

Brasão

A B C D E F G H I J
K L M N O P Q R
S T U V W X Y Z
a b c d e f g h i j
K O M P O P Q R
S T U V W X Y Z
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 , :

Leaned out, leaning, bushing the room enclosed. Footsteps shuffled on the stair.
Under the firelight, under the brush, her hair Spread out in fiery points
Clawed into words, then would be savagely still.
My nerves are bad to-night. Yes, bad. Stay with me. Speak to me. Why do you never speak.
Speak. What are you thinking of. What thinking. What I never know what you are thinking.
Think.

I think we are in rats alley This where the dead men lost their bones.
What is that noise.
The wind under the door.
What is that noise now. What is the wind doing nothing again nothing.
No
You know nothing. Do you see nothing. Do you remember.
Nothing.
I remember
Those are pearls that were his eyes. More you have, or not
Is there nothing in your head
But
O O O What Shakespearean Play
Its so elegant
So intelligent
Leaned out, leaning, bushing the room enclosed. Footsteps shuffled on the stair.
Under the firelight, under the brush, her hair Spread out in fiery points
Clawed into words, then would be savagely still.
My nerves are bad to-night.
Yes, bad. Stay with me.

Speak to me. Why do you never speak. Speak. What are you thinking of. What thinking. Think.
I think you are never speaking. Speak. What is that noise.
The wind under the door.
What is that noise now.
What is the wind doing nothing.
Nothing again nothing.
No
You know nothing. Nothing.
Do you see nothing.
Do you remember.
Nothing.

Brasill 7

A B C D E F G H I J
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S T U V W X Y Z
a b c d e f g h i j
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1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 , : ;

Leaned out, leaning, hushing the room enclosed. Footsteps shuffled on the stair.
Under the firelight, under the brush, her hair spread out in fiery points
Glowed into words, then would be savagely still.
My nerves are bad to-night. Yes, bad. Stay with me. Speak to me. Why do you never speak. Speak. What are you thinking of. What thinking. What I never know what you are thinking. Think.

I think we are in rats alley 115 Where the dead men lost their bones.
What is that noise.
The wind under the door.
What is that noise now. What is the wind doing
Nothing again nothing.

Do
You know nothing. Do you see nothing. Do you remember. Nothing.

I remember
Those are pearls that were his eyes. Are you alive, or not Is there nothing in your head

But
o o o o that Shakesperian Rag
Its so elegant
So intelligent

Leaned out, leaning,
hushing the room
enclosed. Footsteps
shuffled on the stair.
Under the firelight,
under the brush, her
hair spread out in fiery
points

Glowed into words, then
would be savagely still.

My nerves are bad to-night. Yes, bad. Stay with me. Speak to me. Why do you never speak. Speak. What are you thinking of. What thinking. What I never know what you are thinking. Think.

I think we are in rats alley 115 Where the dead men lost their bones.

What is that noise.
The wind under the door.
What is that noise now.
What is the wind doing
Nothing again nothing.

Do