

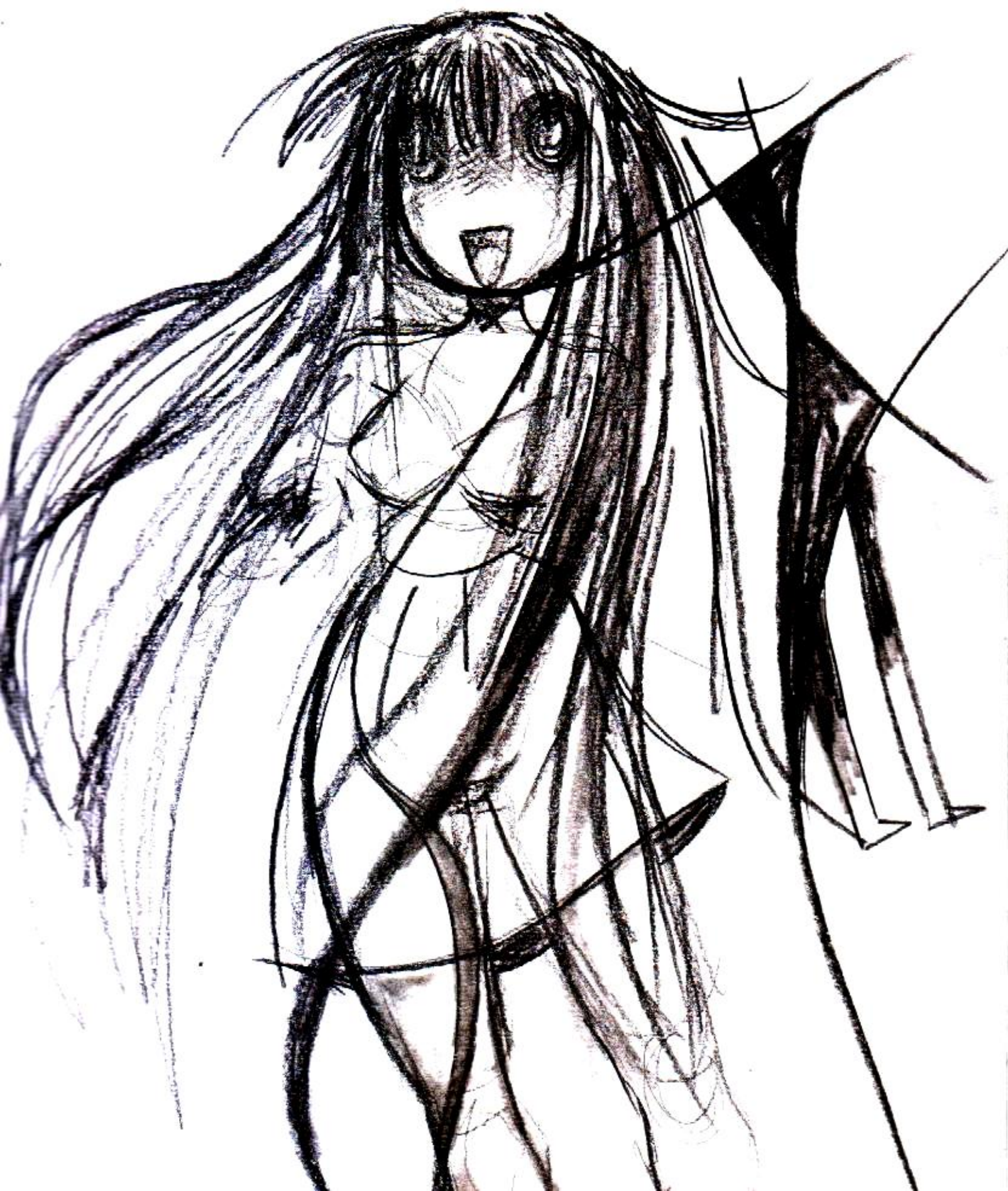


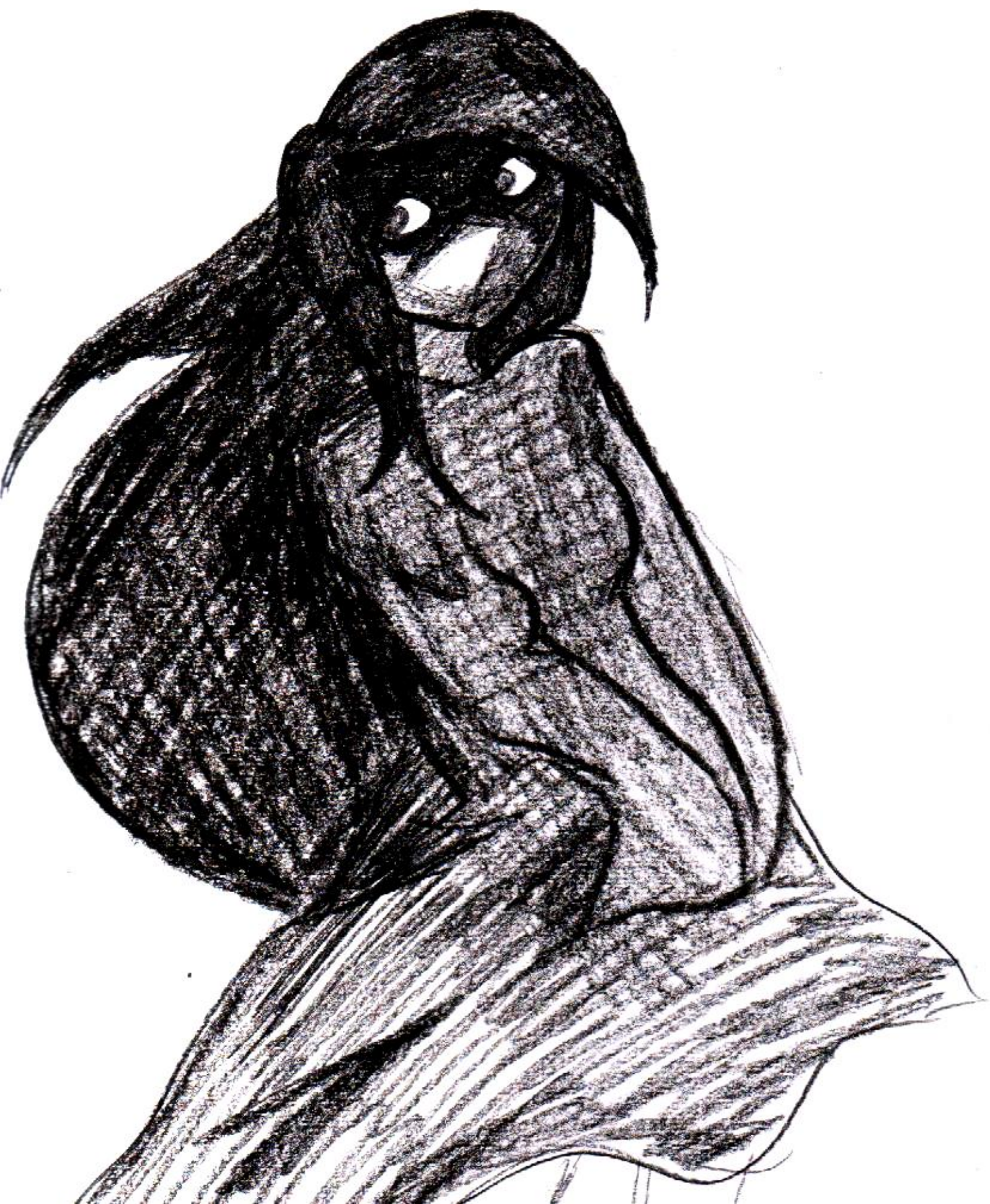


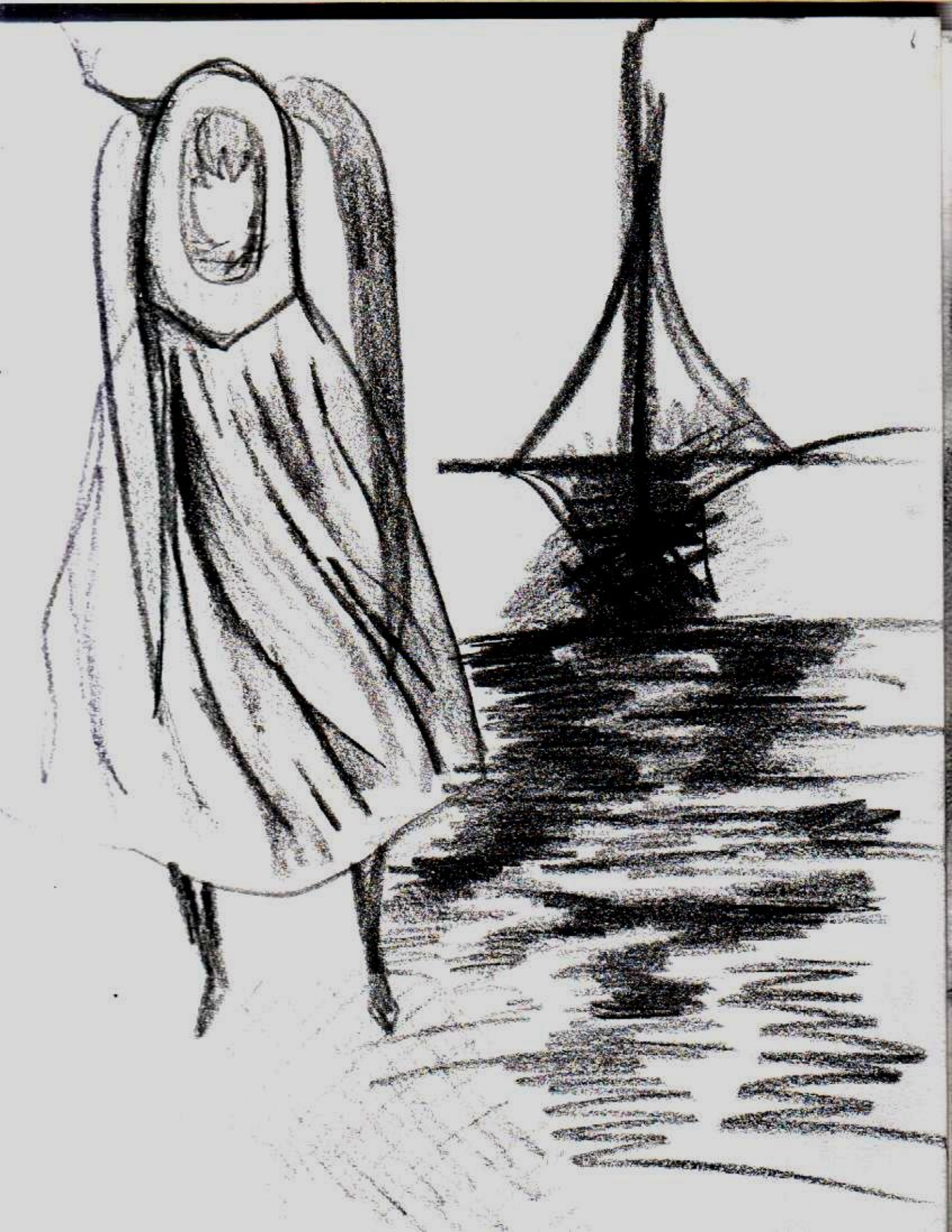
















and blood,
feels sick
head, everyone
It is just me and
a lot of others,
and really everyone,
but it's impossible
to ever
know
for certain
what
anyone
ever
sees
ever.

It's almost
nothing
before we

I can count as many files as I want and I still won't feel.
 I can imagine a sirene plait and still not feel.
 I don't know if anything is possible but I still don't feel.
 Why does (certain things mean colors?
 How do I feel understood?
 How do I get remembered?
 How do I love properly?
 How do I press the right buttons?
 Do I deserve to die?
 People really look down when they be blind,
 is refusal to



