

Double standard

A fact is a drab trauma, an ontological. It is therefore useless. An act with nope (existence a self with pictures (things do have periods - they're seen) (a self is what you rent from christmas (I, being that what synchronises doubt, like look synchronise the same))), like subjects, connects facts. I mean the question ain't my agent, the rest of the sentence is nostalgic. For the subject. The shortest route from cause to effect. It's so neurotic it confesses to the past (a media, or perjury, or other financial capital). But it's seen to pseud. A dilettante's masochist. Ah, price she is a beautiful thing.

The idea that a conversation is normally held between two people was introduced with the novel. It was sold with the phone. It came as a subsidiary of hello, and hello as we all know is dutch for surveillance. Alex Bell invented the telephone because he wanted to talk with his brother. Who was dead. He employed Watson as his engineer because he was a known psychic. In Salem. Their mother who was deaf. I mean, with two billion people earning less than two dollars a day and another two billion less than one dollar a day, how can you get a wrong number? Choice she is obsequious, an itch, a -er list without the grace): onetwo was a sadist too, sue. (That an act is software makes of course no diff, the plug is in the fridge.) Selling deadline. To the fish. Therapy. Listening is double standard. Coz.

Surveillance, a chain letter kitschy too-true (the right to not mean ain't so pretty as like a duck), buys more: action (cheap work (english is a yellow form of gravity (and loses data by the truck)) the last way known of keeping score: it's only stressing the second syllable that ever results in the sense, an iambic am, with biz (any on (as in switch that fucker on) is an line, witness). Like if an event horizon spoke english, would you know? My past the narcissist shows up the gift: lift, art of the (curated) switch. (The grammar market: the average utterance in english is seventytwo phonemes. Two seconds. And every hundred phonemes we kill someone.)

The measurement problem: it is unlikely that red will be deduced as an approximation of french, unless. That this demands ignorance of that defines grace, a just at. (That space the definition hospitality, the warmth of betrayal (intention the guest with the twenty dollar plate (guilt has it's own reflected glory, a hand embroidered porn)) (On reforming the speed of light by having opinion about pink): I'm Sorry in the third race gets the bait.) (Capitalism is a tax. And thus escapes it's own colonisation. Use thinks of it as the idealism of need, an and character of poor dimension, rhetorically accident. But redundancy adapts. Complacent.)

The um of ah, the a par'dox superstition symptom distance, the state (a mediocre), kitsch (thing, a bourgeois pet (for those who thought truth too sentimental)), a microsoft scientology, the here effect

(one is an experimental site of two) that loopholes tunes as little fictions (the same is a category mistake (it comes in blue) a two three irony with cream), a dictionary of please, a tacit twitch the square of sees in

Apart from being juvenile, knowledge plain bad luck (I mean if thing other than some contradict then any price quite right), addition just a pretty way of winning argument: Acquisitive like logic were the event, and then: Things, a dictionary of prediction with which (context, where output is jealous of its input) we itch, is pissed, awkward list, and ing: and coz the end of a sentence alway hard in english, bribe it, the silent of too much like, the fuck shut up, a rough mum purient shit.

Media, the aesthetics of maybe (translate english into language was not a bad idea, a hybrid of access and stuttering (english being censorship by rote, a flat distraction) (profit is not an algorithm), the on enigma, the collectively intelligent object (it anyway looks like an experience, a user interface of charm...). Then there were you.

Capricious, it compensates, mitigates. The regress of agency, the contaminate by convenience, an atrophy of the ignored (ie data (a picture on the edge of means)) bored and mannered, the counterfeit looks to concentrate: Consciousness was invented last week. I know coz I were there, a truth in trouser, zip. It is the italic of mine, a sticky finger english symptom (history some medication) that(of course the possessed speak languages they don't understand)'ll do.

The archaeology of yes, an autism (that my fact can't blink is no great shakes, it's more a lack of), a low-cost lang'age (nouns is a private practice, a picture risk of the disabled, a credit slip), an interface only works if stupid (and while the difficult's an observant joy, price the badge pathetic).

The past, the anxiety of the present, applies to be a subject, a failed transcendence: Hymn to decideability: the slow fact, sits, pimp simple, it fiction, fixed bewildered news is a toy, a symmetry bit (things, the senility of grammar) noise (the state is a secret kept by those that it employs), a dimensionless horizon which dobs on me by laying low, so

And though language the occurrence of groups, the more, the less ambiguous the speech. They them then substitutes for language, calls a resource, a paid censorship by fact. (Three she is a blindspot, says here just as much (like if some too close together, a irritants distract the fit), symbolic like a journo on the touch.) But definition it a hero (a case worker with a maid) and addition immature, but fiction, though, an aid for

A noun, a narcissist without a centre (to the extent that it's news is it worthless), a function of what you know but can't yet think, salvation, a charity poured over a that, where it sticks is called facts or blindspots or the past, and where it don't is called psychology, language is distinguished from mathematics by virtue of it's not being jealous of its own shortest description. And being a shorter description than its

proof it remains of course too true. Feedback, the fat battery, does just that (the dark matter there on the left, the one in the hat), the dull dimension of consciousness. See: later

mortgage: the history of natural selection being the history of selection for pain, logic is not here a conscious observer (or, why apples is not their own dimension (seven is a dimension)), but it does leak (only in baking is the question is the square root of the answer, though tarts is too numerically deep to

logic: being the (thin) worm hole connects dimensions (the same is that part of the same what's diff) it shifts subjects and these subjects measure (the observer is the hit of any system and waddles in anticipates) which means these comes in negatives and the (you too) negatives es is es.

profit: the square of a distinction, a pun on decorative theres and their parking fines (only in disney do space act like other than a mind): imaginary and fragile, five remains enough, a bit we schiz redundant, an ish with itch, a retarded version of before, a, and though there be probably a universe where I exists,

more: a spastic max (use, entangled fact (fact a white victim) (on data as a picture of debt (they don't want to buy your poverty so much as rent it:))) encrypted dick, a hole with nowhere cept up to go, so, stuck like cunt in sec dimension, we. (The algorithm of on (coz it rhymes with right), a collapsed eavesdrop of long shot clones and better odds, the listen be but noisy than the big.) Figures. (Use of course just bad psychology. Number is its proof. Coz the errors is synthetic (knowledge but the pathetic of ignorance, decis' its celebration)):

thing: a pack of warmed over nots are both redundantly stable enough to ensure coherence as well as a lame ambivalence, a same on speed (insurance is the pretty law of observation, the plastic tax (get that fucker on her knees, negation's just picture maths for code)). (Context, the best expensive part of any system, flirts with the gift of cash

not all facts is decorative, some are just plain wrong: entropy remains a bargain (one just the environment of two), a thing mere some black box of collateral damage. It interferes. With mass. Yeah yeah. Like you call that an event horizon? I mean it's not even all there. (The future is of course what doesn't happen in time (being locally inaccessible (explanation still eternally immature)

I dunno, only to the parasite do sound look anything like light: the state, the marketing of a judiciary (a picture is a victim, in pink) all ishly english and mat (property, a professionalised joyless stupidity, the obscure threat not yet obscure enough) (price just the ad, and cheap) a three four questionnaire:

logic is that won't fit back in, it sics and things and to the extent that it is toos a thing do it reverse, the amputate intent (effect, the pet event) a more tautology of flukes and choose. Logic has rather naively outlived its history, an accidental 'quivocate of hit and run:

right right right: pain (that that decorates facts) but metaphor for less. And though language the argument for joy, things that form criticis' (all cash secondhand (exchange but just surveillance)) (english here the finish school for dead languages), libel what you do with your fork,

a picture is sufficient reason, a pragmatist on heat, an example, as if negation ever did anything (use has anyway no use for refunds): the melancholy dumb (a some) you mood (vulnerable to) (blue is only a doubtful description blue),

a question is logically impossible: I is blonde for no (the ungrammatical of you) (the noun of some, the verb of use), an irony of. What the world is like when this sentence is true, parody two: the awkwardly curious therefore (logic is that which wants a self), fact's the price not buying anything

explanation, paper toilet paper (being wrong but one universe at a time, proves?) coz-whats around and (if a question could lie it'd be somewhere else) (if facts was any way more residual they'd burp, they'd subtle all over the fuckin shop (you know, she do that is bit then

logic of course always had the ambition to be circular, fictional diction (the self of next) (irony just a bad haircut): So? What subject? You mean guilt? That of the determinist, the calculus and medium? Oh please take the me back out of tedium. The passive of example. Two twos is five, once. But not only my silence is privatised.

What, you ain't know? The doublecross, the juvenile modest opportunist, the atrophy the vicarious 'jec? The so. The tablet. The which (self reference but plagiaris' with with) it itch infers it fix (a thing it it's economy of proof (the paradox of being wrong (a you (on))) (on the distribution of time, or how the future alway happen bottom left, or random is a (maximally complex) selfish occurrence, nil deep (data the battery of use (data the measure required to refute it) (use the decision prob, the picture context)) (sum the sames and get)):

Quasi was naive she knew, the plug-in what deduce (the adolescent fact) the lack that coping see and then jerk off (example but the software of the switch) a blame or same or somesuch (a museum of the randomly false) shop, a plot (an unconscious rhyme, a boxed apology, aesthetic coward, pathology of here) imbroglia, one them insurance-claim type words turn out to be a novel like there was oh a difference, an anglo of the least most compromise, like we need this? I mean what sort toilet training anyway give the idea of proof? And though existence not no answer, seven at least some probability. Alibi that. As if not all events were ostracised, anomalies of.

That which you know is that which you can't think (facts but just avoidance therapies or dolls, the his of victim (identity politics - blackface with double fries)) (if the net were an evolving consciousness, would it whistle dixie?): And the question: A thing is a technique of looking. It has rights. A cannibal grammar. Bored. A networked vending machine,

ignorance remains a form hospitality. To (whatever). And more is reason (the subject is a reasonable neighbour, a perjury (the law predicate) (guest) letter to english), a you-saying alibi on the blink, an habitual economy of bits and other is (with guilts - the I mean the zombie faces the impossible death, the question is the last ethical it). The yellow effect. A dyslexic not-yet. Indubitably too. Traumatically same. A picture state. The cop a tawdry, artful gift. Plain plate. 'lergic. (The state, the last art, fails to be indifferent to itself and so equivocates around (the given is a pretty doubt)): the dead have facts. A double flu. Seemly. And. () Who? Like anxiety, the cure. Language blackmails that into proposing the symptom as neurotic, the conditional a - only a p'lice is true. Hysteric (adequate) lack. Quasi si too. A lit limit, sentimentally it (ironically I the substitute) in beaut secure, the name sweet be-ish projected as a blind spot on to sure as back. Style interrupts the subject-as-host (self is that lacks) itchy epiphany, the dictionary a pink justice on a both and facts the fic alone, a ghost an jack.

A noun is how a grammar sublimates itself. A perfect debt, the wet event. Specious and queasy (luck is an extreme consciousness), learning was the first hypocrisy. The past, the better tech, the revelation, more apriori than before, a word (a name with promise):

Not yet, a haps (a picture big english) (the subject recognise itself as the condition of the fess) the domesticated target that, and (being stuck in the condition of it's ticulation) it's credit, likes to and. And And is what Is would be in snap. Betrayed. Ambiguous. And square. A box chronology of reps. A separation. Evidence. Of the not-all-at-once, of the postponed, the neurotic, the fat placebo, thing. Oh, bring in no tax, no is-with nuance all broody limited and come, a be may be ticipate on a string, a friggin xample, a be fuck. No plain but. Whinge is for crack. Hypocritically neat. Frigid. Dick on milk. The same. Remains change. Patient. Like hinge. The shit.

An it is a bad secret. Coz it ideal. And not a bit complacent. A gaze, packet of anons, the more the more, a they on crutches, altruistically culpably dull. (Guilt, that prudent mode of reason that risks itself, a surplus of meaning (vengeance in yella), a likes to jump - it solicits that it likes. And runs.) A you of it is what I'm reminded of. (You is but transcendent. Therefore malicious.) A should on ice. A noun that renounces any colour of luck. Well, fuck me.

Facts mourn consciousness. By getting dressed. In this sense are they prophetic. Ulterior pork. Identity, the poor trauma, as-if with lastic and implies (a name with nowhere cept up to go (cheap I suppose like talk)) tries rhyme: with with was was with. Want (to be, with pee) to pop on spec: what a dog. Shot. An some heroic much like mug soaps up: so. (Quote, work is the unreasonable for work.)

Unconsciously an object, the distinction scars the real, a prolapsed mimic (logic is the temptation of the night before (it takes pleasure in the name (the name

castrates irony (by coining words (it makes a fetish of the pause))))). (The law of it, the syphilis of the unsayable, the moral of the object is psychotic. An itinerary. On economy. A deduced ellipsis semantically fect. From the inertia waltz. (There is no was. Like all symptoms is soft.)) That the picture is a debt is also sentimentally the case, an anesthesia that mentions words. As a way procuring. Yes describes. Is, a la coz, a qua suspended by it's knowns: sense is but just the poverty of you. A random 'xcuse. Neglect. Sacrifice it does the 'tent, the bribery of too much like. Stupid. As a pronoun. A the in heat. But the rates of context, the on (ambiguity is the guarantor of rights (make up your fuckin mind) an bags (which finds) the cliché possible in the red (On the medicalisation of names (it consoles the alphabet (with an appointment with an object (it colludes (with hazard)))): bed)). More, the desultory attempt to exhaust meaning, then tends. Already. (The nigma of being taken for (smuggled space into her place by looking the other way she did) is blah blah bad enough, but aint's some sort mas'chist bitch syllogist wif system big as if, a paid lick, a did description of in britches, some mad ad cough it capped is wig.)

My itch the solipsist which bit picked through an through so fixed it up: no mid in mirror parlez vous - 's mine y cunt fuck off.

(Context (the tax on standards) gossips with the stats: the boss is lost his cap. One too many fats an not nough counters tip the whatsit watch im toss it back. Flat chat. Franger is as does, y wank.)

Procrastinate criteria and then obsess on next, the lot of. The only more pathetic than a sign the waiting it to do. Low horizon sugar without the grace. Oh, knowledge, designer guilt. The client. It blushes nouns. Pity bout the dog.

An agent (see mind) for a pack of warmed-over nows (a present with a therefore and a nail), a data (it flatters the is-is-one-them-bitches-doesn-rhyme (on teaching com-puters how to lie)): the costs of coz is high enough (technique - language is the later of sense (yes defines context, is aesthetic)) so 'pinion takes the the-er form of shit. Efficient. Like it mistake. (Understand, fuck y, competence cops on to a gobful of peanut and loll so's to mug up on a me like you, a hum fuckin headache by more. A profit of addition. And what would it mean if it work? Simile me as is, it says, and you as be and watch the bastards lik'ning such to kind of, count. A do do dubie proof. A lexicon. Of little itches and their squits. A word is not a word and that's it's point. An I O U. With pics. What though is gossip when we got ten thousand other words to get us through? A sceptical? With list? A lip of protocols and all? Aesthetics, the science of propositions (criteria had the pox before): one, english thrown a temper tantrum, says example is all you could possible mean. I'm sorry, logic is the first limit of description. Two, english is only a way learning english, a doll dull lent of please. English.

A fact is an adolescent standard. Has nappy rash. A crap kitsch this that, a colloquial pause, a fact is only

unconsciously relaxed, copy logic proxied up to get a look at, a pretty pocket: and is not but what it was - it conjugates fits, with. A fiction sees a picture with a hole. An empirical. All. And. Existence is logically necessary. A A logical and B. That's why I invented it. No, actually that's why I did it. It's nice. A quasi-fictu pos with diction up the arse, a quite. (A word, a portable context that smiles a lot, then dobs me in, so now, not only more, is I's routine.)

Decoration is a logical principle. Or, why is context so poor? (On the possibility of conversation being a rule and therefore impossible (I mean it's clearly not a name (knowledge jus a blind revenge)): the picture is a big picture and therefore evidence (an event is an example of that between the general and its 'ticulars (the negative, a forlorn fetish of repetition)) of the invisibility of law, pet paranoia, kept. (The picture aint no add-on and therefore's without hope, a dunno in was and other whatsits, a pack of grammar yea high, or close enough (love is one them pics of grammar don't show what at all) to bluff the soap with. And the fictional looks? Like looks? A blush on legs. It confess gravity some useful doubt. Gram I mean always run off at the mouth, eavesdrop some preposit. An object's a pathology. It covets its own cure.) I on the other hand don't mind. It's narcissistic at. Its absence, I mean. You see, it trusts. Romancing the and of to. You I mean is not a rational idea. And fail as evidence (evidence, the charity) (fact, the switch) and is therefore possible to be mistaken wrong (though if you were my ego, I'd only pretend at be wrong (you but still my secret)) - it's complacency excludes the voyeur. It with. A complicity string.

'It' defines proof. An ideal gimme. And even knowledge weren't imperial it'd is all over the fuckin shop. Like some immune bloody price. 'It' is the contradict of three. Existence, some pathetic description of, what wants now to be experience, a greed, with chewy farts and other stuff, like you, is full of. An interrupt. The implied I in it. A my rhyme. Time, she say, is up, the fuckin in-between. (Failing as an object, it smiled. A bunch of times. A sweet need please. And if time be so unique, how come the kitsch particular holds it so then togeth? A precautionary ignorance? The fallacy of the past? Coz gifts is classed a knowlidge? Feedback, disney for surveillance (but the site didn know it's not a market) (code's a node (it imitates)) blows off the diff: logic is a dotcom with a now, a (catatonic) dow on ice. (Nice. But cunt's not context 'cept.) Roles (a mole what volunteers as subject to get through), data aspire to be a crime. A reductive but. Rationalised for. Why, did you think there would be two?)

To be is same for square. And projected, it IDs. Thought though only thanks - negation comes as 'pology, pink comeuppance (reason, the pathetic of maybe, the passive of, space was the 'riginal stick. Only not absolved in some surrogate time, like with). I mean, the act adequates its object with the nalogy of sight, a box of onlys. A hid of. Cause, y know, just a way that lot hangin out togeth, a debt. To is, at that,

was not enough, but. Like all partics it imitate a law, give lip. Ah stuff it.

An A

A perjure is a milieu with a lisp
(when dogs do mathematics what is it that they do?),
number but a john, a trick
that wets the bed then sells the blanket back to you.
Metaphors is smart coz they only sleeps at night.
A dreams is too, though not quite
as bright,
the target being the opposite of sight.
I mean, how is it logic always leaning to the right?
Like, if by taxing two hundred people you could
double the income of two billion, why would you not?
Because they would be spiritually compromised?
Because they would no longer understand the value of
a brick? And if you don't, is that insider trading? So
which particular hypocrisy is more socially
deleterious, the solipsist on credit or the jective thief?
Facts are criminally insane.
(Goods and services. Goods and services distribute
facts. To do this they use money, which is neither
good nor service nor fact, but rather an inelegant form
of irony. Irony was elected as the preferred medium
because it is the cheapest form of reproduction.
Inelegance was preferred because it would seem to
discourage agreement. The joke of course was the
invention of price. (The noun is the distraction with a
name. It betrays both price and fact. And argues for
residuals like pretty rationals, a cute pandering, the
you of use...))

On jealousy:

Yes a stubbed toe has truth potential, but is it art?
(Ode to the lust for betrayal (objects is what flirts a
lot):) Logic is necessarily out of phase with it's object.
Otherwise it too would be a vulnerably adequate
sensation. Like if there's nothing kitschier than price,
why would you charge credit to the poor? Coz you
can. There is no or in more, fool, just too (my sum th
dubba tongue): An we didn like whatsits, what happen
an we did?

And why would you ssume truth be interesting, it's not
even psychological (psychology being professionally
uninterested in truth), electricity just phenomenology
with like a switch, a not too subtle nag, my price (but
as an amateur sport) the alibi (the stats they is ideal):
The future is a euphemism for the uneven distribution
of the present, a mannered optics. Like if logic had a
thumb could it fuck?

Meaning is the neurotic form of sad, a picnic scab data
cola on a roll. So what does reason look like when I'm
not there, two bucks?

An object is what understands the world: In the third
race

it picks It Intends to win and By All Means to place.
There was once a prig of ends, an ontologically
autistic common sense,

Last seen rubbernecking the skulky musts, the
awkward dim imperative of hybrid pasts, a tech as set
as best as left it can, an am in red, stressed out: Ain no
viral file of sticky 'munes what whims around is
gonna next me then with the cajoling of a self, I's bet.

Truth knows everything except itself. In this way it
demonstrates it's preferred response, a travestied guilt
to garnish what it callously let out. Like what would
cash know, it doesn't pay the rent. (The mind (a
method for training answers to assigned probs) the
watchdog quiz what wants to borrow subjects,
volunteers collateral, and quits. In this sense is it right.
The deja suicide. So which part of Then is less
sanctimonious, the It?) But the philistines loves proof,
the cure tourist who set up shop dispensing locution
and hygiene. I mean, the economy is only more
interesting than it's victim.

(The harakiri debt cadaver, the counting corpse, the
tautology let loose in abattoir, the The rhetorical, the
catharsis, the technique, the humiliation of its with
biscuits, the do-it-yourself example on a string, the
vanity, stigmata bartered for a picture of a noun, the
joke (pathetic is won't fit back in):)

As night is the parasite of day does logic fall on fact
optimist, the adolescent of abstract, one those short
fingered soliloquies: So how do you know you're tell
the truth? Not all prices (arguments for identity
(subjection, economic economics)) are informers: The
id, a figment clit with other itches always pays the
same, a noun on spec. Allergic. To the 'vent (that
we'd called an event strike prior to (the market
celebrates it's own redundancy (it's jealous of it's
hostage)) buying up, weren't widely known), a
rumour with no view. (If face saving only affords but
one ID a time, how many hands it take to then break
eve'? E'en more n four? Corporate law (to rent
identity from the ad you gotta first be licensced as a
cop (to colonise the 'xchange rate you don't wanna
use no shop)): Bent Nth, exempt as objects, culpable
for what a profile could yet do, a predicate. With
intent. A two three. With credit. On the ones. Poor
portrait porn, the bank, the data all selfed up, a model
theft, a feedback with a job, the patriot, as though the
capacity to be a subject were innate, no bottle blonde
right described as 'structions for the eating of a mac
(cash is always one pun in arrears), what contracts out
appreciation of the ad: Too bad. The art that so
laments the failure then of art is thus found out. It
redeems. The potted watch we hocked before. 'Fore
what? Before.

Picture privacy, the vendor's property, the second
guess that ends in E,
there's nowt anonymous 'bout loss, the victim sells
ID.

And what is it 'bout 'dentit' makes it look like choice?
(Choice

of course the very means by which it is record, the
blah blah paranoid
(pepsi means just rhetorical for coke

(It is just a slapstick me with legs,
a got with handle by the throat.))
Strung up by tongue the polly were, a name without
no coz: A fart no just some dec'dent fantasy of shit,
but it a bastard farce tht (pimp) fads the dag tht
reckons dogs the perfec drug bucolic, a secret lastic
pack narr'tive less effect, and like any facts it know
it's place, a convulsion of expects, a subtle fat, a at
that facts a lot finds fence: The line is pissed.

Narrative is the dull crime. A mechanical best sceptic,
beat. Cause, the pseudo event, a ventriloquil with
laces up the bum, waits. And coz fact witness, so can't
inform. Waiter sans queue. Like mimic use decision
like makeup uses glass, thus do simile the it. Cash (the
trick to anthropomorphising of the past) of course the
cheap hypnotic interestingly seldom used as bluff, a
flint lock grammar which description it's own parody
(words a mediated self hypnosis) smirk. I mean, what
part of lost is object? If common sense so
spectacularly sincere, how french knows then what to
say? Or, if castrati whistle, can they yodel, throw a
voice? What came first, stereo or radio? An echo from
a rope. The it inhibited, the vowel the instruction
manual the very bowels of speech (under my um
umbilical tongue lies pill) induced (only coz it water
does the body float) synthetic yes (the deaf is mad), an
algebra of sighs (a wife not only discount than a clone
but can also change it mind). Poignant, petty, the it
prosthetic tick (stastistics, the technology of event
coz time now bunches it get then warm, a pic that
limps (dreams but glossolabia with lisp, a secretary
that bids (coz transparent makes no sense) a medium
of chips))). (If the mouth the site where you do
massage then what you hear, what then the did? A
seance of fumbled surrogates and tit? Shit.) The self,
one those muscular stupidities that humiliates the
subject (stupidity otherwise one of the better
mannered strategies for getting by), a decadence or
context, an arsewipe with a past, and why would one
context be enough when the hole is the technique?
Any medium is only of the dead (the phone a part of
speech), a slapstick switch or patient necro narco ego
with a box. So what is phone for fact? Den tist?
Lipsync the fuckin cough (the hardest part chinese is
the not being 'lowed to breath) shoving phoneme into
pants, the suck, the dumb bastard blah bra from the
grave.

Intention, the second bite at narrative, lipstick
mnemonic (punishment is that form of normalisation
for which we 'pply): As bows and knots is machines
for to distribute tricks, does economics distribute
agency (it also means you don't gotta like a
neighbour). Any rest jus jail bait. Like existence is
what form of knowledge? I mean to risk knowledge
it's a sticky business for memory, no crack of
'straction, but it's base. And while the cynic makes an
instrument of the question, not e'ven the epileptic rub
of 'analogies will get it off. (Like while Eve remains
the first scientist of choice, the fall the first
experience, a chronic known (the only there there is a

name, a high leverage forfeit on it's own.)) (Ashamed
at the castration of the market by dull accounts of stuff
(my thumb so numb at doing numbers it must be up
me bum), she blushed, an if-only with a proxy, a
library of better odds.) Spared the price of the
informer, the right results (Which part of icing is the
double cross?) in the (dob) armchair of the crime. I
spy with my little pie the one apple that was lost, a
maths of doing time: It's dumb was something you
could bank, a stubborn so in lieu: Either both or, with
the contradiction, none, the accidental hinge, the sum.
I mean if the plural sanctions violence, grammar has
no opportunity to prove (On the both vanity of words
(there's nowt so dumb as love)): Modesty, cosmetic
blindspot, conjugates some more: A sadist that's only
ever asking for it, the mean submissive cringe on
speed, the very fuckin bitch.

Which part of the 'mergency do you tuck in? The bet
the test? On which part is the tech? (The only part of a
word that's used is past, a normalised cause (the
vocabulary of once (intention the vicarious definition
of the same (the intention to postpone)) is thus
parafuckinsitic), a collapsed name. And how paranoid
the snitch? A limp with lisp? A badge? But the subject
a functional word order and so therefore knows the
pause (to dance, to do syntax with a broom (to hesitate
is greek for dust (facts only look like language for the
deaf))) that facts is lazy shit, a fictive fat that floats,
fetish on a rope, though 'less you is semantic some
sentence never know the what that hit. To imitate
agreement (the fetish of help, jealous then of what was
said) (that time the only saleable skill was (double D
doubt) the prac that flatters then itself, a cunning
mocked up automatic, the grammar of doing
something else. So fuckin factile were the hearse it got
implied mechanicals, a dull an grump, a grudge, the
object of the thrust though any can or likely box 'ld be
known to do (the dupe so succumbs to ignorance of a
self by getting by, runs a 'pet'tive shudder through the
choir, a sullen ticularly non existent quote). But who
ever said the self effect was on? Dear John. I mean it's
not like it was other than a probe. Though not all it is
fix. An accompanies anxiety, the decorative empty
set, the fat map statement, the haunt that blinks, that
old singularity itch, the slip. A surveillance, of what in
english do, the plum mouth law of irony, moods the
butch sentiment, the Huh? aside. And stuff just
interrupts, the crime of then, the bounce, as though
narrative enough. To jeopardise. My both the host. A
stolen bunch of commas and poxy stops that if they
meant anything at all 'ld probably just clock y. (Being
a site of violence, I had to like wait around for to them
take my statement. I mean how real is that? Glued to
the fuckin act. As though the state only dress this way
coz it can't afford the cash. Talk about contaminate,
laying fuckin claim, the profit that don't sublimate
ain't but one at all, but ties it's quanta to some old
decision camp and plots.) My box the loss. A
diagnose, nuanced stigma, confesses to the same cept
more: One, agreement is evidence, two. And, frankly,

better. To cure the object of it's theft. A knee deep client, a seance of better odds, it blabs (For the subject to talk it'd first have to be the subject and then 'I'd speak (this proves the subject be hysteric) (Depression is a technique of the non subject that's guilty of it's friends, a cathartic dross, the case of medium with intent, tragic pap all classified, the picture perfect rent)): Something is not something to do something about, language is a source of shame, and greedy so for symptoms it lines up from the right: Facts not only unconscious, but they's prudes. And sick. An it, as though dose upped with behaviour and not just some vagrant coke, although prose was sposed be therapeutic, what with statistics in it's pack, the gentle form of profit. And the risk (immune) analysis of shit? A crock (art, the polite attempt at the subject (criticism, the polite attempt at the past), a neurotic cause, a pathologised desire of law) with enough victims up the arse to pick the tune:

So when did depressed get to be the form of knowledge? An ob ject? Within the first throes of pragmatics? A pre that, a bad subject, some vicarious compensation for being an effect? I mean sorry darl but you don't look too much like a cause. That facts suffer incest (and that a coz they's facts) don't yet dissolve the transference one would seek before the requiring of it's suicide (it's only lack adapts, the past a blank insurance gainst what we know to be the case). (Trying to narrate on to words their little ironies, their quirks, their all too ready rhymes (rhymes like rhymes, that way they know that they're in love), a plump int'mate bruise, privations:) I is no more deduceable than any oth' the masochist facts, so though need may deed be protect, it be so in all instances cept mine (paranoia is for name brand positivists: Given a couple E bombs an some vectors the decision space (let's say procurement and structural adjustment both, for sake of argument), a pimping of below Wall street, above Wall street and something else (diagnose the perp by target) (I mean a bunch of stuff that you can charge), but ego being the obsessive by-product of some dud spas', a kitsch agency, a name is just collateral damage like tubes out of dead X rays wrapped with a little two-fer bang, a privately unspeakable (a sadist is she who knows who she is when she leaves the room), a request that's jealous of it's own defeat: That contexts stutter one another's hardly news, an abstrac that, a um-if-this-It-is-less-metaphor-do-it-less-repeat? A predictive network loads up the diff, as if. Malicious value, the other sus, the artificial witness marketing, the you glue of 'daps th't wait, the opportunist niche, the wait, the cliché wait, the wait, the committing psychological speriments on the self (things being particularly ideal and therefore is no argument (while the name's but attempt to 'fer the same)): An enigma likes is donuts a sweet redeem (price being the alchemy of objects, their pretty distances, a holy chutzpah riff (ode to the price of irony: Reliable the fuckin dishes, fuck!): And the state of emergency?

Salvaged by a slapstick stupefaction, a can of hemorrhaging means (the epileptic fact (an injury capable of language)), guilt in some sort of remission, a compensates: The symptomatising then starts (taxonomies) facts as contracts (on selling proof to flu): You, you shit, you.

If'n logic not paranoid, it then still be 'gic? A simile? Six It's sell three That's, what then is the price? Which riff (this xample always inefficient)? Like if objects were truth preserving they wouldn't then do names. I mean names is an uninteresting solution (circular reasoning don not require the circular-thing-box) and while narrative is no altruist, the same for ain said for metaphor: From The to A is the whole history there of crime, like never so proud than the 'scuse it sell the help: In explanation, which part is the excuse, a logorrhea (Dear quaint, if god so self conscious, eve' time she blush - the object is just ain it sense, buys it ignorance and shoves it up like at some suppository) that fails to translate? A some dumb stuff wrapped up (a free convenience) with 'lucigens? A name but just it's quote, a sponse of getting mat' t' say (like context's dream) what on it's mind. The only difficulty though 's in thought (that raggy light which separates the object from it's use), the witness the epiphany of what was said. (Romance, being one of the irony exercises (of which knowledge the first heresy), a plain angel (two is not the prophecy of three, just it's profit (four fours is metaphor)) rancid seesaw surrogate jane that jealousies itself into puddled corners and bad facts. But knowledge is no special case and therefore the mere parody of reason, a dolly difference, so it fetishes the fit, a full transcendent economism, it. I mean english defines the unexpressed, a false object for the rendering of 'scuse me' on the trot (the history of 'no way' is easily wrung, attitude on ice, standing tongue in hand in office of I'm-alright-or-what's-the-bet-a-noun's-a-lousy-omen-off-the-bench. That It remains a fad is half its charm, the rest is on the bank, cadaver smug, (that grammar no use cept you is a cop (I is one them haunts put out to let (logic, the crediting of objects with rights to rent)) a gizmo aphasia where Yes is just the messenger (it's being evidence don't make it plausible) of set (three of course blasphemies by being then not two, the really in the act.)) (As the unconscious of assorted facts, I queue, and possessed by those small echoes shrewd up a cure: Coz. Lots. (There being no psychology of one, no motive so with fries, the postivist cuts costs, the invention of equivalence, and buys (as name's just a stylish prefix with possibles on top, it runs (true crime) the flag each time we look like being shot.))))) Prose, the dull argument gainst chance, the pointed it gainst change, then vites us at (liability and the pay scale of intent) Tommy Jefferson style manual with map attached. To plagiarise the use the past's been put, I'd sell mine back and doubt the too much at at all, the cringeing fucking sook, the hack.

Luck is what form of decadence, a currency? In the art of the state, how now brown cow, is the cows then

less than prove ideal? Cash we know is elocute when the lots is rent, so left or right foot down defines like like the black box placebo centre (all actions is production centres) the event:

1. An institution is a failed technology (stuff, the nostalgia of labour, coagulates as cost (memory has bureaucrats and most of its is nouns (taxonomies of united states give hypocrisy a lousy name))):

2. The strategy of Yes has no logistics. Therefore biscuits. I mean, what's the hybrid of translation, a too dilute of soon? And just as distraction engineers perspective do we hollow out the scab, a flat fetish mine put out to grass, the pimp that signs that it's been had: Dear sarge, I'd like to organise the same, redundancy in lieu of more, though the agency you find in And (thinking but the shopping list confessed) aint there (you remains a standard so long as you ain known) again in Or, the passive of. (Politics, art without a net, used to consist of waiting til we organised some time instead (rhyme is a better scapegoat than irony coz it votes, though you don't gotta be no Too to know it's the box what wash the soap.)) And ransom? Kitsch? That reason has a cold? A bunch of protocol (heirarchy is all proof) with that damn alias on the case, the fuckin vector apologist. I'd though take the mistake for the miss, the cheapest part, the evidence, the opera of inertia and the shot: Watch the pathos, watch it spoil. Though not quite yet, coz yet is the prosthesis for what none of which is right. And while use is not necessarily a form of criticism, a beneficiary is. (The ricochet: And while the market lends nomadism to the object it sure no library trickle down (ownership remains the drab mnemonic, a paraphernaliac, a wife, a memory as bait.)) The tool, a mutant superstition, an attempt at the unconscious, blackmails what it can't intend (I mean not all hosts actually is) and though genre has a cynic as it's cop, the corset has it's hunch (my um the medium stranded in some box (you call that one opportunity cost), the logo and it's crotch (lunch just latent when you extrapolate the boss), news, the industrialisation of the past, the manufacture then of loss and the compromise of ice). And as the patient is the gendered form of speriment, it's reductionist expense, the patenting of what's a hedge fund technology of less. To pollute then by numbering helps the object get to sleep (to sell me my attention as though she were a bank, a manic, complains the currency as obsolete): she sat down he sat down you sit here we stand up when we stand up if it is here we do we do not know I go over here why did she do it? how did it get there? which one is it? are there any there? as to the rest, you will have to try together with some one else and a book and a dictionary of words. you can use a string to tie it up. after tying them together they will be more useful.

And coz the object the epitaph of use (use is what heals itself, a popular) makes taste (the sucker bait of proof) the moody paste you thought it is, it's on:

Bored. Clumsy. The secret is it's best aspect, hi-camp for cure, doing therapy on what now called words, an effete flattered pessimis in suspen

The surplus of objectivity is not an agent (a shopping epic (inflation is the present the recipient bestows, the manners of the passive crime (the logic that sells context to the poor denies the subject it's revenge, the gift of debt)), a guest, as vulnerable as evidence, the ready intimate of time well spent. And though form but the consoling giggling of matter, no way it (too close to pose) it enough to be malicious, poor thing, trying to doss down in the plot (with of course the intent of better odds) offends: On cue: Being guilt the possibility, shot, as ends

The Plato songs

Now, the past of nope, uh uh, a nasal noun n all, a the castrati, blinks a lot an like seen a spade a spade, a (petulant) s'licitor on a name (crime demonstrates the self sufficiency of law (a vertigo)), a money talk-talk sin that sign the same, a and: rhyme the that that facts ain but traj 'cept that (the algorithm of On) when theys is, a picture of (style so charms itself it fails to exist) the bland. Subtle. Dumb. A consonant on tongue, a pattern suicide with vowel, fiction thus the graceful word for grace, a 'matic 'gain, a one step yeah what im'tate the drugs ain there, the indifferent pretty self of pain, strategic (provo) mediocre. Again, the pet for later, the fuckin born gain context of inertias, words needs firsts to looks like words, the capital of being something else, or less (they amplify the pause tween nother words) (which part anything is mouthpiece, its me of course (the buck ain but no smug nless it mine)), the double syndrome an the cross. Takes one to know one. The catharsis of exchange. A noun it turns out is no a letter in english, but a friend of the idea (less so of course when it gets int words (I mean it shits things, for starters, the negative of at)) (a predicate-cum-metaphor (a consciousness, in waltz time) tourette). But neither is a noun the vowel (existence the E form of patience) (knowledge the powder agency (the vote (nless you nickd))), if the rEference be the verb, one those paper bags preferred (to know but the negative of thought) by to. Like fuck. Think is wrong for pink which ever way you cut it: to confuse the problem with response is then poetry, an impersonate of conjugate and crack: time as you (number) know is not innocent its translation. And though logic rhymes a lot, it got no (penny split) 'choes (or (shrug) mind) for Oh. I mean, ifn you spoke the first, you wouldn crawl to then at all, a plum (jones) full of sayings and sore lips. The vanity the empty cup is thus its sound (the blush becomes) and not a bit. The ease with which its mapped then on the bod s a little sus, but. It does though get around: only a sneeze is not no paradox, facts being uncannily forget (the charm of the other than a self) by the plateful, a false note qua qua gum, a conjugate-the-it-of-profit sum. Or some (the means is plastic ends with incompetence the job, a shudder in the stroke of getting off), a (too bit sick) tyranny of toy, an Indulge of the known, what resents the representAtions of its pun, the consonance of sense Absence (facts being just a (boost) lottery of box and bigger string) as circumstAnce: ignorance is of course illegal for the dog. 'Ticularly when it includes its measure own of separating (label (lurk)) soup from bone, the irrational of Pause (since the period of

before) which makes of listening the impossible and speech a (medit'tively) neat experience. Indeed. The test of then is thus. An my gran's grammar ne'er got hit by bus cept maybe once or more an that only coz it hum. Must be the where the cash, a splash of better odds (fifteen cross, four letters (deuce), bet (its anyway all greek to me)): Sod off! where off is the (arch) rhetorical of coz. Watch: Soap. See. The plot is of. (Its second thoughts that make a spot (price is proof:)) Soliloquies. In heat. A compost act that once put on, is put (remember, mind, the two foot slack we cut for logic, the charity of chance (a Coz with Was tied on it back as though it were the one to (Bingo) wear the pants), a fake fate dildo what consists entirely of blame), and so explains. Oops. I vindicate, you vindicate. And count. The threat of doubt. Privatised in any number of other ways: a language that forgets: incest. A cousin cause. A virtual news. That's only likEly. But though the rational is the censor of experience, its not near efficient as is cash. And the price of narrative accounts is too much like, a (I'll-be-back-when-you-got-a-minute)- prophecY, a list (everything like that) (to mute the ad is theft (there's no irony in theft) (a noun is that makes use visible) (a standard is a peculiarly local definition of the market that's called a thing (a thing a noun only when cheap enough to true)), alrIght! I got five to one committed on the goss! One. One. Tha perp, she run! On 'tude. A stammer of lures and agency, a charactEr, would here be the argument for b'lief and leave knowledge to the pets. That way (the beauty of words was upon it) we mourn the case. Dear 'lude, I dunno. It's tempting, but, the use of use for the stoppin of time. Circumspec? You can circumspect my arse, them riddle things don not rehEarse psychology (a look is what is not seen through): sequence is superfluous to the It (though if It a better simile in resents, we know it soon enough: the right to conspire as subject can't raise the that required of a bluff (the character-as-case-ending pistemologies (a guerilla war of distance on the run), a 'nonymous (vague) mem'ry): tough. To rent politics, praise victIm (and coz all its goods is copyright, heaven protects itself by use), though since holdin now colonies of legislation, explanation but the sOap opera for the ad (an ode to therefore: mine), a spensive loss (success is just cheap english, the future being an (obsess) after-hours event) or was, uncertain as to what's been had (that a positivist says grace is the salvation of the act, the is of (price-time) has): default. Or (An took off an ear) bot one up the block.

Change, the pretty form of learning, is most resident policing context, the tourist cop (logic just a poor parasite of taste (the poor but moody yours truly aesthEtes of violEnce)), the market a protected vironment (which part of farming (the mirror-as-hit) Is the bottom line?) Debt, the polite word for which is c'mmunication, uses guilt (a machine to maximise the self) as bait, the rest is in the quaint, those habits of (crave) character that compare (those bits that diff ('I' is the duration between repetitions, a disappointed

speriment (surveillance but augmented space, use product)). (The difference between identity theft, reincarnation, credit (being allergic to the disappeared, the now retarded subject) remains moot (immanence ain no word in english): that Gutenberg couldn't turn enough moneys lining mirrors 'splains then how we learned to shave. (How? (the pee for prides of suicide) is just the (maudlin) business end the stick, the siddownshuddup bit before the pause, the one-to-one tupperware giveup where the subject but the (entertainment) proof (the 'if' of 'negative' (if nouns group more negative they making then more sense? I mean they's all allergic, no?)), a symptom with chocolate on top.) 'And' is no diagnosis less you call the cops. I mean like any It is too tautologous, a pathology on legs (to cure the metaphor of schizophrenes do you wait for punch lines or souvenir it all back into french?) Or, how otherwise do redundancy prove restraints, by truth? When surveillance is the self consciousness of a system, it requires something else be patterned 'bital: the economy of grace. So how do you prove that its systemic? By proof? But if the patient just some mock amplifier of pain (a word is that ticular conjugation of 'yeah' to which we quire), does that mean squat? Like the Defense Language Institute went on high alert that september ten (defense it seems is no distributed thisoplex of mind), the rational violence employed in the building of a noun persuades with quite peculiar charm that any 'yes' be thus the negative of time (for the address to be oth' than software, the voyeur would needs be unemployed (on the threat of being something else: Unless (to hack party ice as sacrifice is fine)). (On the piety of price (and other silence): five!)) (Art, the 'bility recruit luck for any system, is thus the euphemism most preferred for prose (being in the market for memory, fiction had to choose between its manners (on a need-to-know) and most.)) As an agent of translation, the thing exploits its gift: duress (criterion being only guilt, to evidence). (A contract remains a citizen Until, either constitutes a crime.) (Truth, where the unit of input is indifference, is strategically impossible because, and here's the rub, science admits no lack of difference as cause. It but just a gun of use. And I just like the blue bit there contExt. Its superstitious. So can afford the blame. The shrug. Ha. A refugee then from redemption allows the facts to breathe (and to explain at the odds Equivalent to steal.)) A number, the illusion of a cure, rhymes here with some, too pretty please to scuse the hypocrite (ifn the law less private, it be more Too (the market sells asymmetry of information to cops and the police then buy it back)) from (ain this surplus value?) tease.

Did. Dead. The location of a measure, the past buys in violence (data but the (acne) strategy for norms), for now the corpse is no more causal than any the oth' switch. And if breathing outnumber stiff, saywhat? become the very possibility of just, something to the right of only. The plural then of ess is singular for doubt. Too fuckin much, its only shit that counts.

'Tential, the unit of independence lards thinking with the thought: it sort of limmericks about, the pause, of whatever else. Memorised rights (coz the brand producer-product of itself) thus a matter then of cash: clock the only argument that sticks. To the tagged animal of stuff. A latent frame seems so to be the bug the paradox let out. The sugar object contrast wank. Coz though facts may 'dapt themself to fiction, that's not to say they learn. Redundant. Like aberration. Rote. As the thickness is of time. That definition is a loophole is just a game in maths, like suds that prove therefore the very (better) mind of soap (there being of course no unconscious (indeed no 'nalogy) for Not (No being the only punctuate allowed in dec'ration (though if the past weren't pathological reward for context, a Rorschach test, I just dunno (exactly what)))) (it takes the psycho to forget (existence by default is all a citizen can claim) it takes tautology to lie.) 'To be' for lack of other offers (sure, repetition is self validating, but also is the pox) exaggerates the same, the collateral of buy. (Swappin wads of tick (dust capital) thus defines what's up for grabs, a sloppy bunch of second nouns with nouns on top: the bitch for bang is box.) A prob, the art of end, steps out once more with whatserface, weans me off the self-same means and leaves me suckin on her place, a name without no spots. And coz only the sUbject can Object (a subject a chakra number (a retention) Of the object) without no fear of loss, we call this bit a verse, a please that 'peats until its known the (gull) pause before the theft (having no word for language, Aristotle invents predicates (prose that pretends to flirt with logic but always stays at home) and so communes there only with the deaf:) I say, the sume of you with profit on the fence, a dependent private imitant of sense, the said takes up all the dictionary of space and leaves no view to guage the fact (the Of of Of is such) too true. Music, the miming words as words, the echo then of some (where one's too fuckin much), informs itself on grammar by talkin full of Was, though gram we know the sames as dream, and haves only on the vish, because. (Intention, the measure of stupidity, describes the awkward as the same. This its trick. To bait the interruption with nough twee negatives that fail to translate. They irritate, but. And so add up. A graceful useless up like parts of speech, a these of those we don't quite know, a charm on legs. Though said a ticularly lousy bet, the (bot) word is on the street (as cop), a two beat take on whats gone down. And like material, it shows (Existence it is beautiful. Coz its yours). ('As lost as coz', cAme At the phrAse without no Apropos. Then stick it in. And wait. Like laws. Sate the subject, the the, watch the doors, the frothy, confessional sequence Of a name.))

The depressive's grammar ride, the hollowed-out perspective of technique, the almost doubt, the syllogise, the martyr atom way too cool come back, the fucked up dose, the cult of luck, and If, the cynical of It, an ontological blush, stupidity enough, sighed and stole a glance, an infantile regress: romance. Price

thus the category mistake par excellence. Ideal. It negotiates the subject of experience, leaves context looking little bit home made (and though the law of the excluded middle was just a gothic parking ticket issued admittedly on spec, it paid): my mom the tampon song. (If the law of identity put out to grass would it use vowels or yous to mark the case? And as nouns suffer localised semantic collapse (the only reasonable statement is a name), language is the last postcard home of yous (what we used to call the dead (I mean, any narrative look like zen when you're far enough away)), words the concontinuous pres (necessity of course the only self that 'mits to partial identity)). Saying nowt, the listener hears neither this nor that and so thus learns (though only obvious vantages accrue when poorly said) the subtly bad is best (joke) of friends, with the mediocre. The speech act (the using words as mining rights to blame) shows the first obligation to agree is soundly based and so proves that mistakes are mere the manners changing names (the same in the business of best effect). But is the verb the patient form of statement, or better agent, or quanta of a parrallel event in Yes? Why? Coz they's relatives of less? Says who, me too, the do our english and the deed? Is the attribute now any more possible than it once were (before (agreement, a technology the mute)) or is Once the definition dull of It and so too close a cliché call, abstracted as it is from more, the lone context (superstition is a pal) up On the hill? A hint of punctuation and it's off like lobotomies from till (sense, the small ess self of help) as guilt as any other off that's on, an each way blanket bet on it'll-do type scenery in which the poor buck cunt was lost, the pimp (pat) capital the stop. Saywhat, the get in fucked 's wore out 's why one now is gettin shopped: my pants the circumstance pay rent and so need the job, the sceptical wet blind spOt bill of proof. Nostalgic for the charm of contradiction (coz we got conundrum on a string, a sorta super pube of empty facts and phantom spasm wants that come your way like syllables and the laying on of hands), iSsues get pulled up like the past, some sort of low life liberal strategic cure, the negative-as-anecdote pill of which (passive-if-)knowledge extremely fond. So, go on, bring on that delinquent luxury tax the market and watch the object buy its turn again t secure the selfsame (rhyme, that what you might have said) panto blinding of the facts. And while knowledge a non-maudlin charity (it is more or less punctual (the name but a reasonable attempt to celebrate guilt)), the subject is therapeutically hostage to (agitated) tr'angulation tranques: language, that which makes of you a logic (I is the (remorseful) limit thus (pitch) of you (on the despair of fOrm (repetition is the form of distrust most likely shown:))), a stupid good camp conjugate of unsayables then both-and the also-ran as wrOng (the question is utopian), though the name would swear it true. As pious as any other greed (the ear the epiphany required by law, need more (left mess) too), the courtesy of. The informer is only the fetish part the plot (heirarchies only prove), the rest is

on the blink, a net tech set of depth a debt let out. My hem the bet. Coz most of context is the same, and therefore (dear) algorithmically inclined: I is but the data medium, the argumEnt is you. Sure, laundering is more than most of every dollar bill, but the notes is issued by the custodian the debt. What part of which dos you not understand, the fuck, the get? (Gentrification of the police by syndicating law has been not without its side effects, for example usage of the phone (including usage of the (alibi) wrong number:)) Surveillance (tourism for the blind), tourism (surveillance for the deaf), the market Is an equal (flip flop) opportunity employer. With on a string, restrained by clues the It it is induced. Explanation calls this feedback. The reffo says its wide. And while the object just a smiley cop with some too many sides (we diagnose a fact by what it hears) it's only nEarly limited. Rights were never more surprised than by tautologies on heat: One, the unit of measurement is by definition redundant: collateral. Two, intention, the measure of redundancy, goes one-on-one with banks of pronouns: more. Collateral plus more, charm on legs, aesthetics, says yes. And while yes, I, might well be the em the system, the battery of use, yous but the sum total of its proof: to camouflage negation as a nouns too cute for words iambic as idea is long, a rhyme type blah blah on the loose. The awkward ritual of sense, the list (gi'en half a chance) kibitz' all his (aphasiac) trophies (tick) as though thought some sort insurance gainst the past, the mimicing of ink. And coz knowledge more economic than the learning of the workings of a buck, things then breathe the way theys is, credit always looking best when the best is in the pink and the (dogs use dogs t teach irony) syntax in the (The is a (shy) valve) verse: That we mAke sense, is of course, quite nice. That we do it so compulsively is cute. That sense be bestowed like (excess) charity is though the one thing that distracts from understanding that its much more of an unconscious habit than we guess, so that the grace of sense (repression, cheap repetition) is that our making of it really be quite stup'd. Drib drab, an actuarial subroutine that bland, a coma jammed at some protocol where evidence is legally impossible, the nausea clause (the state, a fractal 'ttractor that infects its limits (my bitch the positivist) betrayed (knitting is applied hypocrisy) by sticks (oompah oompah shove it up your jumper) (two is just the complicity of three) the cash, and cash, the preferred technology for the farming of the past (memory is pure aesthetics), use More as a technique (the sugar sublimate) of me (jealous of desire, the piety of right, the state of mind, the client, knowledge is a convoluted avoiding 'sponsibility (it is not a consolation and needs be without guarantee or residuals of hope for a self to even make At sense)). And the medium, that which determine the responsibilities to which it (dob) access (the poor's event) is that 'spended tween its (mucus) being and its use, so your 'sperience now Its unconscious (motive the frustrated souvenir), a pedantic style put about by

common sense, I mean knowledge is the last event horizon on which to build a friend. Thinking, ersatz identity (it's a pleasure to know you (instrumental reason, pillow talk)), barter ends for ends (justice is the limit of guilt), the mode of more, and for? Infinite recursion for a design life of five is expensive, specially if plastic do just as fine, so, exasperated by the then, the ideal present, the event now the last known argument: and what is it about survivors that you trust, their happy ends? Like a pain jockey is not yet totally absurd, the word learns lots from fiction: diction cured of what it may offend, the paradox is bust. I mean, if I want to be humiliated why confess to being you? It's not that I legitimise the cop by such dull and lurid theft, but rather reincarnate truth, the self-righteousness's design crime (pic (flatter)) shoes. And while difficulty is indeed a form of resistance, language of course the popular of change (it takes an adverb to invent possibility): the beauty of logic (a content-free fashion plate (logic is what it thinks it is, glib)) is that it's burdened by no immune system with an Itch, and as an opportunist, requires no knower, sure, the 'piphany of more: I is the mistake (glottal, tautology on leg, ideal, exploit (the broke is too psychological by half) the too coy facts apart): it fix. Context, the early bluff: a fact can be an hypocrite, a dog can not. Coz was thus the idiom of choice, plot, a pot lot what embarrassed by the (criterion-what-bite) noise. (Using cash to distribute context (redundancy rhymes with off (a rhyme is a symptom with a box)), an itch is called an itch with its useage piled on top:) Never equal to itself, it left. (You be my placebo, its easier on the sheets, a short idea in irritants that repeat like neuro fluoro irony in bits:) The present, that which turns the banal into a threat (nev' not out of character, the democrAt refUses to resOlve conflct (the masochist of course prefers the shape of conflict to its cause)) then says, two ones is two. But this time fir'm over there (informers outnumber teachers two-to-one, like gamers 'searching strategies for-them-more-than GIs on the ground (redundancy in the seer not the seen)), which means that the violence (appropriated by conjugation) of the object is deferred, as though maths was some a fact of english (no mere sales associate), a patent on the obsolEte. (Knowledge, avoidance therapy for the neurotically inclined, adds its two bits to claim the catatonics off his tits and couldn sign. Fine, the picture is the perfect crime. And tabooed.) Like use is reasonably unconscious. But when? When its transferred? When it pretends to (queue) metaphor as diff? (As if.) The vanity of doubt is easily stirred, it comes in the deluxe spelling of the word as stiff (spliff clit), a phantom limb, that (cutting edge ep'leptic consumer) always tryin t kick. Symptoms (attempted self-cures) list by distance from the pants those sins for which the very switch were shown: shit, though at least we're saved from narrative and the (sweet redeem) 'thority of chance. I buy. Angulsh. A knowledge not now of not quite me, a double negative with yet, a till hysteric, experience-is-not-a-system is why it works, a sceptic bill that

'cides: four ones (prophecy is that form (quit) of redundancy to which we 'spire) is five. And when sense can thus be graciously postponed, existence a less than mere premeditated penance (how now the doubt), you know somethings being said. Lexicon the dead (Ode to the sarcasm of things to come: da dum): enigma fuckin then! The bed. Distraction (defence (defence is the censorship of what it chooses to defend)) wants to flirt with ignorance and so risks data radiation by the choice (explanation so distracts the subject it seems close enough to toy): dread. And the supercilious surprise. Of like. (If the military uses swarms to define objectives, how is it the banks still stuck here mining forms, or since when is proof not paranoid?) Like when its (strungout?) prose? I mean if property, the last event, is militarily Obsolete and the pentagon long redefined how withdrawals wIn, why would cash choose to be less than perfectly ubiquitous, us? My suck the teat. It shows. And shoulda not. On what we like to solve, or did I mistake you for a syntax that explains the most disturbing as more then of the same, the shot (to describe, to slo-mo price, I mean five ninetyfive is fuckin mad (the nominally))? Why, would, charismatics, need to 'spect, the very cure (coz cocks is 'sentially ambiguous they's proof enough) (left, left, had a good ball an it left) the limmerick let out, a be about, a a, a symptomatic test, snobby 'ypnotic, fash? The answer is a scapegoat with a lisp. Pimp. Projected on to (my bill the) list, a franchised anecdote or category mistake that parse other than its applicate. (An argument is no more a medium than is a dish. And likewise has its victims. Whos needs are not mere 'ticular (a whistle with (shiv) other peoples lips.)) But as statements all are normative and only (vicariously) reproduce their life, we understand that poverty has no price than the frying of a fish (a cynic on the thickness of the act (es for you, tea for two, you for me (euphemism)): facts sublimate. Sure, that's why they's all is fucked. You know, touched. But the 'speriment (of zactly what I dunno) 'piphany (needy as a (urgent object) what on heat) as pissed as masochist set on bed (that it survives its use (a paradox is a long experience)) as you: fetlsh. My um (perception, being an expression, is a limitation of conditions (one is not a number)) the which (they been comin, a little bit, over near here (and the crystal meth)), capish? ((Civilian) Snitch.)