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12845790, .:; STREAN OUT IN FIERY FOINTS NOTHING. NO YOU WOULD BE SAVAGELY STILL SEE NOTHING. NO

ITS SO ELEGANT JO INTELLIGENT LEANEN OUT. LEANING, HUSHING THE ROOM ENCLOSED. FOOTSTEPS 5HUFFLED ON THE STAR. THE FIRELIGHT. UNDER THE BRUJH, HER HAR JPREAD OUT IN FIERY POINTS

HEAD

BUT

I REMEMBER THOSE ARE PEARLS THAT WERE HIS EYES. ARE YOU ALIVE, OR NOT IS THERE NOTHING IN YOUR

0000 THÁT SHÁKESPEHERIÁN RÁG

REMEMBER. NOTHING.

YOU KNOW NOTHING. DO YOU JEE NOTHING. DO YOU

NOTHING AGAIN NOTHING.

THE WIND UNDER THE DOOR. WHAT IS THAT NOISE NOW. WHAT IS THE WIND POING

WHAT IS THAT NOISE.

I THINK WE ARE IN RATS ALLEY 115 WHERE THE

MY NERVES ARE BAD TO-NGHT. YES, BAD. STAY WITH ME. SPEAK TO ME. WHY DO YOU NEVER SPEAK. SPEAK. WHAT ARE YOLL THINKING OF. WHAT THINKING. WHAT I NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU ARE THINKING. THINK.

GLOWED INTO WORDS, THEN WOULD BE SAVAGELY STILL.

DEAD MEN LOST THEIR CONES.

LEANED OUT. LEANING. HUSHING THE ROOM ENGLOSED. FOOTSTEPS SHUFFLED ON THE STAR.

UNDER THE FIRELIGHT, UNDER THE BRUSH, HER HAIR SPREAD OUT IN FIERY POINTS

MY NERVES ARE BAD TO-NGHT. YEJ, BAD. JTAY WITH ME. JPEAK TO ME. WHY DO YOU NEVER SPEAK. SPEAK. WHAT ARE YOLL THINKING OF. WHAT THINKING. WHAT NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU ARE THINKING. THINK. THINK WE ARE IN RATS 115 WHERE THE DEAD _EY _05 T THER SONES. MEN THAT NOISE. WHAT IS WIND UNDER THE DOOR. THAT NOISE NOW. WHAT 5 THE WIND DOING 5 WHAI NOTHING ÀGÀIN NOTHING.







