers that they never took off, he stayed in a loft, the old man was lost and never found until he stepped back inbounds that shook up the town. He was known as a class clown. His face always frowned with madness in his eyes as he cried and laughed at the same time this is the pain from an old man's brain. There is no justice in the spirit because the spirit is the heart to be afraid of the dark, to figure out who's smart to build him another brain so he won't remember the pain, to be

young again, with violent friends stuck making ends meet, could hardly eat, life was not sweet for him to be hungry and feel like the enemy.

His mind plays games. He thinks everything's the same. He doesn't even know his name. He said he was born to tame the distance of pain, the resistance of change forever, the same old man was insane. The eagerness with anxiety for every time he tries to be, logically inevitably to feel his memories to be in five places at one time a miracle mind of an old man in mine.

For the divine mind the mystical rain to find the brain, the source of the force of vanity for sanity it brings for long as it rains, the ability to maintain the suffer from alliance to the science of the reaction of biology and scientology the astronomy that mankind's mind can be erased, be replaced. Sometimes, he is discombobulated slightly faded from vodka, his friend Beyonka crazy girl gone mad to cheer him up when he's sad, to make him feel special and glad, a prostitute at that, her butt was phat good-looking at that, sometimes she would smack him across his face, to bring back when his mind when it's in another place.

His life is a disgrace sprayed with mace not one trace of an old serial killer to face, he wants his mind to be erased for all the women he killed back in the days in the city of Bakersfield, his life was really only to feel a life of isolation he stayed in the mountains for experimentations equivalent to his separation from society, he lived with a great deal of anxiety the body reacts to before his mind can think, only to be old for his time to sink for a drink, to breathe for the murders he completes, to deleted his thoughts and visions, to let his mind be in a transition to become another person of superstition.

His life is dramatized to be wise he spends his time, reading crime books with a pale fainted look, a look of an innocent sick man who is looking for a special place, his mind is a disease for the things he has done to please him in a drastic way for his sick deeds to serenade through his mind to masturbate for a cause to alleviate the fantasy to make love to a female corpse romantically in his fancy place, he lives day by day. His illness is untreatable to change his past is infeasible, not possible to do easily or conveniently impracticable, practical science and reliance for new salvation, to change him into him to not remember a thing, not even his best songs he sings.

He lives with no means for a song he sings shake him into tears with his greatest fears a lost storm appears inside of his head that's not clear, the cavalier to be sincere to find the place that disappeared that he knows it's still

here, so he can change his soul to be fare for those he killed to be there, to ask for forgiveness never was an eye witness so he wishes he could go back in time, to change the mind he had.

Drinking beer and sad he sings his way to a door to pray on the other side it was the gateway, he moves slowly like a sloth it took him ten minutes to pick up the piece of cloth, the old man back is gone, he is struggling with brain cancer, he reminisced about when he was a dancer, the life of secret killer a real subdued thriller. To conclude the anatomy of a serial killer to be discovered eighty years later, the lost cause of a man in solitary confinement a safe haven for places his mind races to, to do what he did, now to do what he has done. What planet did his mind come from, the door cracked open, at first it was Satan himself, then the angles of well-being came to conceive him as theirs, the worn downstairs he walks down in a place where nobody cares, his soul has been spared everyone just stares with a glare in their eyes, no one in this world was surprised that a killer had died, expected because of his age, his killing for years was on the front page, for a life on a bad course, to kill with no remorse when his wife filed for divorce.

He lived in rage his cancer is on the fourth stage near death, it won't be long before he takes his last breath, he was an emotional mess, his wife was a test to his testimony she was full of belonging she was funny he called her honey, she loved money all she did was used him verbally abused him. As his longtime marriage started to fall apart when it came to love he lived in the dark, his first victim he killed at a park on a lonely night, he kept on killing because his wife was right.

She moans at night, marriage suffered from infidelity into the light, his wife was seeing someone else, she told him herself, as bluntly as she can, seventy years ago, he was a killing man, bodies started floating down rivers as his body shivers with great sensation, many murders of high concentration, to compensate for his pain from many of his family generations.

His wife was the trigger so was his childhood that wasn't good, only if he could take it all back before he dies, they told him he's going to heaven to him that was a lie. As long as he tried he already died, he was walking through the gates not realizing he was already dead on his floor in the living room the moment he passed through the gates, he cries with tears heaven was his greatest fear, now he is here, his soul is pure.

His victims kissed him told him he was forgiven the passion for God has risen never got stuck in prison. For a living in heaven, he would say I never felt this way alive it got better the day I died, as long as he tried the heavens put hands on him when he was a desperate child being molested by his father, never to bother about finding him in the blue sky's he was better without him in the afterlife, as he dies not to ever to see his father in the skies, in heaven he slept well at night, haven slept in years as it appears his home is here as his physical body was laid to rest, the myth of the river killer will never be known, but only known in heaven, this is a life to be lived in an unorthodox way for where he stays, he prays every day, the life of man day to day, the energy of the benevolent skies may forgive the broken for all wrongs to make the soul right, for the journey of heaven to come along.

The Beginning of Love

For an opinion at the beginning in this abyss dimension, to insist for an old dominion, for the resistance of an old ancient tantric Indian burial ground, to be consistent for an aerial picture of the land from the top of the sky, the ritual eye, for how it sounds, the components of living can be highly profound to drown in your own blood for love when it hurts to burst in pain for love is vain.

Hypothetical for medical diabolical lives for a mythological past as time goes fast, the revival of one for all to divert to a living he never saw, the endless time of biblical laws, for a difficult mind the beginning of a new scheme, for a dream never to know what a good heart means.

To live with trust is beyond the galaxy, the reality of lust for the gods in the towers above the sky to look down at us, to preserve and observe to apply spiritual guidance the reliance of defiance the astronomy of galactic science. The defiance of a resolution inside to run and hide, the elements of surprise is for an unexpected death to despise only to rise above the occasion, the life of depreciation for the alleviation from a criminal mind, trials, and tribulations for the minimum time, life is a grind easy to lose your mind only to be blind for love to find.

Life can be a highway to hell easily to end up in jail, the life of a file smell, for time, isn't easy to tell the life of a wishing well to dream of a land, a world with a plan for to understand the power at hand. Only to defuse his thoughts of enviest clues, to do what humans do to pursue the honor of him, to love on a limb, to feel like steel for love is real for the feelings to feel that love can heal, the beginning of time, the beginning of love the beginning of the mind to begin a new life for what life was.

The alliance of science to the life of intelligence to diverge is irrelevant the aftermath of a critical life event, the mission of lethal elements the relentless of providence life with no will can be killed by the devil, for the imagination of the viviscal love for the miracle man above, for love to be honest sweet as

honey, the seductive love for money and lust the envy of love the softness of a dove the shadows above we trust.

The surge of love comes in waves, how many broken hearts can be saved, they got played for only they stayed for love is a trade to be smooth like suede the beginning of love is happening every day, the illusion of love to be persuaded for love can be jaded easily faded disrupted by infidelity the love to be selfishly, only to care miraculously the fact is she only loves him for his money the girl he calls honey.

It's funny how love works in mysterious ways the eagle of the sky to see love far away, for love to be prayed by predators the heterosexual the ritual positions in the heat of the moment the component of the bed is on fire with hot desire sexual confrontation a sexual stimulation, love is fun when it's brand new, it can get old to be deja vu for your dreams to come true the theory of love can be tainting the fading of love to be fainting like a painting to display beauty in a specific way.

love from the pacific on the beach can be terrific love on the warm sand can be erotic with an exotic symbol of love the one for love the beginning of love, to plan for kids the nature of reproduction for humans to exist. The commission of love can be violated for love can easily be perpetrated.

For the love of sexual innovation the vibration of sexual situations for pleasure to measure, for leisure time for a sexual mind the endeavor to be clever for love to never be better, for the matter of love to have characteristics, the charismatic of love can be charming and devoted, with habits that can be provocative easily derogative only a prerogative the beginning of love.

For love can be inedible for sex that's incredible the passion is gone the feeling of being num, love off drinking rum to act dump, for love can be enticed to pay the price for love is nothing nice, Off goes the light the dignity is trifled for the survival of love to not be reliable to engage in intimacy activities for loving strategies for possibilities to commune to tune down the emotions for which they explode for love to erode to rot for love can be forgotten it already has been rotten.

It ain't no stopping the motion of infidelity eventually it was bound to happen, the fighting and slapping for love to happen to express emotions violently, eventually to be vibrant to be parliament for biblical reasons as love can be stimulated to be constipated sometimes for love to be complicated.

The anticipation of love to have patience, the evidence of love can be mythical the mystical rain for love can pour pain, to consists of love to exist again for the love of a friend, for love can be insane to comprehend pain, the ability to stay agile to evade love for a profile to be afraid of love.

For love to get lost in translation for the lack of preparation, evaluate the faith for an elusive state of mind, the beginning of love for one time, is to properlise for a moment to rise for love is disguised to arrive to be found after you drowned, just as good as it sounds, for love to be aroused having sex in their parents' house, for what love's about is it to scream and shout, to love with doubt.

The way to live for what is inside, for keeps to weep the silence of abundance of emotions as the motions of love is not verified to be purified with obedience can be devious to be mischievous the obvious situation for the moment of passion for the love you asking, to love in fractions for disciplinary actions the greatest satisfaction is for a sexual attraction. For love to simply generic or love can be barbaric, the functions physically to be critically acclaimed to be in frame this picture is the same, of an old flame, for love to be like an ancient ornament for love can be tormented for joy to come in, the love of destiny the heart of a good man, to understand a woman more than themselves to put the ego on a shelf, for nobody else.

For the well-being of being a human being is believing in God for every reason, for grieving for lost, for love is a cost for love is defrost from the love that's been frozen to be exposed, the doors kept closed to never love unless chosen for those to stay back this is love on the defensive attack to be exact too complicated to explain that, the behavior of a woman gone mad, she been hurt many times she tired of being sad about love gone bad, the end of love is the beginning of love for what love was for love never to be shallow, only remain warmth and not hollow as well, only a story to tell to protect love from hell, the eyes of the benevolent skies wishes us well.

The Signs

The signs of humanity can be the symbols of sanity to be vanity of a resolution of profanity, to envy with actions the fractions of life are separated in pieces for mental thesis a sign of life for many reasons. The seasons of time are the symbol of the mind, to be processed with grace for the signal of hate to debate to congregate to effectuate the elevation of persuasion to demote self-consciously for the possibility to believe for life to breathe to see. The sign to fix an old mind stuck in old times, to erupt, to corrupt like a man in vain, no assumptions when to symbolize pain to be eager again forever befriended for the time spent to be splendid recommended to compromise life for what it is, to despise life as a lethal target the sign of danger as it started to figure who is the smartest, the sign of life as go to the farthest place of the unknown but known for all matters to be sufficient to be terrific complicit the official recognizable behavior the signs of love savior the innovator the smooth operator.

For empty thoughts the signs to make the decision for all cost to believe in intuition for a sign to propolize an efficient amount of abundance to indulge in the proximity of above for love, the sign of trust to prevail in hell on earth, for what life is worth, to live is to hurt, the sign for it to get worse, for the signs of calamity for amity to deceive not to believe the sign of an elemental disease, lives as they please only to tease never to say please. Something in life seems far out of sight, only the light can make things right, only at night the vengeance began, the shadow under the sun, for the signs to come, from the bottom of rum with the fire of vigilance to keep the distance of your resistance to be consistent with the signs of pressure to measure in sentimental values to assume the sign for prosperity to be embarked on the last crusade, but in the dark with no words to say.

The silence of the inedible edible violet beauty of nature for things to come by nature, to be effectuated easily persuaded to be jaded for crazy themes of a

sign that come, by all means, the signs of a beautiful stream flowing through a river of logical dreams only it seems to be deemed.

The money or cream the sign of a moment as gently can be, the love of nympho can easily be clean, to be obscene to know what it means, to see love for a way to express to be free, for the signs to be, for what next to see. Intentionally the sign of life to eventually fall, only to rise, is to be wise in all, the deliberate passion for nothing in all, the life he was asking for only to feel small, against a giant to be reliant the fear of trying inside to be dying for conclusional facts to be exact, the emptiness is the simplest form of alleviations for abbreviations of signs for desperation.

The signs for multiple occasions the principles of life situations, to modify to comply not to be judgmental for life value is sentimental, the fundamental ways of living day to day for the beginning of the milky way, to prosper with the hospitality the reality of a sign can be astronomical, the biblical sign a ritual from the beginning of time, the chemical enzymes for a chemical reaction the action to be a catalyst to exist, to insist the sign to remain formal for things that're normal, for the minimal signs to design what's transpired in the mind. The reaction to fear the air is clear the mountain view in the rear for problems to appear, the world of its hemisphere can change to erode the world of the globe to explore, to know what we stand for, the giving of more for a sign of galore for what's in store when it rains it pours the guiltiness of being bored.

Knowing is half the battle for a man in Seattle, a small community the love of unity for a possibility to live gracefully, his kids were energetic for his life to be synthetic he would die inside if he let it, his wife filed for divorce with no remorse headed for court, the feeling is low how far can he go for a sign to glow, the living is hard with no regard for the sign that's too far, his love is not fair his wife really doesn't care, hoping that his life can be spared only to contemplated to separate to kill his wife today.

The killing will be deliberated carefully orchestrated to violate his probation, to be innovated to kill for motivation to live life effectuated well educated the loss of love highly jaded to kill is highly concentrated. To kill with brutal vitality to have been killed verbally, for his wife to not care, because she was having an affair, only he waits to anticipate the faith after today, for the violence he's about to commit he's running off of adrenalin, to kill is a sin for his life to begin again, he worked hard to have what he got, the only way to kill is to set up for his wife to get shot, making a plot for his wife

to drop dead like a rock, the cleanest house on the block, it's time for his heart aches to stop, when it rains with drops, maybe the killing would stop.

The only feeling he had for his children at best, for love to put them through an emotional mess, only to realize if his wife dies, the kids want to have a mom to rely on, to cry on, so his mind has changed, he left her alive for his kids to be sane, he left everything then he went his way, for only he lives day to day, for the signs of life for things to be shown in the light, the signs shows everything in the days at night, only the bridge under the sky for sun and light the benevolent skies of wrongs and rights.

The Eyes Watching

To be ill or sick, to be tired of this, to suffer in pain for life to be vain for sanity with pain, not living in fear, for things to be clear, not to live in fear for life to appear, for nothing left, not to fear death, living in a world where reality can kill a dream, for the things that society brings. For a diamond up under a rock for the smothering of violence when will it stop, for a cop being a cop to protect and serve do they deserve the urge to kill that's for real for people to feel police brutality is a part of reality in the field.

The human body can do impossible things, monogamy brings for life to get boring, for every day to be the same, as good as it came, for a soldier to sing to serve for the country for all means, the confrontation of life is the pain, for it may bring some involatile things the mythological rain for the shadow of pain, for tomorrow it brings, only to know somebody watching like a ghost in your living room, telling you to get back to yourself, to be well-groomed.

Life can be pathetic if you let it, it could be from genetics to be synthetic for the static of automatic mind to be tragic with bad habits, somebody watching over the rabbits running wild inside, for life to smile and die. The noddy of society to be, it seems like everybody wants to be on TV, believe me when a noise of a voice telling you to make a good choice, to deserve with urge a feeling to surge on the verge of collapsing to emerge for the word of God to advance for a chance to enhance for life that's hard. Only for romance to make a man pants dance, for a life far away in the Milky Way, there are eyes above the sky, no one loves to die, but only to try to reach for the sky to apply the knowledge of life to go to college and get high.

To climb to the tip-top of the mountain to look down to see how far you came, for life is the same situations did change to live for chunk change, to go on a drunk binge with drunk friends, no kin only to look in, the conscious state of mind to come from with inside for life to be high, recognize the thick sky to be inside for the shadow to chase you down it's the other person inside that

want you to drown deep down from inside from up in the sky, to be monitored until we die, the eyes are watching up in the sky.

The idea of a CEO, to persuade people money to come out of their pockets for the business to grow, love comes with closest observation, for every move that your making for the taking to get fried like bacon a move mistaken for a heart that's taken. For a direct answer to answer without any explanation is hard to answer, to live with cancer for every moment to breathe only the eyes see what you can't see, as love touches the sky, for love to be wiser, the demise of love is life the entire emotions to expire with inside the heart to turn daylight into night.

Life is a combination of meaningful things for many means to be the same for the position of many signs that can't be explained for the eyes in the sky that sees everything, life is an image not to cross the line of scrimmage for recommended choices and decisions the vision of superstition, the opposite of happy is mad for a living that's too sad to be glad.

For a moment at last to breathe passionately, eventually, sympathy can bring forgiveness to understand empathy within the fulfillment of a heart regardless of certain circumstances that life enhances to feel dark. The eyes of the galaxy looking above our atmosphere for the reality of living here on earth for what life's worth the plan for new birth to be born again to mourn in sin for life to begin to start over again with a new boyfriend or girlfriend to be married by the reverend.

For life to be enticed, raising children is a sacrifice tonight is the night the demons is right to drink to daylight a hell of a night, the eyes are watching as the sun rises to be disguised to be demised for a surprise for the eyes in the sky to say why they had to supervise for a life to be wise for all the highs and lows for a place of shadows inside the mind with nowhere to go.

For a reluctant distance of formality the ability to see the dominant gene for all means of growth of human beings, to be seen by the eyes in the sky for the reality can be sufficiently obligated to things that are jaded to emulate things to portray for what God says, today is the day the eyes are watching to pray for us to obey the rules of the book, to take a look at, the prosperity state of mind the nature to be spiritualized for the rising of the sun to come from the nature of fun for life has begun, to be on the run from your turn to burn for sinful element to be drunk and learn.

For the car that turned up and down thrown in the river, the girl died from the punctured liver, to deliver and learn to do time for doing the wrong thing stuck in a cell singing a strong song with meaning to be, to take them along the roads to walk, that's very long to insist to talk for being wrong for the accident he caused now the girl is gone, nonetheless to say he was drunk and rude, now he locked up in solitude, do know what to do, to realize his crime for the time to apologize, the eyes in the sky except his apology. For the study of criminology, the terminology is quite inquisitive to be religious that is insidious for a ridiculous radical dramatic involvement to be solvent in an organic situation not to panic for life alliterations, the society of governmental preparations to defuse experimental policies, mythologically, the science of sociologically the astronomy of the eyes to see, watching you and me, from the sky the eyes see everything.

The eyes in the skies to be prophets, the wars on earth are catastrophic for the government to stop it like a contaminated relationship. For people to travel to live with someone, when they can't live with themselves, for every time you fall in love is taking a chance to put somebody in your life to mate for reproduction only to be reluctant for a world of destruction to cause much havoc and avid hustler to muster up money from his drug addict honey, the eyes in the sky can show and tell for a life that's not living well. To take on more than you can phantom, a good night of autumn, an optical illusion, merely illusory power of confusion for every hour, for a desperate conclusion, to be running on empty to simply resist the temptation of exemptions for resentments for redemptions, with emotions of a proportion of love, for a life of devotion above for the eyes in the sky's sees and believe for you to believe to cross the bridge, to get lost in your thoughts at the ridge of life to be taught, the fulfillment of life to be resilient to affiliate with people that's close to you, the ones that are supposed to love you, that knows God stands above you, for you to love you, for the eyes in the sky will watch you for everything you do, the skies of all, the benevolent skies to fall to endure our pain and flaws.

Searching

To search in the sky until the sunrise to be enticed for the price of love to stay above for what life was to get drunk or get buzzed the world is a fuss only to trust the love of lust the vision to hold that this world is cold only to fold when you can't take any more. For what's life has in store forever or more only to pour when it rains to lure the feeling is pure to get sick and have a cure, the fire to burn for life to earn, to search to learn when it's your turn to intervene to be concerned to have seen the sun, the shadows are shallow for tomorrow is hollow a path to follow, life is a hard pill to swallow.

To take off like a rocket there's nothing to stop it, in search for a prophet to put money in your pockets, the feeling is neutral a mutual life to come in, open the door of sin to balance within, for life to recommend only to tend to the things not cringe, the procedure in motion the moment of devotion the leisure of emotion to take for granted on this unlawful planet too awful to stand it, to break the ten commandments this world of hurting for someone to be searching for the love of flirting.

For a time to pass for life is fast, searching for reality when to find it, at last, the vision is blurred only for what you heard, to lose your nerves for what you deserve. For a world to allure for a decision to be sure, the violence of nature, the reason of fury the future is mere to be hung by a jury, the season to love to search for what's above the isolation of pride, addicted to getting high a prediction to barely getting by, the search for an eye to see if you die. To rely on supplies to alleviate the why, only to do or become a personal hell, locked in jail, a story to tell for life is given to fail, another day to search for something to prevail.

Neither less to say, to be with God today for life is saved, for the preposition to relay for life to portray for there're no words to say for what's coming your way. The opportunity to soon, to have a vibrate mind to stimulate the mind for time to search for a positive mind to be caught in a bind to find

the element of time to search for a resolution from far behind, to be sincere for times is near for fear to turn into bravery to go crazy maybe too lazy, to love your lady and have babies to drive a Mercedes.

To search for food that's delicious a dog that is vicious are you religious the world is superstitious, the fast and furious to be curious about the deliverance of love to come with a dove, the bird in the sky to search in denial for the why in I, the life of smiles, to live in style meanwhile to search for a life walking to a green mile for life can be filed for indecent exposure searching for closure the way thing is supposed to be. The abundance of joy to live inside to find not to search blind, to fondle with kind the bundle of time, the voyage to go, the river that flows no one knows.

To search for more space no time to waste for a taste of life to get away, for the time you need to face the reality of a trace to an invisible place, a miserable day for life to comply for you to realize for love and affection to rise, the direction for love to go, the expectations for love to show, the direction for you to know that love can glow. To search to be brilliant as the fulfillment of aspirations full of manipulations, to search for love in desperation only with concentration the battle of separation the love in moderation. For the life of essence the mind is stressed, the embodiment of learning life lessons the apathy of love in fractions can be a mess for a life test for a testimonial answer to progress, to search for the star next to the moon, hoping to be there soon, far in the galaxy the problem to be, as quoted in society the bottom of seas.

The problem could be, for someone's beliefs in the night and can't see, searching for a theme for life to be green, for finances to be, a rich reality, the formality can be a storm the personality is warm for the search of an orb to be absorbed, the spirits are strong enough to carry you along, when the road is rough, for you to be tough. To search for a mistake, to find and recreate the faith of a way, to a journey across the states, the way is a will strong as steel for you can heal to search to build for something to feel for it to be concealed.

Searching for the missing link for a heart to sink, only to drown for the heart of it sounds, like love is unfound to be found, the liability to see for life under the ground, to love in bounds to stay in line for the search of a destined mind, for pretty looks to be fine the nature of beauty to be visible inclined to look up at the sky. For the reasons why, for things to despise to be wise in the search of things to disguise to allure in sight for the eyes to see the night as it

falls for all rights to live for all lights that might be the key to God, for life is hard to be alright.

For life to search for many years, to admire your dead peers, to listen with all ears for the things to hear, to be compensated with pure fear for life to appear in a favorable fashion for life to be clear, to come here, a place worthwhile for a destiny in the wild, could it be the position to live comfortably in style to change your profile the search of happiness for an unforgivable smile, to walk an impossible mile? For life to transpire to avoid the fire from the liar in vain, for life to preserve pain to get told that you never can walk again, the talk of men, in a critical time where you need friends in mind in this political bind, searching to find a solution in time the world of apolitical crimes.

For life can be tranquility from liberty to be free, the ability to see, for what life can be, the black hole in the galaxy to be revealed when the earth stands still, to search for what's real, a good heart is hard to kill, to do what you feel for tomorrow. To search for a vision to be a premonition the position of life to make a decision because death is a collision to confront the mission of living because life can be lethal, to search for the sequel for life in you can be equal, the delinquent of science to go and make a giant, no need for compliance for a moment of confidence to keep on trying to never give up, for those who're dying, searching for a way of timing for things can be grimy.

The wait to be stimulated for love is perpetrated, the hypothetical lies the dramatical ties, for love to die, to wonder why, to love if could, love would die, for sex is for us to multiply the beliefs in the sky, the searching has arrived to survive this long to still be alive and strong, all alone as a kid and grown, to cast obstacles with stones, the feelings to roam for life is shown to discover his own life to be obscene for the benevolent skies of a dream, for what life is to die, for meaningful means, to search for the bridge under the sky, the benevolent skies it seems.

To find what's lurking blind for what's hurting thru time, the balance to be chemically depressed for a life fulfilled with stress lost in a mess to search life for eternal test, to live life at its best. The problem to be resolved to involve problems to solve, the battle inside to search for a life of pride to be in denial to hide for a trial in life to provide thru the strenuous ride for life to the benevolent skies.

The Bridge Under the Sky

For a moment to be relieved for the thoughts to deceive for reality to be with utter destruction reluctant to feel, for war is real, men get killed with steel bombs burst to destroy nature to void for war can deploy, humanity to slaughtered surveillance in the war of Abilene strategic plans or more to kill millions in store. The death of another man with a weapon in hand for life's a plan, for war to be understood to live or survive if you could from weapons that cause catastrophic events, nuclear bombs to end, a civilization in arms to tend to recommend the enemy as a friend only to surrender as men for the pyrrhic victory of the end. So many souls are gone never make it home, to cry alone not to crack only to be strong, for war at home, the position to provide for a broken life to rise not to die inside from post-traumatic stress, war is a mess to put brave men and women to the test.

War is our history for the soldiers of misery to get bombed by artillery, to be in the right place when a bomb burst into someone's face, only to face judgment day for God to pray this war is mayhem, for the death to be condemned, the silence of them to cry over him. To be damned for life to amble, to get ambushed for everyone to scramble, for the death of supervision a captain decision, the chronicles of death of war stories that's left, the terror in the mirror to watch and fringe for the life of alcohol to binge for the war to come in, to kill is a sin.

For war atrocities to believe in being a human being, for the history of wars and what war can mean and do, take the war to fight on Peleliu, Japanese refuse to be American slaves fighting and dying in caves, blowing people away for casualties soon to mount as fatigue and frustration the anticipation of confusion to live is an illusion, the battle of attrition for the afterlife has been found, the war is a mission for the reason to announce, the strategy of war to be as empty inside and found, to battle with pride for those who died for they cried when someone is alive and found.

The war of anatomy the invasion of Normandy the weather was stormy, the army academy for soldiers of tragedy some injured badly, sadly to live and die for those to rely on to live if they can try, for the thoughts of seeing a friend die due to complying for a vision of peace fought in the army for life as a soldier to be. To propel an excel for human advantages to manage self-destruction for life on this planet, to be jaded by conflicts of war, burned in the soul never to fold for someone to hold. For the coming home, soldiers carry a burden on their shoulders, for a life to be destroyed to avoid regular citizens to be annoyed and paranoid to employ for life as a vet, for war is only told to those who know how war goes, the dead are the heroes.

For the urge to emerge with lethal birds in the sky, as the bombs fell to strike them all for them to fall and die, don't have a chance to say their goodbyes, for life to despise only to be recognized before death the war of bad health for the war of wealth, to see for yourself, billions or else to see how war vets felt. The war of finances as the liberated countries dances, what enhances the strategy of being romantic in the war fought near the Atlantic ocean, to keep in motion until the coast is clear, amphibious attacks for the most of fear, for death is near for war of dead peers, shoulders to lean on when a soldier's face is full of tears, to be sincere for all love one, the unity of soldiers to fall all at once, to never leave a man behind. To face danger to an unknown stranger, for anger to kill and find, for life to find inside of a veteran mind, to be lost in time to adapt to societies rules, to live with blues to go out and do, a crime or two, soldiers of weapon they used, to fight and kill, for time for they minds to heal.

The bridge under the sky comes in many forms, for those who are lost, to be able to keep them stable with warmth in many storms, to inform there is another world of faith, the gates been here for us to wait, the catastrophic history, a planet of misery, that desperately needs a myth of good deeds. This is a bridge that crosses over many seas, been here for a million years to see many humans bleed, for the war of strategy, for a war with very little apologies, the astronomy of a place to cross all boundaries, the city of the sky, to lay under for us to wonder, when it rains it thunders the bridge under the sky.

To fix the ruined, the bad influenced the wrongdoing the one who's searching for a conclusion in a world of confusion, the bridge is the universal proposal for the life of the disposal for wars to have closure, In a world of chaos the proposition to complete the deader the deceased, into a world of

fantasies, for every soul to be, to become immortalized when they sleep, for death to be bleak for those to seek a land of prosperity, many soldiers died from IEDS a bomb no one can hardly see. To take care of thee to see inside of you is he for the battles of seas the nature of war to kill enemies for the taking of real estate to be pleased, for war is a disease to ease to be relieved for communize to besiege a war of political needs.

The bridge under the sky for a galactic war of the galaxy for the way life should be, or could be, the civilians to become refugees for a war with innocent tragedies the remedies of extremities how far to go sickly for a mind to care, the hundred-yard star wars fought on land sea and air.

For a mind that can't rest to suffer from post-traumatic stress life is a drunken mess, for nothing or less for twenty-one gun salute the ones to lie that have died to execute, the bridge under the sky is ready for you. The plan for a man to become something after death a safe haven for the soul to be fulfilled when nothing is left, a quiet place to have finally slept, to have been kept for the bridge under the sky can rept, for the final solution the world of confusion war of illusions with no contributions.

To walk the mile made of spirits to walk and hear it to get close near it, for those who fear it, the nature of death, for the living to be numb for a reason to come to the bridge under the sky for many and some, for life to live the rising of the sun, for one sky for all that dies the bridge under the sky is part of the benevolent skies the horizon of the sun.

The Benevolent Skies

The skies of love to stand above the effectuated ways to stay in mine, for reasonably respectfully time to live with kindness the blindness of looks, for only inside of crooks a good book to cook, a shaking life to get shook, the maker of eternity the skies of Eli for the words of wisdom for a journey for no reasons why, the benevolent skies. The irrelevant eyes to see and despise only to be wise for life to rise the innovative mind, to be one of a kind for time to eventually decline, for a world to discover to be a walking miracle, for the miracles of others.

The autumn of aurora the benevolent skies for the more, the northern skies galore to explore for the door to open the eye, to see the benevolent skies, for which life should live by, to treat others as you want to be treated for a good meeting with the inside of you to not to be defeated, not to be deleted but remembered from the fall of September, convicted as a criminal locked in prison in December for the minimal time to be living in prison, facing life to die incarcerated, his life has been invaded.

For life can be profound as the body was found with his fingerprints and DNA, with lacerations to her face, this was a girl he loved every day, for the life of a girl who was a stray, could hardly sit still as she prays because of drugs habits there she lays, cold with a look like the dead can see, in this case for the reasons of brutality in society to face and be, a spiritual ritual kamikaze for life live for some killing is a hobby. To lobby in dangerous territory no smiles no glory for a story that's incomprehensible, the principle to situations is an education for life in times of desperation the conclusions, by all means, the suffering to live happily, until death do us apart for life in the dark for the reasons why, the Benevolent Skies for he lives in prison to die.

In life the killing fields are real, for a moment of signs with David Copperfield as he yields his power to be concealed, for upon to swim with swan a girl that would pawn your heart from love from the start, for the life in

the dark skies, to tell lies, to be empty inside, for a ride of pride with joy, not to destroy but to build to heal, only to feel beneath the road you walked to reveal the why, the benevolent sky. The challenge to remain the emotional balance in a world of malice to be fleeced covered in grief with no values and beliefs the night of a thief to find to live in peace, the reason at dark where no one can see, for nothing at all to be deceased, got into a shootout with the police as a minority, seems the eyes is watching everything to be.

For the bridge up under the sky connects to the benevolent skies to see, the impossible became possible to be able to live stable to conceive the ability to breathe for time to be relieved from dysfunctional strategies, to reveal imaginable capabilities the benevolent sky for humanity for life of humility to possibly survive in crucial times to be riddled by crimson tides the rise of the ocean waves, for life to be saved for love to be craved, for life to tell, to walk again to get stem cells, to live well, the life of a soldier to survive a living hell.

To endure to suffer the rougher life can be, to swallow your pride mentally to overcome a chronic disease for life to please to be weak, don't want to speak, to be depressed and disabled and stressed and unable to confess for the mess you made, because of the day, your life changes forever to never quit as it begins to walk with your friends the little things that matter, for life after death the last breath, the benevolent skies gave the vision to try again so if you fail to keep trying until you prevail, waiting to exhale. The man with the mail, waiting to sell, your house because of foreclosure the life of exposure searching for closure, the man in the wind blew in some dividends to spend to recommend to be, to keep the house for a new price that's cheap, a clean sweep as the numbers fell through to be a millionaire for dreams to come true.

The benevolent skies are universal to the eye, far in orbit with cosmic rays trying to avoid the space race to go under a crawlspace to be faced with panic, for a planet to invade another planet, a dwarf galaxy probably be the answer for a parallel universe for the magic of land that's divers.

A million light-years away, the intergalactic cosmic atmosphere will the benevolent skies penetrates through the hemisphere to protect humans from evil, life can be lethal, to keep us clear from the devil to appear, a lifeless ear not to listen, only to christen the roads that have risen, the prism of realism the nature of God for life in the sky to see what's real, the thought of extraterrestrial to break through our stratosphere.

An interdimensional world of the portal, the bridge under the sky, the benevolent skies for life to be immortal, to resort to battalion the decision for democracy to be fatal unable to fight and be stable from an enemy from outer space is a red label, the tables have turned, when the sky starts to burn, the object in space that was traced, made a U-turn, when they learned that the benevolent skies can do much harm to protect humanity for anyone or anything that comes from the galaxy by any means.

To wait to hear the singing bird, word for word have you heard the bird is a gift from God to move the emotions of motion to be happy inside, the life of the benevolent skies, only he tried he felt like he died, he wasn't living well, to walk again he was taking stem cell, he never prevail to walk again, his life is hell to talk again, then he begins to search for the skies, to give him his legs back before he dies. Now it's a race to find the skies so people want to die to remain healthy more than being wealthy the miracle historical benevolent skies, for the life of new ties, to protect the earth in a galactic war to rise from the galaxy the world of wars, for life or more for tears to pour for life is not sure for the dead to be pure.

Land of survival, the arrival, read the Bible to be deniable reliable for many things as life is hung by a string, the benevolent skies is a place very few know, with great means, a place to shake and stop everything the world and the galaxy throw, a hard stone to give you broken noses the way life goes, the protection of us from us to trust for protection is a must, the divider the insider of the boundaries in space the benevolent skies is heaven in space. For a look for a trace, to face yourself face to face, it's you, you are looking for every day, the astronomy of human anatomy is unknown to be traced, planet earth was created by space. The reality of abundance of possibilities for the security of the unknown as shown by the skies of God to behold the life that's cold, frozen like ice the life of nothing nice, to not be polite, only at night in the dark for the sun to shine in the park, to see and believe the beginning of time something to exist to resist the enemy of the mind, to find love from above the sky in time.

To Wonder

To wonder beyond thunder, to not fall under, way down yonder the sky of dreams to seem like it's obscene the road is clean the path of a stream, the rivers of dreams, the local place to screen for pleasure to be deemed, wonder why people act mean, let's make a deal with God to be real, the planet is protected by steel, the bullets people use to kill, for life to be wise, protected by the benevolent skies. To wonder why it's a burden to live in an urban, the version of poverty to be undeserving, for the hurting and poor for evermore the conclusion to get more, is not to fall on the floor for life to explore, but the unknown is coming, for the unknown to be revealed for the lives on this planet, to wonder in frantic, to wonder to panic, to wonder about eyes watching the skies.

To wonder to go under the water of Gibraltar, the altercation for revelations to the altar the myth of the flying saucer the further, for a life worthy like no other, the skies to die for, the life to cry for, never to be bored, to wonder in thunder a life under and above, for love to wonder why, for the benevolent skies.

To wonder about different romances for the chances as love enhances for different circumstances, the feeling of freedom when love ends, to hang out with friends, only to enhance a broken heart from the start, to pretend that love can't end. To wonder for love in life is real to feel, for emotions to get stolen, as the wonder of love is told, not to fold in a world that's bold for a lost loved one to hold, the river of dreams searching for gold, the myth of the skies is who's in control, as the river flows with nowhere to go.

To lose control in life, behold of the common cold, to wonder at night, for life to be frozen to delete those memories of a past life is fast, to chase down your shadow to follow a path for tomorrow, for the battle for a mission, a military intuition the positions for strategic warfare to believe that life is fair, to fight the evil from up there, the planet of wars for the skies in store for the

lives or more. The benevolent skies will rise to defend us from sin, the enemy from within to live today and the enemy from space.

In the times of Babylon, the vision of one for the sun to come, for the skies to protect for life can be direct, to be disrespectful to reject, only to detect what's happening next. For life to be critical, a political conflict to insist on the disagreements to be exact, between republicans and democrats, for political purposes of democracy to be distracted. The beliefs for elements of structures to fall to be charismatic in all, the deception of a mental level to stall, for the balance of emotions chemically to crawl for a balance that's small, for how life can be like the autumn of fall.

For a reasonable fashion, for life passions, cut in fractions for wrong actions, he was asking, for him to believe he must be forgiving to live inside to be, one man for all sanity a leader of apantropy, the velocity of electricity can be created by skies, through and around the benevolent skies, as he tries to mentally accept his conditions, every night in prison for his expedition to imagine, for cell bars doors to slam for the damned to be remorse for a cause of death to forgive the soul of the worse and for what's left, the cursed of his last breath.

Potentially eventually his life will tell through his soul of hell, the beginning to tell the end to comprehend to tend for many slain individuals the souls of spiritual signs, the visual for biblical times, to wonder if death is next in line, to wonder why a dream can be his spirits, only to fear it when it's your enemy, to get near it.

To wonder for the friendly skies as it arises to validate life's lives dangerous like beehives, the danger of cooking knife for a crazy life, a murdered wife, for a life in the night, for while one wrong is two rights, to be insecure, not sure for love is not pure, only to lure on dangerous grounds when he grabbed the gun, it was too late for her to run, the sound of the gun now she gone, for a dungeon of love far above love for fashion of fantasies to only believe for love to see, an erotic exotic sexual nature of humanity.

For him to be on death row he goes and knows he will be executed for a life of excuses, for the choices that he chooses, his marriage was exclusive, with allusions of confusions, the nature of being human, for the life of wrongdoing, to wonder why he was fooling himself, for the reason of mental health, the needs of essential behavior help. To wonder about a biological unbalanced chemical brain reaction to crises the price he pays for his actions,

his life is cut down to fractions, to kill with emotions the devotion to love when it hurts, to flirt to hurt a hint for the worse for a life to be condemned to be cursed, at first as an innocent child raised in a society that's wild, for things to get old and out of style for a happy unconditional smile.

For life to behold, hoping to never sink, in sinkhole only to think to hold yourself to be told as life goes, no one knows him but him, to wonder how life can be subdued to be rude to be confused with nothing to lose to choose why, the benevolent skies.

To wonder how life is supposed to be, to keep the heart close to see, a premonition of life's tragedies casualties to wonder why, the benevolent skies to protect peoples' souls when people die, as he sits in his cell, only he can tell his actions were evil with a weapon that's lethal but forgiven his soul is spared by the living for forgiving, only for the life of the light in the night to rise, to wonder about the benevolent skies. Love can be an inspiration to inspire for motivations for the destruction of emotional separation from love to wonder for salvation, the memories of love in desperation, the elevation of the mind to wander down yonder for a road to pounder for the rain of thunder, to wonder about the mythical mystical sky that lies beneath the skies, of dreams to be deemed to be, a world of fictional and nonfictional realities.

The truth be told to wonder as you get old, the secrets are never told only to hold the key to the soul for a mind to know for a specific goal to unfold, the wonders of the world is told to be myths, the conditions of validations for situations for sanity to come in formations in the mist, the apathy of conditions in heart to be fixed, for the broken to be heard as spoken for soft words, to be vibrant for the silence to speak to be observed. To wonder in the coldest form to be warm for the heart of a storm, to battle for the norm, to be safe in a specific place in mine, to stay in a designated line, the life that God picked for you, to live thru time, for life to ask why, the benevolent skies to wonder about, before he died in prison, as his wife soul is giving, as he was forgiven. The war of society for him to be vibrant, the visual silence of vanity to oppose that insanity for life to tolerate to wonder about hate to live with faith, to wonder how life can fade away.

The Falling Angel

Beyond our atmosphere, there something that came through our stratosphere at both sides of our hemisphere to protect when the devil comes here, to appear in physical and spiritual form, this is not warmth it's hot, the life of the have-nots, to give life all they got, to obtain unconditional love for a mystical dove, above the sky is love for what love was. As the danger of life gets closer for closure at an angle to feel someone watching, for exposure to be seen by the heaven in the skies the falling angel from the sky. The times of confusion can be horrific, the physical presents of the devil can be scientific, the illusion of reality can be terrific for the mystical rain as it came to the pacific, the edge of the shores to explore for an afterlife to be cured for heaven and more.

For the duration of admiration to become one final destination in all points of views for news to conclude the diabolical few, that comes for clues to destroy the inside you, the logical pew to sit down with a beautiful view to find the beauty in you, for life can amuse the abused to be truthful for all meanings of pain inside to hide from other eyes, the eyes in the sky sees everything for the reasons why, the sky under the bridge is life to walk by, to go inside for the light of pride and joy not to be destroyed.

To find the missing for kissing a stranger a life in danger for life to be cruel, the refusal of life forms to be in denial a trial of tribulations with configurations, to pollute the streets as a prostitute, for sexual fantasies for man to be, to do the things he cannot do to his wife in life, for the direction of light in hindsight, the falling angel in the night, the blindsight to wonder for the blunder in the skies for all rights, for the wrong to come along in all nights, the creations of all skies in all fights, the benevolent skies we all rise with all might.

The ballad of a dead soldier to weep, every step is calculated to be steep in pain to be isolated to creep highly innervated for peace to sleep, the physics of destiny to be inquisitive survival of the fittest, to wonder what is this, deep down and dark like the abyss to be clear for an angel to come to a world of

people that are lost in the mist, to fight life with a fist, for an opportunity to miss.

The angel looks like a beautiful flamingo to come from the skies from an angel's point of view, only the angel knew, how to rise for the infamous ties of wrong activities that swallows society as a whole, the falling angel knows, the skies of mysteries as the purity of a single lost soul, land of the sparrows to fly down a narrow road to go, for the life of the skies when someone dies above to glow. Angels in the skies with eyes, like satellites, fire down below the road for which way to go, to see the fire of a storm of fistfights, to love no longer kiss right, the love of the misty nights.

The radical events to be dramatic with no sense, for an intense battle inside to be immersed with the false pretense of deviance, a verse to commend for the angel to fight the sin of grievance. The elegant intelligent angel to fend for life to bend for light to send life to the light at the end, for the destruction of Babylon to carry on, to survive the storm of the century to be fatal, to leave humans unable to be emotionally stable, as for the turns of the table for life of a holly maple tree the place for a falling angel to be, for the aggression of felonies the stories God is telling to see the prosperity of God's property to be utilized for eternity.

To be spiritualized with an army to vandalize the sky of astronomy for tomorrow, for life's sorrows, likely to be properlize to calmly generate power to be kind to an unknown angel to be one inside of humanity, for the vanity of attire to inspire for the words of a good liar, the dress to impress, the guardian angel of life's mess the treasure of the soul to only be found, by the soul to dig a deep hole in the heart to be molded at dark. Only for the angel to intervene at the moment that is obscene to be sparked with light, for a future to be bright, for life beyond means, heaven streams running through human beings, to find themselves lost frantically to panic for heaven's dreams, so it seems the devil is a liar the dyer for life to expire for what transpires for life to be immersed to be embraced for love to be immaculate with faith, to exaggerate with hate, for the possibilities of the benevolent skies to penetrate the mind that needs a safe place to face life at its fastest pace.

For those who bring misery to everybody else, a life that melts for life to feel or be felt, the feeling of despair to not care for a world that's not fair, to look up there, in the air, for the falling angel to appear to come here, the land of peers, to cheer when the angel gets here. From far and near to be clear for

the light to come and disappear as the coast is clear to be debonair the volume of mass destruction is fused by a reluctant individual for unpleasant ritual for the visual of spirituality, for life to probably be diminished to do ten crimes in ninety minutes to finish an arm robbery spree, to be lost in a dark fantasy for the use of drugs romantically, like a person that comes first, a drug thirst to burst for drugs as the body hurts with withdraws the flaws come out to get out for all means to get money to be subdued to be glued in drug use.

To be the abuser and the user, a bizarre way to be a loser as a far stray to live minute to minute for tomorrow's day to day, hoping a fallen angel comes to pray for that person's day to day in that way. Far from reality with very few possibilities to be reasonable for reality to exist, to be feasible for a reliable incredible moment to reveal its purpose of the angel to surface for the dislikes in a person's power of might, to be mighty and strong at night, in the darkness with light for a life that's torn to sworn when born for disaster to strike, a family tree of grief and dislikes, despite the actions of drug use, crack is this family generational drug to abuse, inherited for failure to be inevitable myriad to be imminent to use too, the impossible to improve life, as past due.

The angels in blue the ones that make dreams come true, for the purpose of the truth to find at youth, strong to be bulletproof, an angel of the sky when the sky is a universal roof, life for mysteries that has proof. The beginning of our descendants for the past of bloodline to be dependent to live through for lives as angels to become you, with splendid activities to be clean, the life of sobriety the change of anxiety, in life to try to be calm in the storm, the warmth to take the form of an angel to swarm around the life that's torn, a falling angel to scorn the wrong for porn, sex is for the unborn, not for pleasure as life measures up into the sky, for all skies the benevolent skies of angels of death, when or before someone dies, only with a soul left, that lies in the benevolent skies, for a falling angel to arrive, as the sun rises.

The falling angel to come as a sacred puppeteer or veer life in a direction for love and affection to fear, the falling angel in the light from the rear to reappear to be sincere as themes of death could be near, to face all fears for life to debonair for the breath of fresh air for life is despaired in the cold world many that don't care as life is not fair.

The angels of God came down from the skies when life gets hard to be in regard for life to be in shame the motion of fire the flame full of pain to stop

the anatomy of humanity to be vain for times to visualize to rise in the benevolent skies.

Premonition

The prediction of death is an intermission for a reason to be superstitious, with a tremendous amount of fear to see that death is near, the weary tears of life's threat to living when death is at the rear end of life, death in the night, to see light for life to begin again to recommend to send God a letter, to make the afterlife better, the life to live in the moment that can be irrelevant with great intelligence with a false pretense for a life with a picket fence that can seem to be condensed.

The pattern of death can be ironic the position of God to be iconic, the speed of the light to be supersonic, faster than sound, that the lives of the lost to be found under the ground in physical form with a spiritual warmth to be laid to rest. Death is a test for the living to live after the death of a loved one to die and enter the gates, as the sky turns blue, as the soul penetrates the atmosphere for a place that's not here, a place that's new. A recollection of a premonition that can come true, for life with an intermission, the ambition of love can fight death from above for those that you love not to give up, to live up in the skies of luck, to be haunted by death like sitting ducks, the skies of love with inside above the sky, is the reason why, is the benevolent skies.

The gift to see death is a burden, the heart to be broken, for the afterlife of the chosen ones to be spoken for the lost souls to grow to glow, to stay in control as life strolls down the heavenly road, don't know where to go, the invention of death is being alive for innovation to change before they die. The imminent premonition for the instinct of permanent pain, to see things in vain the ability to observe the nerve of a skeptical flying bird, a falling angel that has the words,

A perpetual treacherous death to be predicted from the dead inside of the mind to find the head of the road that led to an unorthodox place to go for clement times, with a preeminent mind to face obstacles of life to stay in line, may death be defined to be inside of life for death to come back alive after

death, a moment for another breath to breathe, and to see the premonition of death to be.

Life can be unpredictable with despicable damage, to manage for life to take advantage for death to be manic for the living to panic, for life can be irrelevant for death to be solvent to be a memorial event to celebrate the time that they spent, here on earth for death to be imminent, to be alive and dead the next minute, the premonition of death to be competent, to live life with confidence for the balance of the mind to have sufficient needs to tolerate the death of bad deeds.

The destiny of a logical mind can travel to a world of gravel roads with angels that turn into toads, as the trees float, big spaceship boats, an imagination of fantasy to wake back up to reality, the hospitality for life casualties to be in line to find the magical skies, where people go when they die, the premonition is true not a lie. For death can contaminate the living for pain that death has given for the soul has risen a premonition, a world that is superstitious and vicious to be malicious for life can be metamorphosis for the purpose of life is to live for positive moments of glory, the derogatory compositions the verdict of a premonition the fuse of oblivion for death to be a religion, across the region for the legion to come.

The reason for love to be treason, to rise above believing that love and death can be for many reasons to be questioned for an answer by the legion, the many times of death to be grieving, to die in the evening, to see the evening star, fall from the sky as one dies. Beneath the benevolent skies, the premonition of demolition for a disruptive death for a reluctant breath, for the living to be alive for nothing left, to look inside themselves for the matters to be overwhelmed.

For life in death, the premonition for death to be vibrant with joy, for the living can't be destroyed by their emotions to be ordained not to suffer in pain to allow death to be in vain the chemical reaction of the brain to stay emotionally sane.

Death at a particular time to be perpendicular at an angel for life is strangled and mangled by death at a rate to eliminate the vision of death to be imminent departure to eradicate the structure of life as it raptures to capture' life in the moments as time collapsed to an end to dying.

To be demise for life to be wise for the living is recognized by the angels in the skies to come and rise for those that died in the dark, and can't see, the

benevolent skies, for the soul to be lost and found with a destiny. Far to go for death underneath the road, to require fire the devil is a liar to what transpires parting a way to admire for the position to inspire the reckoning to be recognized to realize the horizon of the sun for its desires to be fun, the premonition of one to see life before death for life is a breath to take one minute at a time, for love to find death blind.

The reconciliation of humiliation can be somber for life to add up in numbers for years to wonder for when it rains with thunder stay above ground don't go under, for death is art the premonition of death in the dark, the legion can predict death as explicit to resist the pain of death to come and take someone away as one, to stay in heaven forever that day for the next days to come granted an asylum to gravitate the medium for wisdom for a life of some, to come in many forms for death to fill with warmth, the storm of life brings death at night, to see light, for the skies to provide the power to heal, not to steal the soul of an evil man that killed, if there's a way, there is a will to fulfill a destiny afterlife that killed to be right.

The legion came and left for a man that went to jail for auto theft, his soul was left on the wrong side of the road, to walk down to go, for an arm robbery and murder to not be solved, to revolve around time for him to involve a combination of criminal activities to climb at the highest of all time. The possibilities for his life to be speared for the legion to care, as he died in the air the life to be near the fire below the evil souls to go, the premonition of his death to be in a dimension of hell, for the dead to speak to him in jail, his mind caved up in a shell, only to hang himself in his jail cell, for only his diminished soul can tell the story of hell.

Forever to be bright, his soul was still protected by the light and giving from hell to the eyes in the sky, the benevolent skies to rise for his soul that was deprived to be alive in the skies created by the benevolent skies. To forgive one wrong for a sad song to expire without fire, a desirable death, to behold the land of the lost souls, only to be found a reliable gate to penetrate through to find a place in the skies to go.

A troubled kid when he was born, a life he lived torn, only the signs were to warn a thunderstorm to come from inside of a child raised wild, never smiled, a life of hostility the ability to cause harm, the vision to become a fire walking among the skies to believe that the night of a thief cause grief, the fallen angel came to be, a sign for his crimes to be depleted and deleted for

him to be seated in heaven forever his spirit will be, the premonition of one dies to be, the reality of the sky to be relevant the benevolent skies to see for a personality to be.

The Old Road

The old road says a lot, a road to an old town where people gave it all they got, to grow with the pain as a have-not, the plot to live for a lesson to be vain, a small town to stay sane, the hospitality of the south, soft country words came out they mouths, spiritual living is what this town's about. The town of strong spirits only the skies hear it, the sounds of soft voices as the choices of vulnerability the town of unity the community of equivalent intelligent actions, the due diligence of fractions for a purpose to live to pay high taxes, for a farming community to be in debt, to go make bets people cry and weep the cost of living is steep. Keeping a farm is not cheap, raising a family the economy is bleak, the anomaly of life to seek, the expectations of life to be destroyed for life can be incomplete, for a town to make rude noise, only try to stay poised.

To calm the town of the old road, the devil's palms glow, the beliefs of those hidden in plain sight for something bad to come, the sounds of the drums beating in their mind, it's time for them to climb the ladder of the roof the sky of what people do for proof. The myth of skies, for these people who try the old road where people go for sin and lies, the town is now a burden and hurting for the devil to come in to comply, to realize for life to immerse to be diverse for this town is cursed, the emerging Pershing missile for worse to come, the town might be the bomb for many tombstones to come.

The old road is sacred to sacrifice the time of hatred for life to be mature for life is pure, the town sets east of the river of dreams to the ability to be deemed for a town that seem to be lost in time, the elements of a mentally bind, tied up in the mind, to be discombobulated slightly jaded the town is overpopulated lost to say they made it.

The old road of demon a town of people with good options to be conclusive for the old road to be exclusively illusively lost behind the fire under the road, to truly be the heavens of hell for no place for the soul to go and tell for this

town is on a spell. The vision of living well is a life that's hard to tell, no food to cook and smell, this small town is a jail cell for the purpose of life to be repelled for a farming community to fall.

The old road is a spell to kill all crops, no cattle or pigs to cut meat and pork chops, when will the prodigy come for this ending to stop, the ideology of life without crops and meat to chop, to travel at dark the old road is marked to be bleak from the start to walk with faith a road is a treacherous place, for a town to stay, the mechanism of hate the realism of poverty for the town to face, everyone is in a dark place for the devil to come, to take God's place.

Life from outer space the universe is the largest place, heaven in the skies as this town lies beneath the sky, if everyone dies, the town of the old road is a tantric place to go, for life on the rise a town of suffering to comply with the devil to get by, even when the devil lies, only to try to lose faith, it's hard to do the right thing when there's no food on your kids' plates, everyone used to live with love, now they live with hate.

The fate of life's pain that hurts to get worse, this town is under the devil's curse for the mind to burst, at first, the town was loved for the skies above, now everyone is lost for the cost of life for what life was, a life to be negative with no food and crops to be positive for all that's good, the wind came with the devil ruined their livelihood, now only they could communicate with faith to live like they should, only God can sometimes be miss understood.

For a life to be stable, a farming community to be fatal for tragedies to come, the old road opens the door for the rain to pour with thunder in the skies for darkness to come from, the town of love is now the town that was for love above. The honesty for life to be promising, for tomorrow to be compromising to memorized good times from the past, how long will this curse last, before people start dying fast, to miss the smells of aroma many of the town's residents went into comas to be comatose as they brain roast from the devil to oppose for the souls of the town to be exposed to close closure for the decomposed.

Wrath of cons of Babylon more people dying like Vietnam the story of the old road to open the mind in a terrible way for the lost souls to get lost never to find the way, only to stay in mayhem to be condemned the lost road for the chants of them, to sing in hymns. Humans are like planets with dim lights to see, to grant life to be, the lost world of astronomy, the apathy of pain in silence, the whole town turned to violence.

Only to fight no more being polite scrapping for food to eat that night, to be blind in sight the feeling of might be, for life to see, to be agonizing by life with no light in misery, the history of the old road came with terror in the road territory the mythical story with no glory.

The town is a mystery for the history of the unknown the grief of a dark shadow to be shown to receive the embodiment of sin to begin restoring life as it ends, for time to comprehend to fend off evil to render the inevitable chance to surrender of losing faith, thank God for the tender meat to eat today, for all they say, the old road no one walks with fate, should die with hate for life to be lived in a dark place.

The elevation of evil has reached its highest peak, to believe in faith to take a leap, as the old road is steep to creep into the minds of this cursed town to live above the old road of souls just above the ground. The sound of the soft wind to blow in, the clustered sins to mustered up ends for money to spend is now gone for the wrong things to recommend, a small town that's damned for the devil to come in, to be ambled for the walk of life, to scramble for the wrongs for faults, life is small talk, as this town was stalked by the devil to walk in this town for everyone to disappear without a trace or to live in fear, to face life to be clear.

The town over the old road to say at least, with no more food to feast, here comes the beast to seek as a refugee, to symbolize its strategies to invade the town or this community, to manipulate the desperate minds of humanity for this town's peoples sanity, for the unknown vanity of this town's philanthropy the silence of philosophy for the words he speaks, only to believe in the sins for all men. For a life he seeks to be one inside him for him only to be, an old man that' lonely, to be phony and fake as the people's minds is day to day is falling apart in the dark and can't take the pain the old road can make sentimental values evaporate in the rain of pain, for life to be in vain as the town was ashamed to be ordained.

From the mysterious mist that came from the old road to claim many of the town's lost souls of flames the fire of hell the legendary story to tell the beast of the devil of hell, walk the old roads for the deceased to be propelled in the old road for eternal living cells to turn into hell.

At the end of the old road journey through town mostly everybody was gone and never found, the outer bounds gravity of earth and heaven, an astronomical world above is where the town's soul was, with love and not hate,

the town was protected by faith, the benevolent skies fought hell or the devil for many days, to intervene to keep the town's souls clean and safe, to be spared the towns lost souls is cared for in the skies with eyes to see, the old road evil destinies was destined to be, for the loss of humanity, to render human mental qualities, only to be in the light in a spiritual fight to rise, an afterlife prize for those died in this town to drown and realize the benevolent skies.

The town became a myth, the town of the old road's ghosts, the most evil to appear from the old road that came here, the sacred place of lost souls, the town was clear, to never know, why did the town's people disappear and go, the sanctuary in the sky is maybe why this evil town had to die, to pull their souls up to the sky, the benevolent skies, the why's and don'ts a life virtual pattern to disguise and want, never be happy to confront yourself for the do's and don'ts for life to be rich with health upon yourself for good things to come, for bad things you want, the old road is forever to be the enemy of humanity life in a storm.

The Dawn of a New Day

The dawn of a new day, for everybody to pray to play in a new world day by day, the mission to live with grace with the inside of being disgraced to have faced the battle inside to be in a race to decide to fulfill life with a heavenly place for time is space to trace our origins from outer space, to be laced with hate, to be obligated to traits the lost fate to brake when the tides come to make.

For oceans and seas to be a reality of beauty, tomorrow for life in the valley in the alleys of dark parks, to move profusely, the plains and hills the fields of a dollar bill for people to love and kill, the raindrops of mud, to hit a car sounds of thuds slivered in the crud, to deliver the faith of the few, for life to be new, the crude way to be true, for life to be rude for the day to conclude to subdued in an awful way of bad attitude.

The town to lose for alcohol abuse the fire and fuse for everyone in this place to choose. The dawn of a new day to prolong for a way to be strong for good thoughts to come along, for only a life among the wrong the same song of poverty the bold apology to be logically insane for the pain of life to assemble the symbol of a sign to hope to maintain. A town to panic for life strategies to be frantic for a mythological planet, to take life for granted this lost town stand slanted, for a life of hypocrisies the prophecies for this town to be only to behold, from the myth of the old road, to come for lost souls the rising of the dark shadows of a town that disappeared many years ago.

A lifeline energy for many peers to be lost in a divine fantasy of life fears to a destiny of tears to be near the lost of fate to be here in a town where people can't think clearly, only for life in our hemisphere the skies of our stratosphere to come down to bear witness of madness and sadness for happiness for life is a burden for what's hurting inside of a person's heart, the shadows of the lost arc are the ones that're dark. The ability to be smart, when everybody is stupid and under the influence of alcohol and drugs, a town of bad habits for everyone is buzzed with no love.

An anomaly to a somber night, to solemnly to live a humble life for the tumbling night, to vision the light for the wrongs and rights for life to fight, the sins to come in, for the derogatory story of suffering the pattern to roughen a life to be solid and polished for this town to be abolished another town to be lost and symbolic, a logical evil relic to relish many town members are selfish and pathetic highly energetic.

Life for all means a beautiful stream to swim in the rivers of dreams to be deemed, the falling angel to dangle from a tree searching to see, the bottoms of the seas, the signs of the make-believe the bridge under the sky is full of destinies the premonition of death to be, the attention of what's left to see, the quality to be equivalent to the vigilante's deaths of revenge to send death to tend to exterminate to end.

To live in a place to be irrelevant for life in this town to drown to indulge in drugs and booze the only choice for a poor town to choose, the only thing is to lose, no jobs to choose, only a cold minor town to work with drunken crews that work underground never to be found but few, as the mine gases blew a bomb burst in two, killing all the crew.

As now nothing was said for one of the workers that's dead, for what he has done to have killed the vigilante's only son, for him to come and leave with one, a thought for the many of some, the time to come from the bottle of rum the anger of some, to amount to many of none, for what they all done, a lynch killing of the vigilante's son, for the devil to come.

To sprout in route the danger of hell is something to talk about, a small town in the deep south where everyone closes their mouths for evil deeds to amount to get drunk and be out for the count. In the life of some tomorrow may never come, for a town to live inside for pride, by all means, a combination of many bad things, for many sad themes so it seems for a broken dream for people that's hoping to see a better day in their reality, for spirituality for a known fact, to try to keep life intact for a tactical dramatical plan to understand a small town's grief and beliefs.

To live for today because tomorrow is not promised, many souls in the town is tarnished for life to be found at the end of time, beginning to find that this town's soul was blind, to walk in a line toward the old road, to empty their souls, for a place in hell to go, for the land of sorrows for no tomorrow, only for borrowed spirits to burn into the fire, for unpleasant desires, the truth to be told in a town full of liars, as the time expires.

The closer the end, the fire is burning as the town is turning into monsters with inside themselves cannot accept themselves for a life to live and be well, only one survives in this salvation of the old road, a place where the devil comes from to steal this town's souls, the rest died and was never found, only to behold the magic soul the little girl that lived as a product of prodigy's for a human soul to stay in their bodies, for a town of sins she let the devil come in, for this town to start all over again, for as may she know, to mislead to the path of the old road.

Life can be motivated by good karma for no drama, the mother of a gifted child, the circulation of good vibes in the wild, the whole town is in the missing person files, to find the missing, for people to smile, a redundant living to plummet into the ground, to go under to be found, in a profound state of mind to wonder. As the sounds were silent with violet colors of violence with beauty and grace, for faith for a moment of silence for the town's people that died that day, for other family members to cry and pray for the missing would never be found to say that the old road for our sins is our place for our souls to stay, only one girl lived to portray God's way.

To blunder into the sky as they all died, the level of the devil for there he will lie, to direct the and try to entice with lies, for the price they tried to be right and nice, for some polite as the fading of the light, as the skies turned into night, it's too late to be holy, as the devil for sins read them their rights to repent the old road is sometimes heavenly sent.

To a town for a murder that was commenced, for their irrelevance to oppose faith, for those it was too late to put up a fight, as the light flash the town was gone with the night, life for the past in an unholy night, for only light to preserve the night with angel eyes, the holy sky of skies, the elegance of the extravagant life to live with great suffering above the buffering technologies of the benevolent skies, only to discover the skies of the galaxy is living in the eyes of the sky, the benevolent skies.

The Lost Faithful Soul

The girl to survive is extraordinary, the visions of Hail Mary, the darkness to be scary a fist of fury the diary of a young prodigy for some stories is to make people see, to spread fear to people in grief a parliament of biblical beliefs the refinement of spiritual atrocities the velocity of war is paramount, a difunctional society to be disoriented for a fair amount of time for life to show an angel that live through Bible times, that's inside the girl that's alive, when the rest of an old town had died, to wonder one day she could die in a cold world to live and try, for the eyes is watching the sky, the fallen angel for life to rise for the bridge under the sky for hope through life ties for trials and tribulation for time of configuration to figure a defilements of a confinement climent of a tormented soul lost in the mind, hell is hot the fire burns all the time, to define life possibilities to utilize life for the apathy of death, this little girl is all that dying town have left.

She lived in a town of thrills that spilled in the cups to drink and not to think, to kill only to feel empty inside for a ride in the fast lane, as a young black boy found slain forever this town lives would be in vain, to scrape to live in pain, perhaps to give to be ordained, life on the brink for the price of fur mink with nonoperational sinks, the town was jaded slightly faded and drunk at all times, no place for the sun to shine only in darkness a town with dysfunctional minds. For her to live for people to be satisfied for the government to be highly classified, the actions for her power to be overwhelming the tragic story of her past is compelling, the yelling and screams when her home town was deemed to go down in hell for not telling a thing for a murderous scene for them a glorious dream for prejudice themes.

She is divergent for deviance activities the impotence priority, the authority of the unknown, a gift to be known the epic of the skies that comes in many fashions as her soul lies, in the sky while she's alive as she stands on solid ground to live and get by as harsh as life can sound for the importance of

living in the now. A life that has been obliterated by the devil's things to be liberated by the falling angels means the complication of self-evaluation for life to be, to preserve for how hard life can be to see, the confident intelligent girl, was the only living angel in the world, the old road was a portal to hell, may the gates stay open to tell, another story about hell, as time goes for unspoken heroes as the justice system fails, to trust this killer out on bail a known criminal that was in jail, as her eyes swelled this is a man's soul belongs to hell.

The killer of the killing fields to try to find the missing, for kissing a man that never pays attention or listens, as the soft voice is in position for his soul to go in a premonition this little girl world of superstition for the broken to fall for redemption for the repentance of a past to last through the storm for a temperance testimony for the matrimony of a ceremony. For many funerals to amount to great numbers, to be announced with great somber, dark and down and under, the thunder in the sky, as the little angel wondered.

That his soul would be cast in stone all alone down yonder far away as the blunder in the skies, for the old road for evil souls to go, he is free but the devil is his prophecy, for many hypocrisies his life is relentless, eventually, he will ask for forgiveness as shallow as he lived to live with grief to give for his life against hell, he is defenseless to ask God for repentance, a soul burning in hell is where he would be sentenced.

The signs of the little girl's power were feared the government kept that real cleared, to keep her in captivity in a government facility for life can be safe for the angel of the lost faithful soul can create powers of the unknown in many ways. To see everything that nobody knows, for life, can remain peerless to an unpredictable challenge, for the angel to walk the world for emotional balance, the malice of mayhem for the life of triumph a pyrrhic victory of life to be defiance the reliance of the lost faithful soul is the protector of a storm to be able to glow.

To warn when danger comes, for some the power is a curse for her to see all wrongs, the ability to be strong for the worse, to happen to die first a soul for the living to come in sperses the verses of the Bible for biblical times life in reverse just before time, in chronological order for life to be ordained in a diabolical portal for the life of the immortal for sinful lives to die in vain, for only the benevolent skies can't keep people sane for the pain that evil brings.

The killer was a burden of fire with crooked desires to admire other killer's lives as they transpired some killed with barb wire, an antisocial environment a list of lifelong requirements to do for his retirement is heavenly sent, through the eyes of the girl, to go fishing, the ocean he went, for the time that he spent, to kill to be content, never to vent, the mind of intelligence to remain relevant. The mad seas of the world, being seen by this little girl, he was looking to be glad for a mad ocean to rise, the murderers' tide took his life for a ride, before he knew his body has died for his soul has risen, given with grief inside the devil's prison.

The lost faithful soul of a special girl with powers, to devour evil for those to die lethal, mental telepathy and telekinesis is her powers to rip his boat into pieces, causing the waves to rise one hundred feet as his life was defeated for the broken and beaten for death to have cheated, the lives of the young, the killer killed everyone with knife and gun, for all his victims to come, the girl was the only one, to visualize the pain of some, for the things he has done.

Life can be full of distorted things to take their course for no remorse and evil force to be advocated beyond the cosmic sky the reality of space for heaven as someone dies. To be universal life in the synchronous orbit, the absorption of our solar system to be an aurora of the light the angels' insight from the night to bring life, light for life to astronomically be spiritualized to dominantly be curious to be alive, for the furious to stay and die, the hope for life in the eyes of the sky of the benevolent skies.

To fight the fires that burn for the soul to learn, for keeps as you earn to be one for many as the lost faithful soul of one to be any, the avenue of plenty of roads of envy, the old road of the ghost for the one to love the most. To stand close to hell, to fell to prevail to always live in jail, only for life as they know, to go forever a stormy shadow from down below, forever or more to be stored to grow for the life of the shores, the oceans, and more, to explore for the heavens to adore, for the sky has risen, to been seen with eyes, eternity loves the benevolent skies, the lost faithful soul is forever for those who dies.

For All That's Lost

For all that's lost on his way to a journey released from the army the riddler as he rides with a gleam in his eyes to his surprise Hollywood on the rise, a dream for his pride for the means of his ride to stop inside the town that everyone has died, no one was there, the feeling of someone is in the air, for he did not care, to live for his dream it seemed quite clear, to not live with fear. Stranded in an invisible paradise, planted with a miserable carrying life, the day turned into a visible night, may the angel watch with spiritual light, for he lived in a pathetic life where people deserved what they get, not being forgiving as life kept living, for them to regret a life that is a mess for trying to die is not dead yet.

For all that's lost, for life that comes with a cost, to be superstitious for a life of repetitious lies the power to try to sing to he dies, for there Hollywood lies for the devil to ride inside his mind for the dungeon of love the sex party clubs, for the body to rube for the sex and above, for a Hollywood dream for this planet to scream for a song that he sings to gather the streams.

For words he never heard, to hear the sounds of the singing bird, a song with a message the bird was his passage to a way for success, the singing bird life was a mess, to be put through a test to sing at his best. As the bird flew away the man knew the way, for heaven as he stayed for a dream day to day, hoping God can show him the way, to be graceful to glow that way. Him for life to compromise to be wise for his can be incomprehensible to invincible the principal of his dream, for now, he is stuck in a dream that seems to be stuck in a town where the few people that are left are acting mean. Be aware of the rat to combat with evil forces for extortion for the sign of the dead horses, fall all that's lost for crash courses to collide to decide the forces to be obliged with choices to dodge unwanted voices.

For many things, for many themes, for many dreams, for too many sins for another tomorrow to begin for his life of suffering, for his Hollywood journey done stalled, his car won't start at all, for him to dart out of this town

surrounded by dark no kids at the condensed park nothing makes sense from the start. A town of few an altar of a ritual to be true, the old man stands in the doorway of a service station, for mental preparations to be stored in mind, next to his side is a gun he hides, just in case times get urgent with imminent danger in this ghost town of intimidating strangers, to hear ghost-related stories about this town of glory, to be observant for clues for what happen to this town of a few, wearing beat-up shoes to win in life, they look like they always lose, for the distance of life, for the resistance of the choices they choose in a town full of booze, with nothing to lose.

The town of a symbolic myth, the curse of the old road for a symbol of death to be a gift as life takes a drift, for all that's lost, he found himself lost, his car needs a new alternator, stuck in a desert town in New Mexico, the Hollywood dreams seems like it's too far to go, lost in his own words looking for a lost shadow, for him not to get to Hollywood to sing. To drown in his own sorrows for there might not be any tomorrow, as for his broken-down car he left at the service shop, he then started walking as life was putting him through a test, to hitchhike a ride at best that was headed west, to walk and build a wall in life for his voice to sing for recognition to be protected by life's defensive mechanisms for a term in life for realism the eternal soul for the light of a prism.

For all that's lost to end up at the crossroads of the holy cross, for all means to be lost in life like a raggedy old doll, for trials and tribulations, to walk the green mile to stand tall for life's awful situations. For the signs of the disrespectable to be impeccable for him to realize as he hitchhikes a ride, to imagine what's going to happen next, so far everything for his journey is a life test, a man of elegance with intelligence, for a life to be heaven-sent from being poor, for life the time he spent, to be in a position for more, the voice of an angel from another world as he sings, the flawless dauntless attitude sometimes caused him to be rude, for all means the gauntlet gloves he wore to make a scene, to perform is his lifetime dreams.

For all that's lost is his life he left behind, a destiny to find, the ambition of a sergeant of war to protect mankind, to trade his life for divine wine to find his way to Hollywood in these hard times, a troubled mind, lost in a dimension that the little girl found, she was heaven bound for the souls to never drown in satin's lounge. To communicate with Halley's comet as it orbits in a round rotation for the skies to be found information for a human population to hear

the sounds of the benevolent skies as it reaches the galaxy to be one with human anatomy for humanity to stay alive, with the help of protection from the bridge under the sky, for the dawn of a new day, to make to Hollywood forever he stays.

As a stray to stay in Hollywood for his determination to be the best singer of his generation, to finally step foot in Hollywood's sensations of sins, to begin his journey as he takes life as it comes, he got dropped off in the Hollywood slums, a load in life, sleeping on skid row on this cold chilly Hollywood life in the night, the Hollywood lights, land of broken dreams, to look into the eyes of a soul lost in a dream, for the Hollywood lights, to be glittered with a gleam, to sing for his songs to hit the mainstream, for the soul to put up a fight, for the Hollywood life in the night can be deemed, lost and confused in a subdued reality by any means.

To be driven from that town he stopped to be cursed, to believe in his dream for the good and the worst, for his life hurts, to be on red alert, a trial of life's course to remember the signs of the dead horses. For his remorse to be combined with an evil force for life's choices his voice send people's minds to heaven as he has slept in many shelters at many churches the burden of his dream to be irrelevant, as he purchases a sleeping tent, to live in the elements of the fields in the Hollywood hills to be his residence.

For he will build his life with integrity the purity of his alliance of past violence of self-reliance for his mind to find his philosophy to come together for the monogamy of his life's bad endeavors nothing changes the same bad weather. Searching for a melody to sing in bad times for many of his songs he sings with a bad mind, only to find the light to his divine wine, living for pipe dream seems to be a waste of time.

No food to eat he is near starvation the holy spirits he asks God for salvation, to have seen many sad faces as he faces a reality of poverty, a dream seems to not be logically impossible to escape havoc he now endures a hardcore drug habit, his dreams are methodical to be symbolic but on drugs with diabolical thugs, a life of desperation lost in translation. The fumes of a beautiful woman's perfume, to smell to tell the fumes of fire from a crack pipe, as his life transpires to act right to get his facts to be inspired, to be admired as a singer living on fire his desires for drugs, took away is the ability to love, California dreaming scamming and scheming a mind filled with demons to stop believing in dreaming his lost life is in full throttle, downing booze out

the bottle and grieving for tomorrow's astronomical storm from the galaxy of the sun, the storm of his misery for his life has come to an existing one, from death far upon the horizon of the sun, his maker of one, may his death be blessed for his life was a mess, died of a drug overdose his heart far away and not closed, he closed his soul with a drug overdosed, for his soul will travel, a gravel road in the sky for those who die, the benevolent skies, for all that's lost it came at a cost.

Lost in the Woods

To be lost and found from within themselves the questions of life of burning hell, the frozen ground to walk on without a sound, for life to be profound for all bounds of boundaries with thunderous sounds of an army, life is a memory for the silence of sympathy the empathy to simply feel the same to remain empty, for life in the wild for a social profile the identity to be lost in the green mile for a lifelong trial to live and be in denial to get lost if you could find your way through the woods.

To be as silent if could for thoughts can be misunderstood for bad luck to knock on wood, to part ways for life's ways if he should, the roads he walked was narrow a life of a sparrow to fly for tomorrow, a broken arrow as bombs came tumbling down for sorrows to embellish a moment to relish being selfish the moment to live to be useless to profusely be found inside of puberty growing up in life with no beauty, to live loosely the meaning of Judith for a path to choose to be elusive never to find to be exclusive, lost in the woods for his past was no good, for bad deeds as he proceeds to be, lost in the woods, a sacred place of secrecy.

The electricity of energy to be channeled throughout the living trees to be alive for certainty to mainly keep things for perfectly good reason for all four seasons the woods of achieving for the grieving to have peace, for the bad to be deceased for at least to run from the beast, only deep inside is the monster he sees.

For his hypocrisy, a life with no democracy for times of terminology the astronomy of the signs to believe for the sky to see, the eyes of angels to predict as a prophecy with urgency to live above all means, only to fall and be lost, in a land of poverty the woods of his dilemma to find a hobby to remember for love is lost for a cost to be lost in the woods for a life that's sour to be devoured by monsters with great powers, the town of Gower is where he is from, lost in the woods being dump and drunk.

A life he lived to be normal with great fears of the paranormal, the tears to be informal for normalcy to logically live for diplomacy a random act to live for honesty lost in words for this wooded fantasy. A place on earth's final frontier, separate the underworld from the world to appear, for the old road to never have been here, for the skies to be debonair, with pure air, for a life slightly jaded, to be politely faded to live intoxicated, to be faded for this word term is used as slang, the beginning of time to live to be sane, lost in the woods confused by pain, the firm grip of life's combated situations to be in vain to die by a theory of the myth for collaborated mysteries of towns to never be found, for the what if's, for life to lift, for life to live is a giving gift.

To be incarcerated and released as a sex offender to render devastated overexaggerated emotions to amend to send to tend for him to come in, within the inside of himself to prosper from his sins to be forgiven for self-reliance of his defiance to be embraced for more or less to be faced with possible death for him to stress, for his cancer to led to his last breath.

A man with no values to walk down his avenues, only the woods can talk, for particular paths for people to walk for the seen to be seen, for the rules of the woods is a universal law, the benevolent skies came to withdraw the evil inside of him, the falling angels saw the dawn of a new day for him to pray for all that's lost inside him day to day.

To live with creative thoughts to wonder as the blunder in the skies with thunder, for him to fall under, to fall upon yonder to plunder for all of his bad actions to wonder, only to stay afloat, on his lifeboat, the talking trees in the wood calls him the old goat, for time, is life as time goes by, for the cons and the pros for those lies, knowing that soon he will die, the holy benevolent skies.

The premonition of a new death for a new birth for what life is worth, the gift of the little girl hurts, his only child he feels that's reel on this earth, for now, he's nerfed by the crimes he did, on many turfs as it unravels the places he traveled the killing field for the worse, to immersed for the dead to make the living hurts, the killing for him came first, now he's lost in the woods dying of thirst, to be forgiving forever to find his own life in the church.

The crimes of the century the vicious killings for his daughter to see, the superstitious power of her powers came to be, the reality of the unknown to take shape of the old road, for times of many lives can be told, before they die to be old or young as they as time goes by, his little girl was a hero, as of eyes in the sky.

He walks among many, with plenty of killers in the field to kill for envy, the sloth reputation of his vindications, to say he was innocent for his destruction to remain imminent, his resentment for not being caught for many families the pain that he brought, for his daughter that he lost to heaven, as she lives now in the skies. As many years pass as she dies, she still remains as the heaven skies eyes, the falling angel of as the sun rises. An ex-child offender, turn into a serial killer, the monster inside is getting more and more real, for the beast to be the killer, as a scientific thriller as he drinks millers beer for his lust of cheers, for dusk to come near, the sun to set over shores for him to explore life to adore forever or more, to keep his thoughts clear, to steer to sheer, the obstacle illusion the conclusion of his death to appear, can he face his fears for dying to go to hell, locked in the devil cell to be compelled to yield in the killing fields as his stories can tell, for his killing to feel real, to blame the curse of the old road for letting him and his daughter go, many years in time he lived with many minds, to be lost in the woods where he can never find a way out of darkness for him to stay blind.

His abomination of devastation to comply with frustrations of his thought process, at best for his indication of a born sin to vindicate it was the devil and not him from within, to be dependent on sins for a way of living as his life reckonings to come to an end. A descendant of satin the power to hate to be sapient, the gift of evil in many styles in many ways, born as a beast to be the human as least, the love of his family, that was taken away the day of the old road massacre display, the daughter he had, was a gift from the skies with powers before she died, for only he tried, the old road lied, he was a gift from hell the place he goes when he dies to be filed when he was released from jail, he killed in the killing fields, his soul at birth was born stilled, for hell was chosen for his soul at birth to get lost in the woods looking for the holy grail on earth.

As the end draws closer for closure the exposure of mayhem, among the killers in him to be condemned to dance with cancer death is his living answer, for the loss of his power in his darkest hour, to be humble to stumble in heaven for the life of the living towers. The eyes in the skies, for him to be in heaven with his daughter the little girl who saves people in the world, to be spiritualized in spiritual form, the rain inside a storm, the valley of death for his last breath, to get a glance at the skies of his dream when he sleeps.

The old road of ugliness can be very steep as he falls in an unconscious state of mind to find his soul to be very deep, to fall as he creeps, for him to get to heaven it won't be cheap, for him to take the leap of faith. For the sins he did day to day for all God's people say, the broken must be forgiving to find their way, lost in the woods as a lonely stray, for his tormented soul can find a heavenly place, for the eyes in the sky he has to face today as he dies, for his soul to take in the benevolent skies.

Forever Worried

Forever to worry a life in a hurry, with a lot of problems to be buried, for the fury of fire a burning desire for life as it transpires the forces of evil liars for the visions of the unknown to admire the sun to shine for the mind to be found to find a destiny to provide inside of time, the grapes of divine wine to scrape for food to live on a broken line, for the eyes to be blind to escape reality, for certain things people don't want to see. The flaws of laws to be provocative, life in society to knock to live, the door for apathy a life to be positive for God only to let us live, the anatomy of humanity is for us to give, for our sanity, forever to be worried the faith of the leery to be suspicious for the Hail Mary, the Babylon of Jerusalem the fighting Muslim to be scary, suicidal tendencies of life to be catastrophic for prophecies to be embraced with no worries for untold stories.

No guts no glory to worry about everything for the right-wing of a presidential scene the essential brave song to sing for all means the life to be free is not free, the cost of reality is possibly too high to live the cost of living is for the poor to give up to live. Only to rise for an opportunity to come as a surprise, a life of denial for life's green mile, to go out in style to die with a smile, for the impossible to be possible to be hospitable. In a livable form to be full of warmth with cozy kindness to depart from blindness the finest list of beautiful women to recall drinking some alcohol, for love to worry about the stories of love, shall it be sought to reach its highest peak for love to be brief?

To worry about a foreseeable future to be reasonable to be mutual for the worries of conflicts to be convicts of life underhand profits to be sick with it, lost at the end of the frame of life's flames of fire the turns life around to be found inside of desires to be one of many anxieties the properties of God to be bewildered from society's extremities to go further, for a procedure of life to live with a heart for the apathy of those who love in the dark. For life to make its mark from the start at birth to be bitter for the worse, a life to be cursed to

be intended to immersed from the bottom of the seas full of sexual fantasies as recommended to be false love of infidelity the possibility for life to be obscene to obvious be tantric intimacy, the electricity of the angels in the sky comes for many things, for the protection of the utility for life by all means, for the life of a fist full of fury, to live in peace not to panic forever to be worried, not to take life for granted.

To live life being deprived in the night for light to see, to die with rights to be, the invinginlanty to seek revenge for a lost love one of his family, the falling angels to dangle from the sky for all skies to be relevant, the benevolent skies a district in the galaxy that is heaven-sent, to worry about how money to have been spent, the elements of faith is a trait of a biblical place, for the skies for eyes to see for life to be remarkable with great astonishment to come with server punishments.

For upon the stars of Orion to be redundant from trying for the stars are too far to be, inside the stars to see, the melody of harmony for a small army to advocate how life can be, to be war-torn to fight off land with no democracy, for the worse things people have seen, the land is in martial law, to live barbaric as human beings for no means to be generic for war to scream. To worry about family far away, in a place so raw, war is humanity's flaws, to kill is a broken law, for a soldier to live day to day in a disastrous place for imminent death to face to forever be worrying day to day for life to be lived with grace, Babylon a soldier's death to worry about the loved ones that they have left, to carry on in the shadows of life following the sun.

The mystic rain for the pain to be optimistic for life to regain from life's restraint an embodiment of complaints to fathom to rather live life to gather with drinks to think, to worry about a kitchen sink to faint from a few drinks, hope is worth a million words to say as life blink's, to be observed for a life on the hill to fall down in the fields to be protected by God's shields, to heal the pain that's real for life to be significant for the difference to be belligerent for some that don't believe for the skies to see, for a possibility to compromise for the sky to rise for security. The purity of a symbol that speaks in silence, for peace with no violence the defiance of self-reliance to identify inside of human emotions to worry for love devotion for life in motion to come to an end, for life to bend forward with a message to send for God to come in from too much worrying about life's sins, from a loved one or a friend.

The complications of worries for the categories of enriched stories for glory days to come for salvation for life's operations of some for life preservation with obligations for moral values to become valuable for a livable life for exotic travel in critical times to walk down the gravel road with a hospitable mind, the road of souls for a ritual kinda spiritual divine for the soul to find when it's lost in the dark to see the light of life, to stand alone in the night.

To have the bravery to fight for the rights in life, to live for dignity and pride to go inside to hide, for the sad emotions to get by, from time to time to wonder for the life above or down under the thunderstorm is warmth above yonder further skies of blunder to pounder for life of worries for the mythical stories of glory from tales of the skies to prevail for life is relevant in this living hell, many tales of why, the benevolent skies forever worried to be buried when someone else dies, before you die.

Behind a Glass Window

Life behind a glass window could be the symbol for life to be limbo, stuck in tragedy for the ease for life to be simple, the visual fantasies of reality to be a nympho the destruction of trust for love to be invaded by lust, behind the glass window the roads of dust, for dawn to come for beyond life of some for many inside to find life for dignity and pride. To go inside for the eyes of the skies to watch for Babylon for the Centigon to create vehicles for protection, for love and affection a society that's going in the wrong direction, a heartbroken reck with love side effects.

To look far into the night, for the brightest star that's bright, for things that're far out of sight, the future is a fight for life to be hindsight to learn from lessons in life for the mind to be right, the focal point to anoint a local community for God to bless their activities for families to be raised in love for a better society to be watched by the eye of above humanity.

The eyes in the sky are spiritualized, to realize for life can be nice for only to pay a price, behind a glass window to see the right and not the wrong forever how long it takes to be strong. The eyes in the sky is the light, on the verge with an urge for man-made satellites, for technology is the enemy for life of megabytes to be weak from kryptonite, strong as Superman in a fight, the art of war is historical for those who survived a miracle, the light of the eyes in the sky to see at night for the consideration for thoughts to be bleak to seek litigation for peace for the love of the deceased to be in sight for the broken heart in the dark to see at night.

Behind a glass window to see a perfect picture, a mixture of pain and joy, to find protection of love not to be destroyed in vain, the perfection of pain to stay sane. Life on a voyage to float on the seas of faith beyond the lies of hate to avoid the news hate creates, the life of an inmate to be institutionalized to get a message that a loved one had died, the defiant one to realize to be compliant an acquiescent to be reliant to find the missing giant for the life of

science, the hesitance of lost emotions for confusions to be in motion lost over the missing ocean, the red sea to believe the eyes in the sky always see what you see, to see behind a glass window what the world could be.

Swimming against the tides for a ride in life, to be able to find yourself at night, for the lives of a crooked soul despite the wise to be old, as many mythical stories have been told, the myth of the old road to explore any many more for the shores of the Red Sea to believe in the life to see for a chance to be.

One inside your enemy for friendly fire to admire a life to envy, a life form of many for anyone can obtain to maintain life to be a broken promise to see and predict things like Nostradamus a hurricane's wrath tore through the Bahamas for the lifelong path of a dilemma for life behind a glass window to see life as it can be simple as the wind goes, as the end knows to be stuck in limbo as life speeds up the tempo for the reasons of why, life beyond the sky a force to be intelligent the benevolent skies, behind a glass window to the reasons of why.

To live life to be somebody for pain seeing dead bodies in vain found slain for life to be sane the prophecy came for ease life of flames to be ordained for life's atrocities to be vain, for the vanity of humanity the unity of the soul can be lost to live in life to pay the cost to find a way out of the dark, to dart from one life to another, still mourn for a lost brother like no other, a soldier at war for more pain to store to lose each other, for the worse of a living curse to burst into tears to have faced the astronomical fears for life here to be alive for so many have died and disappeared.

Behind a glass window to see the soul far from reality the faculty of the falling is calling for a life of the crawling to be overwhelmed with situations of preparations for bad things to come, for the life in sum to live to be number one, the horizon of the sun from dusk to dawn, the beautiful swan from a beautiful pound to be found of what's next to come. For life can be a drum to beat for a sound of the heart of a mom, the mother of earth is a place that's worth a sacrifice at birth, to be mirth to what comes first, for the pain to hurt inside a life to be cursed, the glass window of shadows to emerge for the word of Christ to immersed for life to be worse in hindsight in the darkest night. The vision of superstition to prove that there is a light for you to be alright, for the matters of chartered words to spurs for life can be reversed, the moment to reveal for a broken heart to steal the darted soul of life to be strong as steel,

only a strong heart can heal through a storm that's real, to feel the true joy of life by will, for humanity kills, a life in the killing fields the wars of poverty for only life can be, the sky at night, to rise the benevolent skies, to take flight.

Behind a glass window with closed doors for the emotions to pour, the struggle of being poor forever or more to be bored, for a requisition for accommodations to implore for minimization to restore the position for glory to be poor in poverty for to fury to be lure for more, the stories to be horrified for those that died, the great myths for what lies underneath the skies when it's the night to lift up the spirits to ride into the light for joy and pride, to go inside hoping to find the blind light when it's time to fight, to see for love with empathy to simply live with love and not envy for life to be bright, the money of fire to spend for desires is a daily fight to preserve time for the mind to be fine, the eyes of the sky to be heaven-sent, the benevolent skies for the fallen angels was sent for life to vent to be intelligent for life to be relevant, behind a glass window, to see life as life goes, for only no one knows but those who's looking through the same glass windows.

The Random Fires

The random fires of a fierce desire a place of liars for an empire to strike back to be sincere for life like that, the visual to be equal the sequel of a life that's lethal, for the cannonball to be unique and ancient war machine to seek to be viciously mysteriously indiscreet for peace to be empathetic for life to be energetic, for a life with good vibes for a positive ride in life for emotions to not hide. Despite the havoc of violence the reliance of behavioral science, to define the mind in time far as the behavior of chemical enzymes, an unfortunate life to be unfathomable the animal inside humans to be cannibals to be distorted lost in hallucinations mind in demonization.

The sanity of the incredible the inevitable to be reliable to be methodical for history to be symbolic of the random fires of tomorrow's disasters as time goes faster to amount to indiscretions life learned lessons the stress to measure for assessments for emotional investments. The random fire of a mind that is living in existence beyond the time the soul to find life beyond time for the spirits of the night to be quite like the lights in the heavyweight fight to take the flight to a land that's bright with bright lights.

Lights like the aurora in valleys for a bum to explore in alleys for temptations to strike, the likes and dislikes for life to take a hike, the random fires to be bleak like night, to can't see with light the fire of life to be modest and right, to hang on to drugs at best real tight. The phenomenon of oblivion the dapper don prays to false religion, for many drugs to be used across the regions loved ones suspicious for seeing and believing the tarnished soul inside of loved ones is grieving to still be living the life of many greetings in drug rehab meetings.

The random fires of mythical thesis for the broken and the weak to get ripped into pieces for merciless reasons the life of four seasons, for random fires to burn for a turn to learn life in many ways to come for some random fires in the bottle of rum. If these walls could talk to walk life for fun, the means

of life to be splendid implemented to live above the sun, for a moment to run in seconds, minutes, hours, days and weeks to add up to a month to see many new years to come for a satanic land for a soul to be undeveloped to come from, fires at random, for an impossible mission more than a person can phantom in many ways to pray to stay away from fires at random.

The random fires to see, someone high on PCP, with strength like Hercules from planet Mercury, a Greek mythology the mystic rain of pain to rise in the mind for the time of anthropology, the creation of humanity, for the words to use for sociology to speak for sanity the vanity of attire to admire, the peak of the mountain under the bridge to see, over the ridge of fire, as random as they come, for cruel desires of some. Society has a cruel way of manipulation, created as a homo sapiens for random fires of configurations for the creator of our creation, the revelations of salvation, the hesitation of integrity for mental telepathy therapy.

An Irie theory for some conspiracies to be merely capable to sincerely be able to live with love to be stable for love above, for what life is and was, lost in a bizarre form of a storm with a buzz, the passion for living for what life is and was, the random fires of love can burn through someone soul hoping to find love to get old with, the switch land above, for all skies to be filled with love, the benevolent skies for above for a soul to die with love.

The majestic magic metrics for life can be hectic to relish moments of happiness to embellish the components of life cycles with savviness, an equivalent to madness for the saddest days to come, the random of fires to become the written memorandum of liars for uncontrollable desires for the fires to flame unnoticeable lives in pain the derogatory story of lives in vain, for fire to control the mind to be empty to simply fall victim to society's crimes protected by religion as the good lord hit'em a surviving victim to send them down in hell to be propelled for the realism of hell, to rise and fall for a life tale in all.

The charisma to be prismatic and charismatic life of a dapper don with drug habits to curry on living lavish many wasted habits to parish into the night, the soul had to go to give up the light, for the night to control the soul that is not right, it's a long night for the random fires to come for understanding where life came from, the skies in heaven the stars come from, for Armageddon the horizon of the sun, for all skies come from the relevant benevolent skies far from, the galaxy of our sun.

A mystical star in the mythical night the evolution of light to be bright like an angel that comes through the darkness of night, the random fires to delight for a reason to fight for life has human rights, to be a blight to be sick at night for hallucinations of dead loved ones at sight. The moment to be stoked forever provoked for a heart to be broken, for life to go up in smoke for the pain to know inside the veins for the blood to glow as it runs through the body to grow to be aware of what's down below, to survive in war's chaos and atrocities as a heroic war hero, the velocity of life's moving fast, the random fires are proven to be cast as fast as time.

A life for a reason to believe for the season to be, with flowers and maple trees, the willow with violet colors of herbaceous plants, for conspicuous rants for the life of fire ants, random fire to blow in the wind like a tornado for giving sins the unable to be stable within a new life to begin searching for normalcy a life of suffering for diplomacy, for a vibrant silent happy promising end, the skies of good friends the angels it sends to recommend to fend off evil sins, a new beginning to win in the wind, the benevolent skies to the end.

The Cosmic Sky

The signs of a Gemini across the cosmic skies are a special birthday for the day to be born until the day to die, for the aurora light to journey across interstellar space travel for bright beautiful stars to unravel the gravity of the earth's galaxy to be complete to make our solar system unique, the interplanetary travel between planets, to be a form of space velocity for universal peace, to be granted for our planted to stand slanted in a cruel society for the sake of humanity. Sanity is given by something greater than us for love and trust not to be evaded by dark energy lost in a dark room with lust, to fail in a parallel universe to hurt for God to trust from dawn to dusk with many skies for us, the good and worse to live first is a must in the cosmic skies of trust.

The cosmic sky is for the mind to rise in the skies, to venture into space for time is a race into interstellar space for a trace of human anatomy in the cosmic rays of empathy, the microgravity to casually in life, with apathy to fall on your face from direct gravity in the night, to face fears every day to live here on earth for what pain is worth for the goodtime of birth the heroes of a pyrrhic victory, for wars history to burst, to fill lives with vibrant electricity to fill the skies of a spiral galaxy, a galactic halo of astronomy this world's messed up economy, for people to starve and be hungry don't have any money to be lonely, solemnly to be humble to stumble upon thunder, rain the fear of pain, to take in vain to provoke the rain of dark tears to fall from your face in light years to look into space as it appears, for a trace of all skies to face, the cosmic skies with love and faith the biggest sky of all the benevolent skies to stand tall. blunder into the skies of a falling angel, for the lost faithful soul for life to dangle, the old road had a curse to make things worse, to take and strangle their souls from many emotional angels to make life worse a demonic curse for the forever worried to be buried first, the premonition to be a variety of society's worse the villain in the killing fields to be damned to be a curse, the dawn of a

new day to rehearse to live first then die later, the life of an elevator to go up in the sky after you die a life circulator the motivator the scientific calculator of a geometrical sky.

A moment of death for radical clarity the moment to have left for dramatic therapy to live for love and security to be weary dearly for love to merely touch the skies, a scientific theory for heaven after someone dies to be reliant for the eyes in the comic sky, never in this land of endeavors to be clever to be in for whatever, for the lost souls to be better for life to relevant for the benevolent skies, as it rises from deep space a galactic place in the space race to face the dark hole the place of dark souls an astronomical Aristotle an origin from ancient Greek to speak for those to seek a planet to be in heaven, in the cosmic sky, to reach for peace, to pray for the deceased and for the week to rise to see the cosmic sky.

The bridge under the sky, for dark skies inside, the signs of eyes watching to wonder for the moment to arrive upon thunder the component to survive, to ponder with creative thoughts to have fought for the evolutionary extremities to be sought for humanics, the study of human anatomy to be simply to preserve for humanity tragedies the skies far from an angel to touch, the feeling in life when people had enough, for sunshine and rain for life to beautiful with pain, to live in vain for the benevolent skies to be in control to stay sane, to cover the dark hole for the lost souls to be sane a universal sky for all things to change.

For like for worse to write a new verse in the Bible for a new chapter, the holy universal skies for life after, for joy to bring a lot of laughter after a disaster, the cosmic sky to rise to capture the souls to die to rapture with harmony the astronomy of skies to been seen with eyes, for the falling angels to rise and hide in full disguised, life, in reality, to hide and be. To divert to see hurt for the pain to be alert to convert to imply to avoid, the benevolent skies to divert asteroids for life to survive on earth not to be in ruins, for what life is worth can be congruent with influential influence the endurance to be confluence, the convergence zone for pure beauty in space to be all alone.

For all the skies to come together for a place in space in bad weather, when the universe unites together for a trace to space for love to be healed when killed for love forever with tears on someone's face to pull it together to feel better in bad weather. The benevolent skies are a spirit that comes from the soul inside, the connection from outer space as the human body in physical

form will die one day, to face life after life a haven of the night for the stars of the light for the soul to be right for a trip to the sky from space, the day the eyes of the skies came to stay for life as a stray can be safe.

The realism of imperialism of a prism for colorful spectrums of physics beyond life to be inquisitive for the rules of government to be conflicted initiatively by policies of democracies for the sun to rise in the dangerous middle east to be spontaneous for peace, the cosmic sky for all living organisms to see, the cataclysm of universalism for the mechanism of the mind to find peace in time for humanity, the evolution of anthropology, the revolution of human societies the unexpected apologies for the nations of society's atrocities to come together in a storm of war endeavors the lost lands of Buyan a Slavic mythology for land to appear and disappear to find fear, the monotony of living here on earth for the benevolent skies to steer first, to guide human souls for the good or the worst.

The moment of life is a moment to treasure for secrets of pleasure that measures the emotions inside for the life of pride to take a ride into the cosmic sky, the journey of life until the day to die lies in the mythical skies, through the mystical nights for the secrets of life to be bright in the darkest night, the comic skies to come from a galaxy far away, into the milky way on a misty day for life can be risky to stay alive to die on a sickly day. For the living to fear the pain of the dead to be vain for the storm to rain from the eyes with tears the fear of death to take the last breath to believe there something next to nothing left.

To live life infinity a walking entity for life eternally for fire, the desire of sins to admire, for what transpired a life after the death of the faithful liars, to conspire traceable activities to hateful fires, the higher the skies, too far in space to see with eyes, only to be seen when you die, for the cosmic skies have eyes to see when you die, fall all skies of skies the benevolent skies that lie at the end of the universe over all skies for the better or worse for society can be a curse for a biblical verse, a universe of stars in the skies to find out who you are when you die.

The Man with No Name

The man with no name came as a guardian angel, to be shameful of life to be painful for humanity sanity to be fateful for the hateful ways of hatred for sacred lands of biblical times for life far behind for us to find, the mind of a magical man stands tall over the canyons that's grand the vision he sees is God's plans, to understand the skies of heaven can be connected to outer space the spectrum of light can be bright of the angel to come and stay, for the wrath of the world can be an array as strays if the world ends today. A mythical prophet with no money in his pockets homeless and hungry for a life to be symbolic, the pain he feels to heal as an alcoholic, a man with no identity to be a walking entity, the enemy of himself to blame, an angel in time in a world of flames, for love to contain pain for he has come for a world to someday change.

The history of humanity is embedded with fear, to feel at ease for peace to hear the words of Shakespeare, far and near, to stand on a beautiful pear, a beautiful view of the ocean for the good in life to be sincere, the skies are clear he feels people drowning in tears, as it appears the sound of the wind for him to come in from the ocean to be debonair. Adjacent to being complacent to make a wrong statement, for life is not fair, for the redundant despair of an abundance of many life forms to live inside earth's atmosphere.

The rambunctious ways to be exuberant in a life that's scrumptious with good taste to be fluent, as time waste with poor endurance to get sick with no health insurance, for the man with no name came for the same reasons as the benevolent skies, for the seasons to change above the sky, to help feel and heal the souls of those that died, for the man with no name came from with inside the benevolent skies. To live his life as a running rebel, the first angel to be tested by the devil, it's a struggle every day for him to face, to find inspiration in the darkest place, for the man with no name came as a bum the mystical sky's peeping tom, for the many of some can carry the identity of a life that

came from beyond the sun, for the galaxy to evolve for many human problems to be solved.

For a mystical life of living for the soul to be giving in living, to be burning inside to find a dark place to hide inside, the wrath of the fire is hot, to stay positive to live, to give it all you got, for those of the have-nots, life can be built like life building blocks, to wonder when will pain stop before another loved one drop, the skies over and above to stand on the top.

For the love of humanity the sanity to be engaged to flock like birds of the same feather for life to live forever, the man with no name came as a guardian angel to pull us together, inside of stormy weather, for love to be tougher than leather, for the words of never a life of endeavors for the soul to be clever to pull the lever for whatever, to pour rain on pain for things in life to treasure, the benevolent skies rise as a heaven for the soul when someone dies to be in a safe haven to fly like a raven across the skies to soar like an eagle as to live life to be wise.

For life in a zone, looking for a shoulder to lean on, as life appears to face fears all alone for the love of dead peers to be long gone, came from a broken home, a kid turned grown, only their faith can keep them strong as they ride along the road of life that can be wrong, to be swallowed by promising sad songs as the dead are gone, and the living is prong with emotions forever to be prolonged for so many sad songs to come along as time goes on. Let the sky be the witness to see for life's probability to be one of a kind for the mind that's blind to find destiny in the journey through time, for the man with no name came to shine as an angel of time for the world to be fine.

The desert is hot, the jungles of the trees for life to be as a solid rock, the breeze of the wind for the air to breathe in, the power earth's destruction if the world comes to an end, a life of many friends as they come and go, life only depends on what you know, for life to glow to show inside your soul for a moment in life to be right in the midst of a dark night. For the risks in life to fight to take a flight to see the highs and lows in life to ignite, to shine through the night with light the holy man with no name came despite the struggles of life he endures to be sure from outer sight, the skies are his eyes to see life to be bright, life like many rivers streams that flow, the river of dreams to find gold at the end of a rainbow.

If these walls could talk to walk the walk for pain has brought sick thoughts for those who fought wars to have seen, humanity in its greatest astronomical

fear for many means to many countries with nuclear weapons to make humanity scream at one time, it's all in the mind to find peace in time, to stop the world from being condemned to be deemed, for what life seems to have seen through time.

For life to come to all common senses, for self-defiant emotional defenses, for life can be relentless as a prolonged painful sentence, for the faith with repentance the ending is near, to keep the skies clear for the angels to come here, for love with no fear the shadowing tears.

The bottom of a spiritual falls the mythical rising river to rise above all for the benevolent skies in all, a mad man mind that turned kind, to be misled to be blind, only to find his soul after death, he walked the streets of flame, for peace was his last breath, he came as the man with no name, to envision many dreams that came inside his mind, for all times, things and places and many faces for life to wise the man with no name of the benevolent skies.

Twisted Faith

For a twisted faith like twisted steel, for life is real for the pain to heal, for love to steal the brave and strong navy seals, for a world with a purpose the skies to lurk on us for love without trust, for old love to kick up dust, to live every day is a must to adjust in societies sexual ways of lust, a behavior in the moment of passion to come in emotional layers for love to be old fashion, the departure of feelings to never have again, for love is not a friend but an enemy to begin, a torn down childhood with no friends, the twisted amount of faith to concentrate for life as recommended for the skies to send an angel to be a friend, as time on earth to be splendid far away from sins.

The twisted faith, for a gifted day, to wake up alive when someone that day died, for so many tears around the world to be felt with cries, the skies bring love and joy through the tears or watery eyes. The moment to breathe is a breath to see, the beauty of this world's geography, the astronomy of space is the unknown for the skies of heaven to be shown, from an infant to fully grown, for a distant life to be all alone.

The battle inside for emotions to hide, the twisted is enlisted to die, for the moment of revelations to testify for the mental preparations for life to be despised to recognize life's struggles with emotions in the eyes, don't forget the hustle, the bustle to realize to see a destiny unquoted to remain strong to be devoted for life has exploded, for life to be a successful accident, because is all God planes for life to be heaven-sent, bent off love for what life was to love to live in all the above, the skies for twisted faith to be one in all to live with love and not hate.

The fury of death criteria for the lost children that died in Syria, for life can be hysteria for the misery to become numb with pain the fear and hate is bleeding through humble veins, for blood and tears for mayhem is here. Only inside the heart at the start, for the mind to be clear, for no fears should be feared for only to live with love pouring down valleys as the beauty in dark

appears, forever to live for peace for the deceased in life's grief for the amount of violence under our atmosphere for the moment to ease, as the aircraft missile strikes are clear, for those to live that day, for this world twisted ways of faith, to pray for life to live to stay in physical form, for the spirituality after death to be born in a perfect storm.

The preparation of lifetime events, for the tragic to be heaven-sent, the time of confusion in life to vent, the noise in the mind can't find a way out of time, because time is running out for a way to heaven, the holy reverend, the benevolent skies to pray for the day to survive in critical times with political ties as for life in its prime, for broken lies with no truth for full proof of a criminal mind to commit minimal crimes.

Life with a daunting past to last in a flaunting way of criticism, the realism for the beginning as time moves fast, the thought of death to be cast for the visions of death to be vast, in an amount of time that past. The avenue of a walk to be known, the twisted faith in a world to be shown as society's battle inside humanity for the wild child to grow to be grown, for the sake of sanity with great apathy from the loss of a loved one tragically to now be gone, for a life in the skies never to be all alone, for the dead souls to be strong as life comes along, for a long walk into an eternal spiritual happy new home, the twisted faith to one of its own, to find a way through the darkness to stay in the unknown as the holy lights set the tone.

The mind of post-traumatic stress, for the charismatic mind, at best for those who lost to live may be put to rest, for the condemned to confess for trials and tribulations in civilization for freedom to be a test, the revelations of a mythical testimony, the harmony in mystical rain for matrimony as love can bring pain, for the weak to speak to seek life to rise again, life on the final frontier to appear strong with no fear for life is to hear to mere the sounds of life to be in a dark place to be found, to fall down through the tumbling walls to stall life as it comes back around, the twisted faith of a place to be safe, the silent night to face, to live eternally with grace.

The nature of heaven can be pleasant the benevolent skies to be relevant to be hesitant as the soul leaves in spiritual form can be desolate to be warm inside to find pride not to hide from a life full of lies, the transcendent of life's accidents, to occur as life happens to require to admire for life can be redundant for the abundance of joy, for the mind can destroy the mission of a heroic hero for the matters to deploy, the fighting soldiers overseas in many men hearts to

bleed for any inhuman things to see, to keep it brief inside of sick beliefs, the anatomy of humanity is full filled with unopposed striking grief for war is the nightly beast, for at least in time for the seconds to minutes to find peace within it to combined to see.

A night full of dark parasites the vision of light to see blind, the elite to find peace through time, for the forsaken minds to be mistaken by time, the pitiful illusions for many conclusions of many fatal minds of abusions the emotional confusions, the mental institutions for the mind of a revolution the twisted faith of time to be an evolution in mine. The shattered box cries to be heard by the catastrophic prophet on the verge as many dies, to live and can't stop it, only to try, the sound of mercy to come in a hurry, for life is blurry with the fury of war for loved ones to be worried, for life or more as the tears pour as loved ones be buried, for the living to rejoice for a choice to have a spoken voice, the motions of love from above the angels of twisted faith to conquer the life of hate for the pain to separate the faith from the norm in a storm, to walk away from the gate that penetrates for the emotions to separate the wrong thoughts for good thoughts throughout the day, for life has brought mysterious stories of glory, the eyes in the skies for humanity sanity to have no worries, to see everything that lives and dies, for the twisted faith, lies beyond the benevolent skies.

Lonely Mind

A lonely dove looking for love in a tornado to be able for life to be stable, the will to feel what's real, to be concentrated as life can be emulated, to go far on drugs for the mind to be stimulated for situations to accumulate as foul actions to be flagrant to disintegrate into pieces of life to be a puzzle in the darkest night in the streets only to hustle. A life form of a tussle the might fight a fist full of pain to be led into the light at night for life can be in vain, for the lonely mind of flames for the fire to be tamed the inside and outside of fame the glamorous mind to be strange, in a world to escape the pain for the distance of pain to be in range.

For the lonely mind in time to create faith not hate, to rehabilitate the mind to facilitate actions to prepare moments of satisfaction for a fraction of life justifications, a numerous number of people in society populations. The unequal form of segregation to separate humanity by color or religion, a world full of superstition the mission of death is coming to pay attention, for the loyal to God should be mentioned, the skies of all adventures, the benevolent skies to venture as a heaven for endeavors to live afterlife for the good weather inside, to find a soul to hide, for the sun to rise in daily good life at night.

For life sacrifice to build a wall that's about to fall, from a stolen heart in all, in a world that's big to feel small to dig out a hole to fold in a world that's cold to be bold as stories are told, the mythical skies to behold forever wherever life lies to die as a forsaken soul to rise in the night of the benevolent skies. A lonely mind of sorrows to follow a hollow road to explode tomorrow, the path of a logical methodical trace to be a mythical place for the science of planet Mars for the stars in the benevolent skies to be in a space race, for the lonely mind to face hardship with grace for life can despise to be wise with faith, the skies for all love from above came from space.

The lonely mind of isolation facing their own greatest debation for self-confirmation for life prohibition of sanity, the vanity of the well-groomed for

the poor to fail soon, as earth blooms with beautiful nature for fruit to consume far from ice glaciers for life to be lived to die soon, in a secret place above for love to advance to enhance for everyone to have a chance to live life for romance.

The lonely mind to prevail in life of hell, the walk for emotional details for the ambition of a mind that's alone in a jail cell, only for the walls to talk for a life to walk that failed to be taught in a fashion for a story to tell for life has been good to be understood if you could knock on wood for good luck to advance in life and not get stuck in life to be a trifle to read under the holy water with a holy Bible, for life plans of survival. For tomorrow for the living sorrows inside to be filled with pain, the immaculate position of life to be lead for the dead, to emotionally be dead inside the head for life as it was said, the vision of a premonition as life has been told, for the mold to be sold for an intermission for a precious life to be bold, for someone to hold.

For tomorrow may come inside for someone soul to take a ride in the benevolent skies, as someone dies for the truth for an unforgettable proof of a childhood gone bad, with fire coming from the roof as an abused child to always be sad. Inside the lonely mind of deadly venom, for what's in them the mental evolution of a lonely mind to find a solution for a way of pollution to be used to contaminate the abused to refuse to eliminate their pain of lost faith. For life as it demonstrates to live life for a meaning to evaluate emotions to be authentic, as life can be hypothetical for the time be critical as time can be endless, for a society to be relentless for the dark hall of repentance, to fall in pain to remain in prison for a life sentence.

A lonely mind as time is told to walk the road full of diamonds and gold, for silence as their story to be told before things unraveled to be cold for the life has frozen to be exposed. The graveled road as the tables turned for those to live thru the cosmic skies as life burns to die, the moment to reply for the lost to comply why, for the worse to hurt for a course of life to be remorse, the savior of animosity for life's atrocities the velocities of poor broke down inner cities grows with no pity for living conditions to be gritty for the needy to become greedy for a speedy recovery for being broke thru many family generations of poverty the anatomy of humanity to suffer greatly.

May the eyes in the sky be the witness as one dies, for life of broken ties to realize the moment of an elemental surprise, for the emotions to rise at all cost, for the lost to be found inside as they drown with pride before they died.

As life goes around for another year to come, to face all fears for the brave ones for many and some, for time is fast to be a thing of the past, only the strong can last in a vast world of corruption, the construction of mind to be built to be reluctant at a distance for time to be seductive for sexual conceptions.

To reproduce human lives for the time of humanity consumptions, for the assumptions of sanity to malfunction to fall out of the light into the midst of the night, for the purpose of life to live right, a lonely mind alone can be dangerous insight for the light to fight inside of themselves on many lonely nights, as life goes on for a living hell to be strong in jail, for another story to tell, to fail to raise the benevolent skies.

The lonely mind that's chronically sick to be dominantly rich inside of the mind for life deep as the abyss, for another person inside to exist to resist to insist the temptations of life's sexual salvations, to be clarified for a thought of nocturnal preparations for a life in denial to have tried in several situations, for trials and tribulations. The spark of a lonely mind comes at a great cost, for the lost to have words that mean more than what people heard, like the noise of a singing bird for life to be observed, for a word to tell a story of glory for the mystical mind to be lonely in traditional time of the omen to be homely.

A fragile lonely mind to be agile to dazzled for life to be substantial to gain emotions from life's pain to obtain the strains of hereditary blood that runs in their veins, for the solemn procession to move life as aggression, for the lesson to learn as time burns fast, for the fire to admire to last from the past, a lonely soul has been cast for the lonely mind can find a way out of darkness to see a sign through broken glass. The smell of fresh-cut grass for life to make sense for a life to pass away for an unlucky day to be condensed as a vast population to be immense, for a false pretense to fixed on things in life to be intended that don't make sense, for the lonely mind to find a place, to face life for mental purposes of defense, the galactic skies to commence for the mind to grow at God's expense.

For life to shatter for things that don't matter, hoping for life can be served on a silver platter, the lonely mind is a way of disguising the rising sun for fun in the life after a disaster to come, for those on the run, for the nun of one who is God's son, the evil ways of a stray to pray for God's gun, to live day to day for a lonely mind to be one of a kind, very hard to find the darkness blind hoping to see the light in due time, as the eyes in the skies rise for the

benevolent skies for the lonely mind to find heaven when the time comes to die for a good day up in the sky.

The Evening Star

For the evening star to find out who you are, the miracle of a moving star, for the road to go as far as the holy ghost in the dark for a road to embark in the dark, life of a landmark for plans to start as misery to take part. For the smiles of happiness in a wonderful park of flowers, for the God of the towers to look down, to shower the world with water as it rains for pain for life to come around again and again for time is recommended to be splendid as life could finally be ended.

For the reality of unexpected death for a moment to catch a breath for a hurt heart with nothing left, the mind of the weapon for life to threat, for the moment at best for the emotional test, every moment to live, someone is laid to rest, for the world's evening star that came far from the galaxy for the human anatomy of being a human being, for the day-to-day living can carry a lot of meaning to be obscene.

As hard life can get to want to scream, for life to be deemed as hard as it seems, for the reasons of doubt to take another route in life to find out what the road to journey is all about. To search for the rivers of dreams, a lifestyle to be extreme for what life means, to follow a hollow road, the old road of lost souls, for the evening star to glow, for things to seem to appear with fear, the dying crying tears inside the mind of the emotional person to measure.

Standing on the edge of the shores, for what life has in store for the pain to rain as it pours, the evolution of the night to change for things to be bright to see the light at the end of the tunnel to be right as life transpires through a funnel for life can be fire as time expires with thunder to wonder what's up under, the sounds from a hollow ground to pounder beyond the life of thunder to blunder across the skies with electrical currents, to strike at a distance for the resistance of a hypothetical sermon, the epiphany of all to come inside of storm falls, with walls of water with statue ruins to stand tall for the ocean tides

to rise as the sunset for life to be met to swim to get wet for life to be lived at best.

The evening star to travel beyond the moon as life can be doomed to soon loom around planet earth for the nature of humanity cannot be cursed for the worse things to happen first, to know emotional pain that hurts, for what life is worth at birth, to be born for life to last for a daunting past to be intimidated by life's ways of flaunting cash, to be eliminated for the ways of a hunting past. For life can be claustrophobic the antimicrobial of a disease to be a mechanism to cure the mind to be pure in sickly times, for life to be healthy in unfortunate moments in the mind, for the components for wealth has failed, for the envy of time to yield, as old age takes its course for past pain to heal, to stay young in time for life with no remorse as time passed for life to die by sickness or to be killed for the soul to heal in the benevolent skies.

For life is really like cold hot steel, the power of faith is the path to heal to feel the moment for what life is for the pain to exist to insist the mind lost in the dark mist, as the devil blows a kiss, for the temptations of endeavors deep as the abyss the land of never forever for some things can't be fixed. For life to fly like an aviator to take flight in the skies for now and later, the beginning of life in the light for the meaning of life to be much greater to someday finally meet the peacemaker, the life breaker, for the intake of an inmate to be incarcerated for a prison system overpopulated. The cliché of the evening star to pray for another day, for the quest of Mars to find the mind behind bars, locked down for countless hours to see the light on prison towers, as time moves for power the skies are ours, for the evening star to come in meteor showers.

The minute of a second to record for the moment a life to breathe for the essence of matters for things to see, the sky of the evening star from life collisions to find out who you are, the promises to dictate the astonishment for a great surprise, conflicted by punishment for the living to suffer as a loved one dies. The falls of cries the beliefs of a thief at night, to steal the light for peace not to be right in the middle of the night, for life to be bright to fight for life as time ignites by fire that bites for the time of dislikes despite the mood of a damaged emotional mind for the skylines of time.

For many ways in life to be bedazzled to be unraveled for the truth to take gravity for human anatomy for astronomical proof that the skies is our roof, a devoted destiny to have been quoted to be demoted before being promoted, as

time in life has exploded as time passes for life to be eroded. The egos in a world of flying eagles, the illegal for life to be lethal for the evening star to land on a place for the love of grace for the last sequel, hoping one day we all as humans be treated equally.

The ghost of the night, to make the most of their life valuable, concentrated mind to be stable in time to be tolerable, for marvelous reasons believing in the seasons for change, the evening star across the skies to be exhibited, the ungrateful the hateful to be prohibited to be ordained, to go out with a bang as the God lord sang. Life of burning ceilings to separate the feelings for emotional healing, to be followed by pain the resentment of repentance for the moment to be vain in hard times as society seems to be insane, the vanity of sanity to rain with pain, for the evening star to be relevant for the benevolent skies, for true lies to not be a disguise to live life wise when life dies up in the skies.

The Road Home

The expedition to find the road home, in transition as of now the road has been gone to be all alone, far from home, in time for life to be in a zone, to have a mind of your own for time is gone to remain in pain to be strong as life comes along, as fast as time goes for the heroes of the old road, for the myth of the lost souls. For random fire for desires to inspire a life of demonic inquires, the vision of blundering twisted faith, to be lost for words for something bad to take place, for words to be heard for all that's lost to be on the verge, to surge forever worried to be observed for the holy cross to find the ones that are lost in the woods with no nerves up to no good.

For life to be deprived to dive into an astronomical joy ride, to drive into the sky for the light at night, to wonder about the afterlife, the dawn of a new day to come as the sun rises, to be empty inside to be lost in pride to be humble to stumble on life in the skies. For only to have tried to seem to be deemed to be tired, to set this world on fire, for a burning desire to try a new life to admire to inspire those that are lost to find the road home at all cost.

A moment of gratitude to live in solitude, to be confused to lure the uncured to be secured for death to be pure as the heavens in the skies, the bridge under the sky to cross for all that's lost of all humans in humanity for sanity to have peace, for the deceased to die inhumane, the individuality of the vigilant for the reality of revenge for the ambition of pain for the murdered ones to gain to not die in vain. To maintain and change can bring anxiety to survive among society, for the road home to live in a historical place like Rome, to move in silence for a world of violence for the moment to be vibrant for peace to be in reach for things in life to teach, for the pastor to preach to keep life brief, at night like a thief to make ends meet.

To find the way home blind, to not see time for a difficult mind to believe in biblical times for God to live with trust in a world of lust, to live is a must as life thrust for us to turn into dust, for life is as lived to be giving from God

to us to ride on the holy bus for the road home. The prism of light rays where the afterlife stays in the sky for happy days for peace when someone dies, to be a moment for the deceased to find peace for life in the skies to be beautiful like seas as the sunset for the benevolent skies to be a safe haven to live positively for more than the eyes can see for a way to heaven is an unknown destiny.

For the night of a mad man gone sad, for he has lived life to be bad for a heart of stone, for him to live alone as so much time is gone, for time to never get back to find his way home in his heart, to sit in a room that's dark outside his childhood park, for the road home to start, is inside his heart to dart out of the dark.

For the lost to never ever love in bad weather that comes in waves of storms, for love is torn to die when born for the living to suffer as they mourn, for the upper form of the afterlife to take shape for life to be great to be filled with faith the holy grace to face life in a sacred place in the sky to die for the light until time has gone to find the road home. Life in the closet to be claustrophobic for isolation to be therapeutic for things to go unnoticed, for the closest thing to home inside the mind to roam to find home alone for love to be strong when things go wrong for life to end with a sad song.

As time is prolonged for a breath to breathe air with peace, for the wind to blow in for the skies to see the probability of humanity for sanity in the eyes to be lost for words like a flying bird in the skies of heaven for the harmony to live inside the mind of an anomaly to solemnly find the faith to be spoken by the reverend, for a message to send for love is recommended for life to be splendid to avoid hate, to lose faith in the afterlife in a sacred place.

For the mind in the prime, for the human body to borrowed as a vessel from God thru times, for life is hard to keep up your guard for peace at least thru times of grief for strong beliefs, for a beacon of light, for the deacon of the night to fight a life of parasites for the road home to be far outer sight. The mystery of an unknown presence for the essence of time to be pleasant for a way to heaven, for the light of life to survive in desperate measures, living life for the moment to treasure.

The road home came with pain for the things to value to smile in the rain the secretive thoughts to stay sane for the consecutive mind to find life to be vain to be lost in thunderstorm with a hurricane the beautiful plains across the valley of death to live life like there's nothing left, the verge for the magical

words for biblical times to be horrific to observe, for the spiritual words inside the mind striking a nerve, for bad things to be heard for time has passed to last to live with an urge to find a way to the road home before life is gone to the skies alone.

For the legion of doom to take a trip to the moon hoping to survive to stay alive to be home soon, as the color of maroon to be lost in Mars drunk at the bars living in the sky with stars forever for the home to be far away from who you are day to day. The thought of assumptions as the mind can malfunction for the angels to plummet at the end of the summit as danger arises for the devil's surprise to be loaded with red eyes living to die, to be saved by the skies and eye for an eye to survive to be alive to see the sunrise.

To find the way home is a journey itself to believe in love that will make your heart melt to see how the pain felt to put their emotions under your belt, to maintain sane in a world of pure pain to cure pain for life to be fulfilled with happiness never crying again in a life of loneliness to be homeless, to be lost and found in life to drown up and beyond things that's fond for the beautiful swan in the pond, as deadly as venom with no religion lost in a world of superstition a bit quite vicious to look delicious for bad health and nutrition, the world of attrition the survival of the Bible's to pray in the newest edition.

As life ends to be buried to be in a hurry for the mind to find a sanctuary, a place of peace for the moment to be seized for the person you really want to be, in a certain stage in reality. Life may crumble to be humble for a precious soul for the long road home, as an enormous amount of time is gone forever to be strong for the words of broken bones, to get hit with negative stones to rise to the occasion in life to be alone, for emotional separation to be numb in a zone. Life is a marathon to run for the long road home to roam up in the benevolent skies as one dies for the death of thrones, for many sad songs to come along, to finally find the road home.

The Desire for Fire

The desire for fire is a sin to admire for the threat of a drug empire to set the world on fire, to be wise despise the skies of love above, the mission of a lonely dove to fly with a message for unconditional love for traditional times to live in the mind to forsake the fire to take for the state of mind to find a place to make moments to inspire as life transpire as time come down to the wire.

For lust of love the desire for fire for love is destroyed by things to avoid the music of noise to live to stay poised, the motion of bad things for what life means to follow a path to do the math to follow a dream. For life can enhance consequences for every wrong action comes with a price to pay, for a life as a stray to live day to day for God to pray as a life of prey to be attacked by life day to day for time is at the essence too busy stressing for life learned lessons of aggression to use God's shield to heal for protection.

The desire of fire life of temptation for the sensation of life's salvation the preparation to survive in times for the mind of mental elevation for the power of words to surge in the book of revelations the verge of life migrations, the tragic events for emotional inspiration for mechanical dramatic situations, to be lost in the woods for things to be miss understood to be charismatic in this horrible world if you could. For a life of bad habits to attack the mind to find to be lost in time the curse of the old road of the fire to desire as life transpire to rule all moments in minutes to become within it to inquire for life's sexual desires.

In times of need to grieve for life is real to feel like this, to get lost in the wilderness, the endless time to find to build the mind with love above all means to stand tall never to fall in all, to put things in perspective for an objective for evil may come, from the fire of some for the sin of red rum to dread some bad times as they come, to survive as the lonely one, to fight the desire for fire to rise with the lonely sun.

The power of the outcome came from unknown strength to go the length with very little strength, to hold on to peace for life to fall to pieces for mental

telekinesis to move life for a mental-emotional thesis, a moment to rejoice for humanity to have a voice the philanthropy is the choice for sanity to rise in the benevolent skies.

For life can be shaken to be mistaken for the wrong thoughts to cross a server emotional state of mind to be blind and lost at all cost, to find a way through fire as time expires for crooked desires for wrong things to admire, for shaky grounds to stand still for those that kill or got killed for life has to steal a life too soon, from the bottom to the top to loom, to face the legion of doom to find heaven in the fire to see the entire earth soon.

Life across the skies to leave the mind paralyze to realize the benevolent skies of heaven to be lost to be enticed to find the temptations of paradise, the collision of life for a decision to be right for the fight of life at night to see light to go to the end of the unknown road for every vision to glow to see life from a different standpoint for tomorrow to grow.

For a horrific event to vent to be heaven-sent, to stay bent off alcohol a disease to remain permanent for all love to fall the repentance of all sinful activities to logically be small, for extremities to last long for life to be strong as the time comes along for a vision to mirror to see life clearer for the fall or winter for the moon to come down to shadow the town with lights and sounds forever to be found, for life outer bounds the skies of love to find a way to stay inbounds to live life above as good as it sounds.

To stand in the picture to be created for times to be devastated for love to be exaggerated for prisons to be overpopulated for crimes of those to be mutilated for evil has penetrated through the love of humanity for life to be emulated to start all over again to be situated for love and sanity.

Pain can crush a heart to trust in the dark, for the desire for fire for lust to take part, to live is an art from the beginning to start for life to be smart, to live in the dark for the road of recovery full of abundance and joy for discovery inside the mind of emotions to destroy. The urgency for currency, for money to spend, the desire for fire money is sin for hard times to begin to keep the faith not to let the devil come in, for God's commands to stand on two feet to be served a bad hand, times to fight a fight to finally win.

A photographic memory to paint a picture of harmony for peace to be protected by a methodological army to remain firmly against a state of mind to find joy for love to escape through time. The visual spiritual mind of conceptions for a child to be born in times of deceptions for the lost mind of

exceptions to be corrected by pain to head in a better direction for love and affection.

For the life of a second chance to enhance the mind to find better people in a world that're not equal the last sequel to evade the lethal, the desire for fire full of dark moments for all the components to add up to mayhem above the river dam to be damned, for things to be that represent who you are to give a damn. To coexist among the lost to find the roads that cross the signs of a world that's lost in time to find humility at all cost for the ability to find themselves if they are lost in tranquility for pride and dignity.

Life can be like a game of spades to mentally be lost to survive the Florida everglades, for the trick of trades for the impossible to be possible for life to make way for a heavenly day. For sentimental reasons for love reasons to live for every season to add up to a year facing fears of treason for governmental procedures for the poor be grieved, all hands-on politics the political hypocrites for critical political ties that should not exist as the poor just die in a cold world like this.

The desire for fire is transpired by faith in a dark place, the eyes of grace for life to face the melody of a felony to sing with faith behind bars of hate for stars to create a sky of faith to replace hate, a world of behavioral oppression the lust for a sexual obsession, to live to learn lessons in a life of aggression. For a moment to be proud to someday look down from the clouds to live with smiles to pray for those that are lost in the wild, to be God's creatures of leviathan the truth behind words to be nonviolent the surname Mathiesen for difficult times for biblical lines to create a positive mind to combine love and hate together to relate to bad weather for life to decline for a moment to shine.

The desire for fire to burn down a dream lost in time for what life means, to find a light beam for life seems to be deemed to live life to fight for a dream, to be mean with hostility the ability to move with agility for the wrong to be guilty, to live life swiftly up in the benevolent skies to realize the prize is waiting for the day to die, the desire for fire inspired by crime for those locked up doing a hard time, for angels to guard humanity guidelines to stay on the sideline, to live on a timeline to endure life as it is to fall deeper than the abyss for life to end like this.

Life can be wonderful to be vulnerable to be weak to seek revenge as the time comes to an end, for moments to reminisce for a life lost in the mist, to hold up a fist to be scared by race to all live in the same place, planet earth for

the desires for fire is designed to hurt to admire to find pure dirt to be buried or worse to stay away from the devil's curse for everyday life can hurt. For the rich to have divine time to drink rich wine, while the poor hustle and grind the desire for fire all the time to be immersed in pain is nerfed to walk on God's turf the benevolent skies is why life is worth living for the giving of peace to stay away from havoc at least for the time to heal to feel the presence of God is real, the desires for fire to fight to use God's skills to die and go up the holy hill in the sky.

To Be Inside or Outside

To be inside or outside of life to understand humanity for sanity can be a fight, the dislike of things to like for life to take a hike over the hills of beautiful plains the value of life to sacrifice for love to be vain, the internal emotions to be inside of pain to stay on the outside of life to be living life strange for things and moments to explain, the inside of thoughts can be very deep as time seeps through the wire for the visual fire, to stay on the outside to hide the pride in the state of denial a life on trial.

To live in a particular vicinity to find an identity eventually for the life of infinity, the emotional rollercoaster for a ride down hell to be cast with a spell for a catastrophic story to tell, the prophet of Ezekiel the visual sight to see at night for the path of a holy life, the human aura of electrical energy is flowing through veins to maintain life for a destiny to be living in pain, to be morphed inside to change for a different course to be remorse to live with force, to be on the outside looking in to follow the only leader within the inside of that person to be they own friend.

To be put to the test to manifest to confessed to living life at best, the feast of a beast for times to be redundant as life plummets into the seas for life to freeze at ease searching for peace to mourn the deceased the outside looking inside for ways to find peace, lost in reality as darkness lurks around every corner for the eyes not to see lost in poverty to say at least, the night of thieves for time to please to be alive not to die from a sickly chronic disease. To step outside to look inside for self-preparation for life salvation for Jesus to fight the fire to require philosophy to admire a metaphor for life's atrocities to believe, the state of the empire state of mind, for lost love to find.

The immaculate individual to have spiritual beliefs to be accurate in time to fight your own mind of creative desires the visible satire to start up the fire to be a chronic liar to live for desires for fires lost inside to see outside as life transpires. To be alive is a blessing in disguise to be wise to look into the skies

to be brave as a soldier to see a loved one die, a brother for another soldier to comply the outside looking in for a soldier to die with honor to receive a medal for their life in the sky to say all goodbyes as their soul is released into the benevolent skies.

To live life alone to be strong to be notorious for a glorious moment of a sad song, with no lack of a fight for emotions to prolong in the midst of the night for the kiss of life for the might of God to like, to be in need for life is hard sometimes to be blind to not see to let down your guard in a harsh society. To see a reflection of yourself in the mirror to see life clearer, to be optimistic for times to be realistic to not be a statistic of many tragedies to casually live pure for a cure to live in a tropical paradise to fight biological parasites, to entice a miserable caring life, to live inside for a daring life, to live outside in the darkest night.

The conclusion of an illusion has never been seen, locked up in the mind for an emotional dream, for life can be obscene, to be inside and outside for phenomenal team, a bondable snowman for a wonderful dream for what loving things and moments to live life for what life means. From the mountains, valleys, and plains down to the Bayou for life to value to stay sane, in this unpredictable rain of pain from the inside and outside of life that can't be explained, to live to maintain to cope for those who lost hope, the dearest nearest mythological prophet to be fearless, to come from the outside to get inside of humanity. The philanthropy sent from heaven the galactical benevolent skies for dramatic skeptical moments of death to be realized to be expected for life like death, to be rejected by life to visualize life with nothing left.

To live inside for peace to stay on the outside for life to be discreet for a life full of grief to relieve grief, life can be cold as the polar vortex, to sort in life to see what's next to fold when it's cold for times to be bold behold of the skies with eyes watching until the day to die. When heaven calls as the sky falls trapped in a storm to stay warm for the rain and pain in all, for lingering doubts for lost thoughts to shout.

For life can be fidgety the mystery of misery, the ancient myth of the indigenous for the soul to be religious as life can be miraculous for a sacred place for a spectacular life to face, the marvelous ways of insanity to stay sane in life with pain is in vain, from the outside looking in, for those who are lost to maintain in life at all costs in a world of sin. The beginning of time before

Christ, for biblical times for life has come to an end to be extinct, for times has descended the brave hearts of men the first responders for times to wonder on the outside walking in a disaster to be transcendent the dependents of emotional repentance as life is finished, to diminish in the light of the benevolent skies with watery eyes for life to fight to survive to live in the benevolent skies.

The descendants of ancestors the requesters to request for God to look over them in a life that's a mess to be put to the test for emotions to invest for God to do the rest for what's coming next. To be inside or outside for a doubtful joy ride to be in denial with emotional pride in the meanwhile for unwanted emotions to hide, to be haunted by time to be high in the sky facing the wildlife of the Nile facing high river tides to deliver a ride into the skies for sunlight to rise to stand by thinking of those who died.

To be put on a pedestal in a federal state of mind, for a hypothetical position to decline the mind of intuition to see life far behind to stay in the front of life at all times, to a conclusion to be confusion for life on the front lines a soldier death is left to be blind, for sanity to find lost in a storm for a form misery for rest is history, to be one of a kind and to lose their mind. For tomorrow may bring joy and pain to avoid the rain inside silence to hear the raindrops flop on earth's ground as hit the pavement with a hollow sound, to be earthbound as the world spends around to be finally found from the inside and outside of life never to drown.

A life of plunder to ride in thunder for daylight to be bright in a dark night, for the evolution of change in human society's brains for a loss for the pain to gain in life to maintain to be inside for the outside of life to see the dark rain, a day of infamy for sympathy to be empty, to simply find a way in a dark day, lost in many ways as life portrays. To be philosophical in a tropical paradise to entice biological parasites despite the methodical logical ways to the light, to fight a hard time in the midst of the night, the evening star of the benevolent skies for life to be right in the afterlife when death arrives to strive for a life in the skies.

The road for recovery for an anonymous decision to be the prominent one of random superstitions the proposition of love discovery for a significant other for love to control behold of the mothers for a child to be born in a world that's cold, to keep them warm next to a body to hold for bold decision in life is told

for the inside and outside of life to see from the benevolent skies at night for
the world to be bright until and when the day to die.

Expectations

For expectations headed in a direction of salvation for inspiration to be found in dark places as life faces the rat races in a world of litigations the population of lost individuals to find themselves again in a world that's spiritual waiting for a miracle to happen, the arrival procedures for the Bible of Geneva, for endeavors to reach the top of Mount Everest at best for desperate measures to treasure for life's pleasures with expectations of sexual relations the temptations of humiliation the beginning of civilization for self-evaluation for the evening star to find out who you are the man with no name came from a place that's far, the expectation seems to be lost in a bar for twisted faith fate is lost on planet Mars.

The expectations for the Regime to be deemed to be a killing team, for the catastrophic atrocities the hostile hysteria a criterion to kill many innocent people of Syria, for the expectation of freedom has been closed with doubts, the hypocrisy of modern life to be wiped out and away as strays at the end of the day to lost among doubt with the expectation to survive to stay alive to make it out.

For the mind to be global to touch people's hearts to be noble in time to find people's mind in the dark, for the expectations of life demands to emotionally expand to understand life can be sentimental in a spiritual ritual central for life to be confidential, to hide from itself the shadow of dark to share with no one else to soon walk on the moon to embark.

The expectations of many mysterious stories are told to unfold the benevolent skies to die and behold for life as a soul with no place to go, the expectations of spontaneous capabilities to be headed to the Mediterranean Sea for dignity and pride for the battle inside for the prodigy of mythology for human anatomy to evolve to solve many emotional circumstances as it enhances to mind to find peace as life revolves for a destiny.

On the frontlines of an extreme mind to get lost in the darkness of daylight for the proposition of life to be light to see in the night of revelations to be right, life is a fight down and under to wonder for the pain of thunder to be insight for the walk of life with expectations of unknown future of the gifted to be uplifted as times has shifted to the end of its road for the last episode to explode to find love blind to hold in mind, as time flies when one dies to go to the benevolent skies.

The melody of harmony is quite inquisitive for God to pay a visit for love is the opposite of hate to lose fate as a prison inmate to take time to procrastinate to hesitate for things to be lost and found for an imaginary line to stay in inbounds for the peaceful sounds to stand still on hollow grounds to feel like life is going in circles as the world keeps spinning around. The mechanism of recognition for expectation facing salvation to be one inside the loss of integrity for a place to hide the possibility that one day a loved one will die, to no surprise the expectations to look up into the sky, to wonder why things have to be this way, for the mind-heart to rise in the dark.

For an indecent proposal at life's disposal standing close to the edge starving for love to be too proud to beg, to be outstanding landing on two feet not breaking a leg for a life of peace at least to be strong in the mind to find things in time to lift up your head, some feel like they are better off dead, for unexpected words that they said, for times to dread, life must go on as times has fled.

The expectations for the world to end to be boggled by sin to come from within, the sounds of the wind blowing in many directions for the moment of love and affection, the conservation of mental stimulation for the drunkenness minds of civilization the expectation of starvation to decrease too many people can't eat for how life can be sweet to follow the path of a specific street.

The elements of intelligence to commence from the beginning of time for the gifted minds, for the dumb to be smart fresh from the start, as life darts into another direction the faith of protection the illusion of the view is the one you knew for the few to be blessed in this world that's a beautiful mess. The Scarlet letters hoping life gets better the deposition of monarchy for grand larceny the body of crime the lobbying times for observations to recognize the mind in conflictual times for biblical visible values to be true inside, in a state of denial lost in the wild to prosper from ashes to dirt for the pain to hurt for the good or worse for the living to be cursed, for expectation to live comes first.

The threat of elimination the eyes of intimidation for the drive of determination the equal creation of all to fall from the sky like a fireball, the desire for fire the recklessness to address for life test for evil or good for socialism criticism a political freak to speak words to seek what people heard retribution of a constitution for advancement of an enhancement to litigate inappropriate actions to facilitate to be direct as times can come easy to live life freely. The expectation of uncertainty to mainly concentrate on things to be worthy to be up early to burley make it day to day, the expectations of someone old to be sad and alone to give up on life for their time has gone to pass it on for the family tree to be prolonged.

The beautiful willow trees the mountains that stand of the seas the hollow sounds of wind blowing a breeze the mist of the canyons raining with peace the flower of plains for whole grains to eat the fields of corn that taste sweet for the moment in life to be for the eyes can see the expectation in life as a journey.

The expectations of needs hoping to travel at the speed of light in a world of greed with no good deeds to grow like seeds for the things to like, the lion of the jungle is the king the power of marriage with a diamond ring the ease of a voice that sings to bring joy to the mind in time inside an emotional boxing ring. The coast of an ocean as time is in motion the devotion of above all shall repeat as love fall's the inevitable ways how love works in time to grind love and hate together for rain in pain in bad weather to love for whatever, the expectations to love to last forever.

The realism of self-criticism the beam of light from a spectacle prism to be skeptical about choosing a religion the myth of the fighting pigeon to live in a lie of superstition, the benevolent skies for an astronomical decision, the mission for peace to rule any compositions for a proposition of faith after death the moment of taking the last breath. The expectation of addition of intuition to follow the wrong road of a global expedition to stand in a cold world of confrontation of domination of more wrongs than rights, the period of motivation to fall short in the night, to sort in a world to be distorted for those to be deported, resorted to violence to remain silent for a pivotal moment for spiritual components to add up in life to live in the skies of ultraviolet light.

To be torn apart in the dark for a spark in life to embark to find the light in the dark, the expectations of frustrations and the verge of determination for a monumental moment proclamation, the power of information for expectations

of trouble ahead for the dead to double the outbreak of a biological virus to kill everybody like typhus to be lifeless inside.

To be filled with emotional pride when many lives are at stake so many souls for God to take into the sky day to day to pray for the answer why behold the magic gold the benevolent skies for many stories are told with expectations for life to fold to be bold enough to live into the next episode of life, life can be ruff to be tough for many unknown mythical stories to be right enough for the light at the end of the road for the soul to go.

The Mystical Night

The mystical night to take flight high in the skies at night for everybody dies for true ties of broken lies to define the mind in time to rise above all, in a position to fall, for God to call for life can be small in a big world, the mystical nights as time swirls the beauty of divine pearls like a beautiful fine girl to define a life of joy after being destroyed to avoid all trouble to love has doubled. The mystical night to be paranoid for humanoids that is android's something came from space the size of an asteroid the makings of humanity to be exploited for sanity to be extorted transported by faith into a holy place.

The myth of gargantuan giants the science of God's defiance the reliance of space travel to unravel through time to find the light in the mystical night, the gravity of earth's core to stand on the shores for what's in the store came from the galaxy for us not to live on earth no more. For those that are poor, for less or more to not care because life's not fair, no more life of being too poor, forever or more in the mystical nights for the rain to pour life to imagine a surprise from space, for us to rise and face anything that came from space, the mystical night for a light to trace.

To be protected by the benevolent skies the heavenly eyes in space, to be disguised from hate for a life of fate for something to invade earth which is our place to persuade earth for the things humanity face. The realistic the catalytic of a catalyst to insist for the mind of euphoria the history of stories of glory with great memories, the mystical nights of misery the demolition of politicians the harmony of musicians for the music of evil times to listen.

For life to be alive to be deprived to be somebody the faith of a prodigy to logically strive in harmony to see the light at the end of life's astronomy to study the stars in the sky of an immortal army to anomaly solemnly calmly come beyond life itself, the benevolent skies to fight hell to realize self-details in times to fail, to be out of jail for those who raise hell for a difficult story to tell.

A life of economic survival to be reliable for survival the biblical Bible to be tribal with people that's deniable the cause of lost comes at all cost for malice in a sacred place in the mystical nightlife to be scared for times to be bizarre to reach for the furthest star, to find out who you are in the visions of prophecies to form the red sea. Life on the road to find a way to do things in life to be great to create moments that demonstrate components of determination for the life of consideration to consolidate the mind to leave bad things behind for the means of sad things of time to follow a light to guide to the mystical night.

The odds of a pattern can be predicted constricted by a narrow road for times to go, life on the verge with an urge of anxiety the mental capacity full of vibrant electricity the anatomy of a pyrrhic victory the story of glory for those at the cemetery the visions of Hail Mary to fail is scary life on the road to ride in the mystical night to hide in plain sight.

A life is full of empty plans to turn into an old grumpy man, to understand the mystical night, the holy fight the might of God's will to build to steal for his soul to be revealed for the sensations to be real to feel only inside the journey of a hypothetical ride the truth to survive to stay alive in a society faced with the benevolent skies.

The thought of an alien invasion the situation of a galaxy stimulation the elevation of consecutive thoughts that brought emotional love at all cost to be found lost to find the holy cross to be solely lost to be exhausted as life has defrosted from a world that's cold to find an obsolete mind to delete in time to find a world that'd bold the stories are told for the eyes in the sky the benevolent skies in a mystical night in the northern lights.

The land of blowing dirt for the time of pain that hurts the purpose to stay alert for trust to still hurt for what life is worth, the nerves to flirt in the mystical night to breed dirt to see hurt in life, for the lust of trust to turn to dust to sexually actively live is a must. The pleasure of sexual desperate measure to find the treasure, the focal procedure of life creatures is our presents to live as for humanity for the essence of sanity to be decent for life to give to become a believer to sleep with anesthesia to stay positive to remain discreet for peace of one's prerogative in the mystical night to be erotic with exotic love a symbolical moment to live above.

The dynasty of a methodical structure to rupture, to live in logical agriculture with deadly vultures flying around town for people to drown in

violence the vigilance of silence and strength to be strong for a long length of time for the mind to remain fine in the midst of the mystical night the matrimony of the physics of light the resistance of the distance to go despite the magical tornado for life must glow at the top of the mountain for the youth fountain to know, besides all pride to take a ride to the show, to watch how to live in a human tornado for life to be able to live and be stable.

The prime in a prominent time to be known to be dominant and opinionated as things can insinuate thru trials and tribulations to be regulated by the laws of God for the loss of love for times is hard, the level of commission for a harsh proposition, in the mystical night the ignition to turn on the lights as time burns to learn how to live for what you earned.

Lost in an array of cold winter storms to pray to stay warm as life swarms to live in the norm for a basic form of mentality the ability of agility the aftermath for tranquility for taking a deadly path to laugh to feel good inside the pride of making love in the moment of trust to live with lust for old news to become dust for the skies to live afterlife is a must, for the benevolent skies of aura lights to behold of the old road in the mystical nights.

For thoughts to be elated emotionally separated for the mind to be resonated to be displayed for thoughts to be delayed to feel betrayed for many decisions that have been made to feel afraid as life fades to black to stay back in a mythical life to be lost in the mystical night. The formality, in reality, can be quite bleak to seek for things in need to be a taker never to say please like a sick disease as it spreads for peace at least in giving times of grief with false beliefs.

As life disappears with fears to be all ears to hear the sounds of melody to be a felony of one who sings in harmony, the anomaly of life to calmly let life speak for itself the importance of health to feel how a past life felt to ball up and melt for hidden emotions up under a belt, for a life in the mystical night for the benevolent skies for the light of one's death to live to stay alive in life with nothing left.

The Power of the Light

Life of sovereignty the poverty of society of a lost civilization the realization of critical information the sensation of light to ignite the power it carries thru life to be right, life in the light for imagination of colorful lights to make a wonderful wish in a phenomenal life to find light in the mist for a broken mind to get fixed in time. The life of a broken-down town full of class clowns never to smile to always frowns to seem like a mind to be blind that has already drowned. The motionless town was stuck on stupid to many bad influenced for the truth for the forbidden youth the conclusion of an illusion a town full of pollution with no solution to change.

A place of bad behaviors for life favors to be disposed of those that know a town of people that don't live to equal from anything leaves nothing to be poor in a life of suffering from no joy to rejoice people with no voice a town gone bad with no choice, for the power of the light they saw every night. The mystery of Greek mythology the precision of a bad decision to be in denial for a life in the wild to come in an unforgettable style to work hard for a smile in a time of grief a town with sick beliefs for the night of thieves the power of the light to fight for the town of people that lives in the devil's night.

A form of a secret civilization to be decent at times a town full of people that're full of hate and prejudice to have a false peace of mind, a place where people are being controlled with no one to hold for a town of hearts that's evil and cold to have a lethal soul. The power of the light can change people insight to see in the darkest night, to be patriotic the mind of healing the patronymic naming of children the dominant chance to enhance for the heart of giving for a boy to become a man in a town of people that has been driving with false religion the fate of their superstition the mission of powerful kids to be damned for the things that they did to be crucified for somebody to die.

The children of the damned to rise in the sky for the power of light to be mighty with telekinesis to use in a fight for biblical thesis, the light for a town

full of shattered lives of misery to literally be ripped into pieces. A severe demonic presence is sweeping through the town. No humble minds cannot even be found as bad as it sounds the children of evil to be born again with the wind of sin a power of light to fight the demons of the night.

For children with gifts to bring down the house of God with many demonical myths, in times of emotional loss, children's minds have been invaded at all cost with power to devour this town for parents to drown for the rain of pain to shower the power of the galactic mythical towers the children of the damned, to be honest upon this empty time the astronomer to simply find the bind of light to be spiritually insight the fate of a sacred place, the religious of the indigenous the mind of superstition to be suspicious with powerful children to be vicious in a town of attrition.

The power to fight evil for life to be lived equally with specific qualities, the anatomy of humanity to show no sympathy the empathy of the children is a cold faced, never to smile to remain hostile in demonic place to face, in this town, there is no secret with the children of the Gods of Egypt. The reality of immortality the stone-cold personality this town is falling down with a few fatalities as the children casually walk at a smooth pace for a town to face the calamity of amnesty a town stuck in a horrible fantasy of delinquent children, in a specific sequence to be fulfilling to be immense in a life that doesn't make sense, a town to be condensed for the power of light in the benevolent skies to come and fight the evil that's lethal for those who died.

The deliverance of faith to be justified a town full of demonic spirits to have fate in life to trust a lie, the vigilance of an unknown spirit that lies above and under the sky to feel it, the illest town to be redundant as this town plummets from the highest peak of the summit from a mountain that sits in the sky to lye overseas for peace from the skies to realize that evil can be conquered.

A town of lost faith to be concerned of this force of hate, a course to debate as time evaluates its minds to create a love for the children of hate, the lost fate to accumulate powers that surges from unknown sorcery with a source of profanity for sanity is lost with insidious thoughts. The atrocious moments to explode with unpleasant emotions in disastrous times the ugliness the heinous minds of vicious malicious children to be depraved that cannot be saved from a damnable presence of satin as he sits and calmly waits the fall of pheasants a bird of heaven to anticipate for this small town's fate.

For a town to remain skeptical for an array of a spectacle prism of light the realism of mythical organisms, the laws of life in the night for light in a town of parasites, the children of the night to take flight in the sun of daylight, the will to fight for a life controlled by hell a story to tell for the power of light came the sky for a town that lies above and under, a town to rain thunder for the power of a child to wonder to blunder into the sky of the benevolent skies.

A town of astonishments that was a great punishment, the diminishment of abandoned accomplishments to fall upon the sky, the power of light that watches with heavenly eyes to see the children of the night to despise the light. To be repugnance for an intense moment of deadly components, the goddess of Prometheus of a unknown Titans, in the name Artemis and Patroclus life can be miraculous the agony of tragedies the chaos among Elysium, the condemned of a Hellenistic civilization of a nation of fury for the mythical be, to see Tantalus moments of nemesis to insist in a town's to be quarantine not to leave the premises.

A town full of people with no godly potential this curse is residential, to eventually tare this town down emotionally, the children of the night with hypocrisies of the night for the prophecies of the light has the power to fight this evil insight, to be fair and polite for the power of the light. The apathy for humanity has been restricted to be conflicted in a place to face malice a villainous hideous flagitious state of mind for all evil to combine to find ways of possession for a town's lessons of aggression.

The town is trapped in darkness deep like the abyss to insist on the power of the light for the might to fight for moments to relish in life to embellish, to be elated emotionally separated living among this evil population that's immortally populated. A town that's devastated to find peace among the sky, the town of heroic times to be horrific, the specific words from the power of the light to fight the evil that's lethal, a town that fell off the tracks to fight evil with the light to get their kids back.

The grazing plains of land that stands next to the seas, the capability to see the light at night to be alive is a reality for casualties that lied before they died to still be headed to the skies for the children to cry as the curse of the devil's possession was lifted by the gifted power of the light to kill the demonic possession of a vulnerable night for a wonderful life as this town now lives a secret child at birth for what life's worth for the town to now live positive, the eyes in the sky to ask why, the benevolent skies is the light of night for people

to live right, may the dead have peace in the skies of eve the benevolent skies
for the soul to have peace.

A Vision of Thoughts

A vision of thoughts to have seen the flaws inside laws, to tear down with claws, the reality of police brutality is inevitable the level of pain fed by the devil for life in vain, the running rebel of rain the vital signs of a mind with visions of thoughts for the time that is lost to cross paths with God so many times, to laugh when life is hard to be elated moments to regard with positive thoughts to be invaded by things that're not related to happiness, the savviness of negativity the aura of human embodied electricity, the visions of thoughts with bad news to comply to rise to listen to sad blues to cry with no clues the dynamic dual to fuel expectations of obligations to be overexaggerated to be devastated.

The visions of thoughts have brought social anxiety, with mental telepathy to move society, the life of Aphrodite to teach in reach for peace in the light to be brief to remain anonymous for spiritual therapy the visions of thoughts of mystery, the astronomers of earth's history, a civilization the visions of a proclamation to be read in Greek to seek the thoughts of humanity.

The visions of thoughts to face uncertainty to overcome adversity with urgency, to normalize the skies with dignified pride to realize the price for a predictable life, to live with a miserable wife, a life in the dark to burn bright to someday come to the sunlight.

A lost identity to live infinity forever within their mental vicinity, a plan of the homestead to be lead to be isolated from society, to be overpopulated with a lot of anxiety, the visions of thoughts come at all cost to find the lost in a dark room the legion of doom to bloom in the skies across the room the visions to die to live life soon forever with peace for good of the beast at least for time has brought the visions of thoughts.

The visions of thoughts to capture life to be captivated the means of time to be motivated to emotionally be devastated as the time to part ways as life stays on the array of light, the visions of thoughts in the daylight of night. The

cycle of life rotate in a pattern for life to take shape the odds against fate the lies of hate the sounds of political inmates, as many critical trials and tribulation that life can take in moderation, in time to make decisions based on a vision of superstition the mission is never complete, to defeat death for life to see, being alive is a blessing in disguise to live in harmony across the benevolent skies.

The visions of thoughts for a choice of words so a voice can be heard, the nerves of a new vocabulary to envision of thoughts that might be scary, to worry about time in a hurry a fast fire of fury the desire to be leery to live for security, to nearly lost the probable cause for many moments for life to pause, the visions of thoughts to come in mind to find the soul inside for the future to rise to the sky a destiny to defined in the visions of eyes that's blind, to learn from life throughout time.

Radical illusions the contribution of confusion, the visions of thoughts to solve and have a solution, to be dramatically within inside to feel lost with too much pride to hide within inside, the visions to arrive to strive to stay alive inside, the unmentioned vision of a premonition for life to head into another dimension, lost in a shadow that is yours, of course, to live life with remorse for the battles inside with visions of the skies that lie over people souls that already died.

To take a walk through the tundra ridge to cross the sky under the bridge, the privilege of living in the night to find light, with visions of thoughts to have faults and trouble for life to burst like a bubble, to fumble and stumble to stay humble, life is a gamble to scramble for resources for specific courses that life forces, visions of too many divorces, the motions of peace as time decrease, the fire of the beast inside of humanity in a cruel society for sanity comes with anxiety to be ordained as the mind trains, to search for a transcendent level of knowledge to burley graduated from college visions of thoughts to never be abolished for thoughts to be polished.

For fearful strategies and cheerful mysteries, the rest is history, the rise of human anatomy for thoughts to be invisible in a miserable state of mind, to find time for the inevitable to be unbearable to live in situations that're terrible in life to decline to refine the mind lost in tragedy to badly suffer from tenacity the audacity to accumulate life of anomaly to calmly live with peace as time rolls on to see, to believe in times when everything fails, welcome to life in the world that's a living hell.

The calamity of amnesty for the prophecy of Jeremiah a messiah for the faith of a God of Greek mythology to live in prosperity, the reality of peace is a psychological vision to comprehend a hypothetical mission to tend to defend from those that live in the heart of sin, to begin as fast as it ends. The emotions of gratitude to leave those with a bad attitude, the visions of thoughts of a specific latitude to find a place for a way to stop being rude, as times can be shrewd to pursue to love the things you do.

To live for a pinnacle point to anoint to be cynical for sincerity for integrity to merely be sincere for life to be ever clear the nature of life to appear to address the mess of a humanitarian test to be legendary to be known to be the best, the visions of thoughts to invest emotions so the dead can rest, the eagle's nest to get that monkey off your chest what's next to a new chapter for the life after a disaster to master life in the night for the benevolent skies of light.

The visions of thoughts as life moves in transition for a proposition to find a way to an unknown mission, the ability of intuition the visions of ambition the fight a malicious vicious monster inside the creation of another person living inside to hide from humiliation facing civilization for the time of exaggeration the disappointment of a certain population to be dominant in a prominent situation to be invaluable with visions that's tolerable to tolerate inside the mind stuck in a lost place, the visions of thoughts to trace inside the mind to find fate to define faith.

To be wary for a theory theoretically speaking to live for God to ask the decan to steadily be preaching, for the sky to be reaching a vision of thought for the time to be seeking, seeing life for what it is, to live a life of many numeral passive funerals, for a desolate destined path of death the aftermath of the last breath to be the one who last to go left, not a right turn in life the bright burn in the night to fight for the light in plain sight, to take a hike for a flight into the skyline for hard times to find to build character, the modest warmth thoughts of alternatives to be positive to live among the wicked to be complicit to visit the mind itself for a life of wealth, to be in a position with a vision of thoughts to come at all cost.

The realization to live with violent vibrant vibrations the use of drugs for mental stimulation the visions of thoughts for the thought of being on probation, for sentimental values to value, the statues of laws with many flaws to be prepared to take a loss, for too many visions of thoughts. To decently live comfortable to recently learn how to stay humble, to pray in thunder beyond a

time in life to ponder for the sounds that came down yonder to fond of the beautiful one for a life in the sun to respond for some fun, life after death for a place for the soul to go into the myths of the sky, the benevolent skies to visualize many visions of thoughts to have incredible to be inevitable defaults for the earth to shake from the San Andreas fault for the mind can be lost and found at the same time for a life in the benevolent skies.

To Live Alone

To live alone facing time with yourself for a moment to vent to the walls about health, for the wealth of a stealth moment to fall in the mind in time to create visual inspirational moments for the components of fate to hate within the inside of yourself to pursue happiness for less than stress to be relieved from a life that's a mess. If these walls can talk because of loneliness to predict things before time like Nostradamus, to follow the book the Ora's Apollo for the predictions of hurricanes to hit the Bahamas, for lives to remain shallow, to live alone against all odds to be happy alone to stay strong for a long time in the mind to find a sacred home.

To be depressed alone to live in a liquor bottle a divorce is a hard pill to swallow in a life that's dark for the heart to be hollow to be alone as a wrong role model, a long night not to think about tomorrow, to live alone to drown in sorrows. The meaningless time alone to be prone in an imaginal zone for a life of strong bones for many times to be bedazzled for life to unravel to travel in the mind of isolation mentally separated from emotional devastation.

The reaction of satisfaction for actions that make you happy for a savvy moment alone, the vigilance of due diligence the moment to insist within you that exist for a lonely happy home. To live alone as a narcissist in the premise of the arctic the cathartic moment to express life emotionally inside of itself, as time has dealt and felt the eyes of the skies to be equipped to see the eclipse of the gods of Egypt.

To live alone to survive in this world of economic survival the words of the Bible to be liable to God to not be deniable, trivial criteria for the catastrophes in Syria to be liberal in difficult political times to memorable to be mesmerized as the sun rises to despise living a design system of politics and hypocrites to find a way to the sky in the night with no light to be complicit to be alone as a misfit to lie in plain sight to live to be wrong never to be right for the benevolent skies in the site when it's you time to die to go into the light.

To live alone with the mind of bi-polar for the solar system to arrive sending the heavens from the sky, to wish for a dream that will make you scream to be horrified for a moment to be glorified to be morphed to run with an ancient torch, to gather all resources to be the master of disaster to create a powerful force for the life after, the unknown next chapter. To live for continuity to grow up into puberty to love the community to live alone with no unity, they live in their own universe for a life to be a curse for the better or worse to become accustomed to pain for the mind go insane.

To live alone with delinquent thoughts to be frequent for the cataclysm of the youth to grow into soldiers to kill and find out the truth that death is real with living proof, the mind of a lonely man that can stand himself for the pride is about to melt to survive the war that was hell for how he felt for many stories he wants tell to live inside to rebel. The loneliness of eagerness the procedures of a defensive transition the mission of a lonely life at night to find the light, with thoughts that's inadequate to be accurate the opposite of love is hate the fate of man lost in the rage of war still have front page he bought from the store, so many years has passed since World War II to find out the truth lies in him to salute those that pass and one day him too.

To live alone to be lost in captivity for the mind to be captivated the ability is highly concentrated, to live in his proximity the rage of infamy to find ways to live in harmony to believe in astronomy for another life above ours, for the curse of the old man to live in a cold for the worse to immerse from a river of pain the life of a lonely man to walk in the plains, to stand still to look up and know heaven is real, to live alone the will to be strong for the benevolent skies to come along. To live alone to handle the self-mental abuse to eat ritual fruit in terms of dispute, there is not anything quite cute about a rebuke life with false truths, for a life to be approved with nothing to lose.

The fate of a mind to be unable to be disabled, the stability of equality to live life stable, alone in a zone as times to be unbreakable the sick thoughts in his mind to be fatal, to live with bi-polar depression life of aggression for the lessons he learned is a test to invest in emotions for the devotion of love for the life of above, with bi-polar he was a good bowler at best the things he used to do to relieve stress.

To live alone like a primate of a lonely ape, the loss of faith for him to have a winter heart as cold as the dark, the lost ark in the ancient park too old to grow to be ruined from the start of birth to find a meaning to life for what life

is worth, for him to be dirt a life full of hurt to stay alert for someone to come, been alone for years cried so many tears for lost fears, to lose so many internal emotional battles to win some from within the inside of him when he used to live in Seattle for knowing is half the battle.

Alone in the wild to live a subsistence lifestyle that makes him smile, a life to be hostile can burley be amused by the thoughts to be confused, for his mind to be fuel the dynamic dual when his wife was in his life that made two, only for you was a speech of a fool alone he lives with his life guidance of tools to use in his mind as blind as a fool, alone to be heinous to live spontaneous the infamous clown alone and ran out of town.

For the brave hearts of men, he lived to be one hundred and ten years old, to walk the path of the old road a story of gold in a place of so many evil souls, to be lost in time before they die, to get a peace of mind when they realize they will die, to go to the sky to live for the why, the benevolent skies for the soul to rise when one dies.

To be alone with his own thoughts sometimes he fought his own self, never to love anybody else but himself, many time has passed for him to last for a long time has come to an end, a long life friend discovered his body, as he lays in tall grass, he can't help but to think how time went fast before he passed, his soul has gone to the sky before he died he made peace with God in the moments that was hard regards to love everyone as his time has come to the benevolent skies where his angels were coming from, from up in the sky he goes as a war hero.

The Shadows above Land

The shadows over land to give evil the upper hand to understand that all shadows will be across all regions real soon, to find a way to loom the legion of doom, the mind of humanoid monster among the human population to avoid, the benevolent skies over land for a plan of a prophecy of Greek mythology from outer space with an ancient trace to face the shadows in a holy place called earth for what's life is worth to die under dirt for pain to hurt physically and emotionally to live in vanity to stay sane in humanity.

Shadows upon us not to trust, the shadows of lust to alleviate the mind of dust to conquer is a must the eve of the night to fight the shadows that came in the dark with the light of an ark the moment to be cast at last as the time of the shadows moves fast to past the moment with the components of pain when it rains down evil, the lethal shadows of hell to fail to get inside the minds in jails raising hell for an opinion of dominion the poverty of society from the beginning money is a shadow of evil to control the minds of people in this world that's not equal.

The dark shadows of love, entice people to use drugs that lose all love for drugs, the eyes in the dark to make its mark to be deadly as sin for the moments to begin to start all over again the masses of an evil army the irony of evil souls that is lost and out of control quick to fold behold of the dark shadows to grow inside of evil people in a mysterious society to be lethal.

Some evil shadows lurk upon us, some evil shadows are us, the ability of mobilization in civilization can be critical in a miserable state of mind to be confused to be amused by sin, for the dark shadows to come in, to act like a friend all the way to the end that was never a friend.

A lost mind to find a place of innovation for the preparation of an evil invasion to possessed the human population, to define the mind in evolution for a solution of medieval times to combine the mind of the greed of bad deeds among our reality for money, the shadows above land came hungry for a

chaotic destiny to be neurotic with the exotic fantasy of an evil paradise for the shadows to walk at night despite the sunrise of light, to live among us in plain sight.

The shadows of darkness regardless of light, to get inside the criminal minds to do crime when it's night, the fight of an evil entity the be relentless to live infinity, the mechanism of a prism of light with dignity the socialism of might to fight another species inside of humanity.

To advocate to humiliate behavior science the reliance to find peace in within a spiritual vicinity for the shadows to stay away from specific captivity to be capture be the skies of good to be misunderstood at times, there is more evil than good in many humans minds, the temptations in life to find to bind if you could and would love in the dark for unmarried sex at the park.

To gather the warmth of misery to be prepared for the storm of the century, life can be colorful or dull to be gray as a stray trying to find a way to pray in a way to believe God when times are hard in regards to God. May the shadows come in a form of poverty the mental telepathy of the shadows to be, lost and found to drown in society's reality the formality in a form of havoc for terrible moments to be symbolic and elaborate, a dark shadow to follow a bad habit, to cheat to be the best, the land remain hollow in full throttle to fly into the eagle's nest to live above the rest in a mess of life tests.

The dark shadows of people that don't care stuck in psychological warfare, the pistons of engines of fire the mystic genius to admire, the shadows from underground that's now earthbound as bad as it sounds in the shadows that become a mind in human flesh as bad as it gets the worse the fires the never to get better lost in a lonely letter, upon the stars to rise is the benevolent skies, the dark shadows to loom for the moment to see a full blue moon for people to sin real soon in the darkness of the night for the holy spirit just to be right in an emotional fight.

The dark shadows of evil desire the fire against the light for the evil spirits at night, may the man in the mirror get the picture to coexist with him for the health of the loved ones that're not living well. The shadows of hell come from within the inside of humanity to be cursed by the shadows below to get inside the mind of sanity for humanity for those that are controlled with dark thoughts for days they have fought themselves against the will of God standing close to hell, the shadows above the land can be manipulative for people to be positive about the wrong way to live.

To see death in the form of mutilation there is a sense of inhuman sensation, life on the ridge for the sky under the bridge, the shadows above land is invisible to get inside the minds of humanity to be miserable the dark shadows is a mythical myth, for the evil narrow roads to never exist in the mist, the shadows of the narrow road came to exist in us to insist for a dark road deep like the abyss.

To be misled by the dark shadows of the dead to get inside anybody's head, the moment of possession for the act of human aggression to respond with violence a moment of silence becomes chaotic, the devil's mind is to be neurotic for a psychotic killer to be on the lose to kill in the dark for him to let people live is a choice he chooses.

For people to die within the inside of him for the dark shadows of lies, clinging on to his condemned ties to be lethal sometimes for there is a necessary evil for the greater of good to be misunderstood to be mixed up with bad and good for the shadows above land to understand inside of man mind with corrupted plans at the end of the man's time. The high mountain groves for the youth fountain to glow for the human mind could be bestowed inside humanity for the chief of state, the death of a prison inmate on the death row as the river flows with water from hell for the shadows to rebel inside the of the mind for human intel, the death of light inside the human soul in the darkness of the night the fight for the light to see at night.

To never know where to go to stay lost among their own shadow, for hard times to glow from below with red lights in the darkest nights, the highest heights of the lights insight for the nights can bring peace for the living and the deceased within inside a life ride of adversities to get through to be pleased, as life ceased the vengeance for peace for the dark shadows above to be invaded by love and innovated by the sky above to protect people when they live to die the benevolent skies.

The Fury

The fury of flurried worried showers of tears from a sincere face to appear with unforgivable faith, the exception of a loved one's death from being murdered on an unlivable day, the fury of a living hell, love is not a fairy tale, life before dawn when things are quiet and calm with fury in the palm of a hand the words of a distant plan the resistance of man to be in denial of an isle to live in to be hostile for a stone-cold face of smiles in a long race to face life in a dark place, the fury of hate the lost fate in a mind that cannot concentrate on love for hate.

The fury of mother nature to take shape in earth's atmosphere to sciences of a disaster to come beyond earth's stratosphere, the strain minds in time to see life clear for the fury to face fear with anger to be in the presence of danger in this world of mayhem to be no stranger, the fury of the damned to be condemned, for songs of spiritual chants for humans to live like plants, the fury of the end to descend for the moment to comprehend from an overwhelming sin the fury of wars of fighting men.

The fury of evil desires a life that runs with the fire of a liar in hell to repent in a jail cell for life to be heaven-sent for many theories to vent for fury to be redundant with an abundance of joy for a minute of joy, for the fury of joy can be diminished to the ending times as life cross the finish line. To walk down the avenue of your deepest thoughts, of the cheapest gift to give is to live a life that's free that God brought from the lights of many destiny, to be blinded by fury to have a curious mind that's weary to be serious in time for the mentality of the brain's reality to be destroyed by time for the mind to become paranoid, running from humanoids the myth of the ancient androids. The fury of mental illness for those that are sick, a life of plain fields for many moments to be real and intimate moments in a world like this for those lost in the midst of a life that's not easy to fix.

The vigilance of resilience for the brilliance of the mind to be fascinated by intelligence for life to be relevant with elegance the smell of a good

fragrance, the fury of patience waiting to explode for a love episode to erode in the mind to be molded by time, the truth behind falling in love is to love yourself more as the rain pours the fury of pain sores into the sky to be able to maintain in the mind to stay sane in life for more what life has in store.

The fury of being poor as the odds are bleak only to seek for a purpose to be unique from the bottom of the red seas to believe in human anatomy to gradually rise from the darkness with an epiphany to be religiously sanctified never to lie to hide from death from the sky the fury of cries with broken hearts to be despised to realize life as it demise in time to the benevolent skies.

The fury of madness to conquer all love and happiness to be elaborated with fabricated ties of savviness, the lavish ones to live in sin too much money to spend, for the time has come to an end the fury of dark shadows to commend for a pointless sin, inside the mind of heartless men to pretend to fend of love for love can never come within the inside of a life with too much pride.

The fury of conspicuous thoughts to be ridiculous with mysterious faults for things to violated to be penetrated from an unknown force of devastation in a cruel population of endeavors, the fury of the devil to be clever in a state of mind to never find peace for all small things at least to give for peace for the deceased to be pleased to die from a sickly disease. For the wrong to burn in hell for a wrong turn into jail before they get to heaven a life of irreverent things to come in desperate measures to find the holy treasure inside of life in the night waiting for the holy ride to guide them to light in the night. The fury of a fight in the bar, the signs of a lonely man searching for stars, to find in the dark for living bizarre at the end of the road that's not too far, the now and the later the true innovator for a new life to live to assume to be doomed the fury of a mind to loom over time to die soon. The fury of a duration of irrational decisions for hypothetical propositions the conclusion of illusions lost and confused to be amused by the awful truth for the unlawful news for the clues of fury to be weary never no fear as time disappears for the skies is clear to live debonairly. No love or fear to step into the dark hole for lost souls the skies are here to keep things clear, the sum of all fears is stored in here, the benevolent skies the choice is clear.

The fury of a hung jury for the theory of a crime to be embodied by time, the loss of loved ones to find in another world that combines with earth to design a pattern to incline to define lost time in the mind. The fury of shaking grounds the economic times to be bound for the lure to be searching for the

sacred mound to drown and be found in life tearfully to carefully be in life to see, the fury of the naive to believe, the fearlessness of the careless to be able to breathe in a dark night of reality, the fury of mischievous devious thoughts in mind for time to bleed the mind of bad deeds to accomplish things to achieve in time with bad knees.

The fury of a mechanism to be condensed a life that doesn't make sense for realism to be tensed to immersed in a curse in life that hurts, to live to value to turn up the volume, the fury of the legion of doom the big boom a tale of the witches broom the zoom of light in life for riches of life in a partying night to live hardy in the nightlife, to one day be looking for a spiritual light in a mysterious ritual night. The fury of a mad dream ahead of the wicked and dead for wrong living to dread as time flies the tunnel of life the fury of the might for the power of light to rise for eternal love above the benevolent skies.

The fury of the miscellaneous for life can be spontaneous, the infamous dauntless life to be conscious in a false religion the mythical vision to be superstitious to abruptly be vicious, in times for the mind to erupt to be vigorous and conspicuous. To be ridiculous in a line to find the mind of lost time on an avenue with no clues of a direction for love and affection is lost at all cost in a state of denial for the files of the arrival the words that came from the Bible the life of survival at a minimum cost to be liable and lost in words to express continuous thoughts with strenuous faults.

The fury of the buried underground with no worries in the afterlife as good as it sounds for them to be dirty, for the furry ones was rushed in a hurry for the living visions to be blurry and can't see hell marry for life to be scary. The theory of fury to be ironic as time moves fast is supersonic to be strong for the road that comes along, to stand among the fury of publicity for the word to spread like electricity for the wrong to be unfaithfully condensed in an immense population for the words of revelations for torn apart relationships in the dark for the matters of bad situations.

The fury of the rising temperatures from the horizon sun, to be conniving in the moment of fun in the sun for life has begun under the sun for the fury of one to become the sun for a light inside to be found by the eyes in the sky as the sun rises the spiritual galactical mythical logical benevolent skies the fury of death can be rejuvenized to be mesmerized as the time comes for a life to be demised to die.

The Final Solution

The resolution for a final solution lost in confusion the illusion of a chartered land for a darted plan to move the mind to understand the second hand of nature, to alleviate nature for love can live inside in well-known place in the mind to face for a trace of blood in the mud to live above, the final solution for humanity to see life for what life is or was to get lost in the title waves of life to be saved in the night to be buzzed and puzzled as life can be muzzled to speak in silence the final solution to prevent violence.

The final solution for a conclusional retribution in this constitution, the mind of diffusion a psychological illusion, the state of mind to occasionally be found in time for collusion of an illegal bound cooperative dismal optimal delusion. For visible contributions to be miserable for choosing the wrong process of thoughts to be brought upon the truth with no wrongdoings to be taught for the final solutions to walk in the skies to be seclusive from negative vibes in a world full of lies.

A life of astonishments for the punishments to vent to verbalized the wise words from the Bible to be heard, to spiritualize the mind to ease the nerves for time to serve inside life of torn nerves to preserve and observe the words of the underserved to throw a curveball of wonders in a mind of thunder beyond yonder for those up under, the final solution upon a number of things to change for a revolution to take shape for the eyes of pain.

The final solution for seconds to live and for seconds to die, an eye for an eye the benevolent skies to rise on every occasion, a heavenly invasion of restoration for a heart and soul to be surrounded by good vibrations with the elements of elevation for self-preparation. The final solution of contagious outrages platform of a life filled with warmth for a solution to come in a basic form of realization for peace and harmony the salvation of love inside the mentalization for self-preparation.

The solution of change can come in many forms for the moment to be in vain the lost land of denial for the trial of life's smiles for a style of a solution for the confusions of lost souls to be an illusion the catastrophe of lost thoughts to have brought pain inside of the heart to die in the dark for visions to spark the mind. The hearts to love more than hate from the start of life's determination for a solution of the salvation of the proclamation for many generations to come for some life strategies to become elaborate fabricated lies with the same family ties to die in the benevolent skies.

As the leaves fall off trees for the season of autumn to believe in a special ultimatum to be optimistic for the solution of a dark mystical night, for a night of random sights of the devil's fire to inspire the right to do wrong for a solution to stay strong to walk along a road of lost souls, the solution of poverty to be among society. To believe with a sense of bad deeds, the moment inside for a final solution to face alternatives for a life of greed, not to live with the needs of something you want but don't need. The final solution of a possible evolution of the minds of many and any thoughts that are diversified by time for confusion of a conclusion for one get treated like all no one stands out as a human being in a world for all.

The final solutions to come in a mysterious way are life to be serious in a delirious way as life as a stray for a pragmatic solution the charismatic forms of solutions to be divine in times of confusions to be illusions. The mind of time to cross the finish line, life to face a trace of love to find love inside you in love to trust after love has failed to love to be left in the dust, to be jealous for some people to remain rebellious. The final solution of a warm heart to turn cold with nobody to hold to be embraced to emplaced the time of the final solution in the mind for life to find inside.

The final solution of the mind to stand slanted not to be taking for granted in this ungrateful planet full of hateful Thoughts implanted, the final solution of hate to have fate in the eyes of the sky for the world to sit still to feel the pain to heal, for love inside the heart of the broken love is up and smoking no joking for love to have peace the love of the beauty and beast.

The final solution of special love to feel to be strong as steel, to heal inside the min to find a destiny to be the truth for a heart to be bulletproof for the final solutions that lie inside you to be at the end of the road to put on a sideshow for a moment in life to glow, for life can be cold to be bold only to hold on to your soul in lifetime to be mold as life is told by time the final solution to find

a peace of mind to be held for a sacred place to go, as the time comes to die or to live with peace of mind as the sun rises the benevolent skies.