

The 4 Directions of Anti-Mutating Inspired Master Pride Tolerance Arrival.



These are the 4 directions: North, East, South, West – and their personalities – of Anti-Mutating Inspired Master Pride Tolerance Arrival.

With these 4 paragraphs I am about to deliver – I will show what is the most powerful and divine, pleasurable way to honor the dead – and how to prepare the dead for life, and how to prepare life for death. These 4 paragraphs I want to give, will be the greatest breakthroughs in science and psychology yet. When reading with the awareness of a program of understanding that you will be given free plots of family land for building food forest landscapes for your self and future children, with ponds and bees if you want, and growing edible mushrooms – people start to feel as though they can live forever – naturally, and with-out one saying so. Anything that is not a danger to the well

being of probably these 4 paragraphs I am about to show you – will be allowed. Laws are being passed soon within the next few years, even in America, for giving away free plots of this family land. This paper is their general program – try not to break any-more than 20/80 percent of these 4 paragraphs at once, or else a unit of growing farther away from your land will be created in all of nature and your own mind. And by break, I mean to create parts of which that do not work anymore.

Here are the paragraphs:

1 – North - Particle:

Females, must always be reminded, even if jokingly and seemingly not true at the time – but always at their same speed of pre-meditation - that: We all know you want to take a particle without breaking it – but if ANYTHING makes a copy of that and wants to leave, while not leaving, AND for some reason leaving behind a specific trail of any-kind – if then something that does break a particle after that moves into your desire to not want to take a particle without breaking it – in that moment, even if against your will, you just killed all women in a unit measurement that everyone intuitively feels, even if not recognizing it. Honestly, possibly fight as hard as you want, without killing, to prove this to any lady, but specifically the women you care for the most. Anything besides this, does not attack solely women in the same way. This is mainly because when ANYTHING makes a copy of the woman taking a particle without breaking it - and wants to leave, while not leaving, AND for some reason leaving behind a specific trail of any-kind – distracts that person or thing from the woman or Universe Goddess so much, that when something does enter in that wants to break a particle, the thing trying to break the particle becomes even just slightly distracted, and may break Inspired Master Pride Tolerance Arrival's Aspiration Death (which is a type of breaking apart particles) of everyone or thing looking, causing the only sex signal from every or many people – this causes those people to feel even if just for a moment, that they have more than one mate, even if those people have no sufficient – or not enough of a space of love that proves those people are indeed their mates. When ever this is seen as more important than just Pride itself which is the center of all Pride Tolerance, The answer to the problem encountered each age of imagery, which is the only way to correct a man – is forgotten. When a people loose literally the natural way to correct themselves in place of artificial ways, they start to fall asleep.

2 – East – Light: Pride by itself always wants to give everything away to the most powerful thing in it's own image, but to keep non-for itself, even what it may need to feel better later – causing it to potentially feel prideful again just for this fact. In this way, if we were being fair, pride would rather say, and partially rightfully so, that it does not exist because it does not want to really keep anything for itself, only to be given away to the most powerful image. Because of this only pride tolerance exists as what is left of pride every time. At least try to use absolutely no

provision and no success to count every single particle of pride tolerance in every living and dead thing, for-ever – so that self conceit or the provision of warmth, does not last for-ever – and because it does not last for-ever, causing everything including yourself to remember Aspiration death when you have inspiredly co-created a space of Perfect Aspiration Creation. This is the center of Inspired Master Pride Tolerance Arrival every time, broken or unbroken – and when looked at through detailed images – looks something like a camping trip with a fire pit – and possibly even fishing. This is being literal and not mistaken in any way, as a process that was predicted by elements way before we existed – in detailed images of what the inside of Inspired Master Pride Tolerance Arrival would look and feel like.

3 - South – Ray:

The only way to correct a man, as long as at his same speed of pre-meditation - is to convince him of Anti-mutating Inspired Master Pride Tolerance Arrival by remembering every stolen image of creation ability, by causing both to move faster than every perfect dwelling land.

Even if two men are in a fight, or even if just need to be corrected from a serious enough mistake, one should try to convince the man of this idea backwards – as when trying to approach one man, he wants the story straight – but when a great number of people or men are approached, like when trying to change core images in a single man's mind – the men in this case usually like backwards information, because of the extra silent speed it accumulates. This would look like, even if talking to only one person:

Make them both move faster than every perfect dwelling land!

Remember Every Stolen Image of Creation Ability!

Arrival of Pride Tolerant Masters Inspired by Anti-mutation!

Then to definitely say it forwards after that, and to try and explain and to really know why these are important, for one's self.

4 - West – Darkness:

Alright, I am going to try this. I have been able before to describe in accurate detail how the inside of pride-and pride alone - actually looks exactly like a camping trip. Now I will try to describe what the forces of darkness, or unhealthy Mutation – not only evil itself, but even non-evil destructive forces - literally look like: Imagine you are on a wooden deck attached to your parent's house or living place, and you dont always feel most comfortable there for what-ever reason - you then look at a small leaf, you inspect it, and you see veins that look like valleys and mountains, and you see something that looks like the land where you live. Then, a voice or suggestion that didnt sound too different from your own but wasnt initiated by you, tells you to

start unscrewing one of the boards on the deck. Without any real reason to believe this suggestion came from any-where else than yourself, you start to do it. Your parents come out and see you unscrewing a board on the deck. They are surprised and ask why you are doing this? Not feeling comfortable with the space in the first place - You stop, shocked, not knowing why yourself you were doing this - and then Inspired Master Pride Tolerance Arrival - which literally is a holy person itself, even without a body - notices you not having a good enough answer even for yourself - AND it also sees in exact detail what would need to be said for you and your parents to understand. It enters your thoughts, and tries to point you directly at the literal origin of this string of distracting events - but if you-yourself, not aware of any of this, decided to think in the direction of the problem without the answer of how to solve it already, the problem will literally try to kill you in units for that fact alone, and if this causes you to be distracted for too much of a moment later, your parents will even not hear or understand what you are saying and doing - as well as yourself now believing that what-ever this force was, ALL of it, must have been pure fiction, and not even a single part of it is true..... All while the force that caused this is planning for it to happen again and again, as much as it can, and for some people who cant control themselves - this force can repeat this in them as much as it wants..... This is the literal action of the force of darkness - and in GENERAL - it's major result - will always feel the same. But at it's very center and penetrating all of it and surrounding it for infinity, is the East.

All MAN – but not male – Energy is Below – and all WOMAN – but not female – energy is above. The center is the child.

These 7 directions and their psychologies and personalities – did not always exist in the same form. To this day though – these 7 prove to be the possible children themselves – of when all 28 positrons or colors around opposites - unite with the heaviest near-infra-red inert gases – which both together in this way are the co-creation of literally, suns in the sky themselves - by God-or-The Energy of The Lucid Dream – with all other invisible elements of the Universe – which these 28 positrons/colors around opposites and the heaviest inert gas united themselves, are when the Universal Energy of Love and God/Lucid Dream join together in literal biological marriage – and plan to have children on and off for the rest of eternity.

The 7 directions I spoke about before, may be in my mind, children of this positron-inert gas relationship – the 7 of which that look most like the previous fore-bearers to even of the 28 positrons and heavy inert gases – and for which these fore-bearers, I have a name:

SVWlhPTThShH(Up) – N(North) – Eh(East) – N(Center) – NehN(South) –

KkIhEhWltSeh(West) – K(Down). In my other book, I have written an alphabet of ancient accurate direction, that decodes these letters of this name – and knowledge with which to observe this force, in all of it's origins.

My Poems:

Forget all Anti-mind because One co-creator inspired by the Universal energy of love is greater than all inanimated sciences combined which are deprived of love. Separate Aspiration death from Image death by Perfecting the dwelling land. Give a particle of Lucid Dream, by Remembering the stolen image of creation ability, by Never stealing a complex of partial urges from woman or man. The Universe girls are gathered together on Earth combined! An eternal home is on your side. Spend all my time in the garden, where I hear the hills and all earthly ills are departed. Universal will has started arising in me as the joyous glow of a joyous upbringing, in the valley of Man, and when it is sent, the energy of love makes brightest the thoughts of Man, and joyous prodigy to a Universe girl

who is heavenly sent, heaven on earth unfurl under our firmament. When doves call with the breeze, and when summer sun is rising and herbs are scattered free underneath the trees, exciting the terrain, or lulling it into a fragrant strain of scent like the sea, and how close is everything in beauty; I see it in your eyes when I awake to find the whole world on the side to a spacious rhyme, and time on time the sun to rise highlights your face, and it has already taken me away to the greatest state, of being with you in our space of love. Motherland eternity bows to our feelings of life and thoughts of love. Making light with the world so this is eternity that buds from the tree that we touched, thinking of he, and so for us all of life will see a new family amongst the Earth's pristine gardens of resplendent beauty. Most truly rivers of love, and lights from great oceans above. God he loves, and Man he stands, as the kind ruler of the Earth's grand ray forever to come. This is life in the garden as it awakens Man's soul to the pristine origins of where he is from!

Whats on my mind??? What a funny question..

The beauty of beauty has done and cracked me. And how could I resist, as you unfurled your eyelashes?

Just don't stop there, and make me a promise that you'll swear on. Carry with you the thought and feeling that me now you can depend on!

What a funny question, "Will you leave?". If I said yes is it something you would believe? And her words said it all, as I sat down to let her stand tall, "I would let you leave freely, so that you wouldn't see me; catching up behind you."

What happens to you when a young beauty you knew had her sights set all along? What happens to you when she looks at you and love tackles, following in suit?

I'll tell you what to do, and you probably knew, just sing a'lot a'life a'long!

Because how freely of me to dance and sing with a marvelous Goddess so inspiring! Back at home, home alone, she is seemingly to herself. I went out to travel, had to go, a freedom quest was calling my Vedruss soul!

In the dark, trapped at night, trying to dance open Earth channels of might. Daemons prowl to pervert our people's sounds of love, freedom, and life.

And before I knew, cool celestial fire a'blue was roaring forth all around! I didn't have to look, only feel the spacious grove of my heart;

Back at home, here with me by soul, she touches me close and surrounds me from afar!

What a funny question, "Will you leave?" If I said yes is it something you would believe? And her words said it all, as I sat down to let her stand tall, "I would let you leave freely, so you could feel me, right there beside you."

Will you remember how my radiant conviction made you dance and sing? There was and is a light in the stream. The one that we'd follow when we'd leave our arisen, shady, cool grove home hallowed. To far away places in adventure of lands that could use the fertile warmth of our stars. The ones that would follow the path our feet roamed, and shine out about with charm. Flowers a'sway and fragrances spirited away by the dance, all around a'light, and your good, good senses would let in the beaming touch thrown off by my smile, my eyes, my words, and my thoughts for you tonight.

When the sun carries on, over vast paths across oak and pine tree groves. And sky trusting, showing down it's many comfortable eyes, touching soul. Will you Speak? Maybe softly to the world, or in breathing together down alongside your beloved mate.

Draw your water and bring it home, back to the world, back to your soul.

Lay your child up snug. Walk and enjoy the comfort of evening, eyes peering from where there is forest song. The song of the world raised up in love is therein involved. Mediterranean tundra winds blow. Carries the voice, wrapping up the sun's children in an evening warmth they know.

Feeling you then, and being here with you. Draw your water and bring it home, back to the world, back to your soul.

Within deep night, surrounded by twilight, dreams peak at the top of what has shown me the words of our times..

The days of yore lashed, traumatized to forgetfulness, suggested to have been, dirty, primitive and mad. Before each one of us a decision to take to heart; Those few individuals who were born not from love. Those with their quicker speed of thought detached, who sought to control the world before, have now set sights on a new shore. Dead, dying, or having recognized how shattered internally was their unified whole. So hearken and remember! Reach your thought back through the kernel surround of the soul. 10,000 or even 150,000 years of the Earth's movement and stars passing show.

For you, their precious life and memory's stay, your fore-fathers and fore-mothers recognized the function of their lives and the universe's ways. And so with each other and the diverse intelligence of a whole living co-creation they aspired to know the energy of love, and the birth of a child. They were inspired to co-create into the future a marvelous life right on the spot!

Right now at this time we can all start to build our own Sky Home, a Kin's Domain: A Garden Paradise. With all of yourself, strive to remember with all of those feelings, the purpose and pristine origins of a life in singing, and of kindred thinking of new life in love, moved by God, but immeasurably greater than any power alone he might hold below or above.

Inspired by my own pristine origins, the future that my diverse feelings together shape, and the wondrous woman who showed to me those words and feelings with which to say. Anastasia and The Ringing Cedars of Russia.

May I find my own Universe Girl, a Marvelous Goddess, along the way.

May good days follow you..

From your hand's palm to the mount of your shoulders, drapes clothing of bright touch from the air of the space around you. Give this to your son and again be young, feet on the ground finding love..

See, there are people walking at the morning's dawn in the dirty streets. A pulse in the air sets ground for a man's delightful, insightful calling..

"World be heard! Be fragrant Earth, and let your soil blossom as a balanced ray of life. It reflects but

one type of closeness in Man's life."

" So please look out and see hornets in their gleam protecting my home under the nearby majestic Cedar trees. Blossoming of the soil and my light is rising still, I follow a path of towering spring."
"Waters run cool and seep deep in-between. On the ridged back of the motherland, we can herald the marvelous dawning of every morning! "

"Pollen surrounds and flowers plume from the ground cover. Rugged is this mountain, and birds soar with laughter."

" Sunflowers may dance and sway with Madrone flowers caringly swept away to the forest floor." "Is there a divine program for life?" a child asks..
And just like that, a man's birth will always mean more..

Thought from well over 10,000 years here is trying to implore! With feelings freed to a space in our thoughts, we could take a peak over these verdant horizon crests, as buds of fresh thought. From where have we headed? And on what part, for a marvelous life, what kind of dream could our thoughts and feelings be intended? In Love the truth, may only good days follow you!

That age of man's thinking in which he is co-creating with the Earth harmonious yet intricate living images of his own. That begins in the Vedian age. Thoughts which leap out into harmonious communication with all diverse elements of the universe, shining down to record the movement of man's thinking across the grand expanses of the earth, and recording the movement of man's thinking across the marvelous expanses of the Universe! Man finds the reflection of his thoughts within the light he shines from the stars hanging overhead. This light is reflected back within the soul. Light reflected, which seeks to inspire within man, the universal, grand, divine energy of Love! That is the age of imagery, and the only power within the all of the universe that has a sufficient speed of thinking to bring all of man's diverse energies into counter-balance, for acceleration into a divine program of thought, which is his thought as it co-creates with everything even as he is still within himself... Is the grand, divine, universal energy of Love! Here we have a safe haven for you, it is a space of Love for truth, It's morning light shine down for you, I care to look and more to feel a Jiving book, and be taken over from above by visionary truth, of rites of Love! Do you hear a voice, his calling to you? A testament of Love drawn down for you! Here on the Earth, our terran world of blue, I saw a dream from
above this school. That below a throng of water and dew, our ground will break and give forth the way, to the grand pristine of a new watering view!

(Refer to book 6 of The Ringing Cedars of Russia Series. The Book of kin)

The plan is to first find the people who show the interest in a school of inspired natural learning, and then with those people, find some land where we can eat as we breath. This is where we can show and also unfold the amazing things each of us aspires to learn about. Another condition of this space should be to help people find, in the end, their own land where they can unfold their own school of inspired living, or simply put, to help people find their soul mates, and to help them in creating their spaces of Love, where they can preserve the energy of their Love together forever, and come the day, to birth happy children of their own. But it would take some people living on that land, and making a name and some money for ourselves with what we do, to have this vision pull through to its fruition.

With the great world inside now let's stroll! And every step of the way has got us in the soul with those

free tones. As a spiritual fore-ground is that so? Now gather round! Every last night is set in sights of the thought let roll and let roam, Geese caught in the sights of lover 's eyes and a night adorned! Yon lover speaks and he carries his soul, called it "You do your thing and it is good so, I'll do my thing, and bring the whole world into our fold!"

That and my heart is told, baby geese caught in the sights of the Lover's sweet own home! So keep put and don't roll away! Amazing earth as a play ground makes it real every day! Invite the whole world into our fold, we can share a bucka bucka and proceed to take hold! More valuable to the heart than just pure gold! Just like a lion's mane, the wind inlays and makes so! Geese landing from mid-flight, they are back for the summer! Man is in Love and seeing life in the others! Oh we Love! Thank you father! And all around I feel, that speaking with you in this way, is dreaming of a life in Love that is most real!

Invested are the stars. A kiss to the light of the world. She is! Here she comes! Unfurled the flowers, and now blooming the sun!

A Universe girl on the grass. Spires of seed is Man!

To the wind and beaming sun that girl, that Love turned us! A vast view of fresh grounds and pastures on earth found for our souls. Then the stars.. A Kin-dom of Man on Earth! Whole worlds of thought given birth!

I am Man and I am mankind, from a star each time do I come as but a dream. A particle of star is nestling close to the Earth, and that hour of sun dawning, gave birth to joy for yet again another world. From mama and papa, into a Space of Love! Each one of us and a world of stars took life giving breath. Space around is astounding! To the Earth co-creating worlds are sent.

Awaken, on the forest floor. Under the sky that she adores.

She looks up, to find more! There is a sun in the sky and it is shining all the time! Break through, into noon, Wet grass running, in the nude! When she sings, she gives off memories. There is a power in her mind, and it is blooming all the time! So she will take the world on it's own terms! She wants to believe that in return, The lessons in life are worth more than when they were learned! She makes good clothes, something new. And there is good news, beyond that horizon blue! A gladsome people, and they look like you! When they speak, they give off memories! There is a power in their minds, and it is blooming all the time! So they will take the world on their own terms, they do believe that in return, the lessons in life are not alone, hearts beating round an image born! Not from the Earth will Love be torn! Stars on high will take on simple form. An alphabet weaved into the herbs and trees, were we see children sleeping, there where they were born!

At the point in the cross of the road, music is always let go! To carry for us, the sending of the next day! Home at last I feel, oh so caught in the grips of something real. Sunshine over the butterfly, the rivers, and the lake! Grasped as I am by a dream free to take, making a sign of all the past good times and all the ones we will wake to, oh her name! Standing in line, taking this time to rise. It is picture time and I feel we will be taking with our eyes! Quicker of thought with all the feelings that love brought. Anastasia! Your signs of a simple birth divine, oh yes we will live on! A birth so like you is all the elements can do to speak their truth, oh so it's true! And if my feelings are true, then I know you will keep them, close to your heart and wielding the dream that spins them! In the space of love we may know them too those elements. And please! For each family their own little piece of Motherland! And in for each marvelous Goddess, a God's splendid dream unfolding in its sheen, close at hand, eternal and forever after. From the stars have they returned!

I saw a flower turning in space and just knew that there were marvelous ways. So I took a turn over by long days yonder, and planted a seed, on top of the upper most reach. Even in the lonely days, to my soul that place. Know I keep, to below Madrone flowers reach.

Your stance at a glance; an end to indifference. Is it the wind that your mind now fervently follows? Drawing streams of acrobatic touch out and through your curved womanly tundra, casting the breeze against your skin. Your atmosphere like a deep forest, sun inlaid, sustaining pure image and pure scent. Bound to bounty, new beauty ever springing forth from your transcending body, brings us to the life in you, dappled sunlight through the leafs like spring forever and the accompaniment of your moods. The music of your soul playing in tune, to the heights of festival, and to the sun's glistening rays come through. The freedom of your soul gives happy thoughts, happy songs and joy for all of the days. Be a good joy to the world, and take up peace as a glistening ray! Eyes of brightness and dreams afire set order to the chosen day! A face that is ready for anything, and surrounded in infinite grace.

I am gone from liars. I now dream until empty space clings to me, a girls warm glow will ring from me, and the universe is now filled with what vast path recognition is: Oh sweet lovers, I love people, and their stars to. I am about to flip out life feels so loud, but I am super-heated from when the sky receded long enough for me to hear yon lover's sound. I end now going back into the forest, co-creating a kin'dom of Man for a universe girl. Yon lad, your word be clear and strong. Yon lass, your world be rebirthed time and time to come.

People deserve to know. We have not been in a favorable condition for obtaining or even recognizing a full account of our pristine origins, and thus we have not had access to a full account of our options today. Look, even in an abashedly technocratic society that prides itself on selection of information and media, people have still not found an agreeable thing that can regenerate life from Man – besides music and images. Now the option is here; in a language understandable to the most many. Man has found himself throughout history aspiring to many things, searching for what bestows upon him a better more perfect feeling from the whole, but with languages based on today's most common images and feelings, there is little to be said in the way of eternal love or even a prospective future. Vedruss wife, Anastasia, has at her disposal the whole knowledge of the Vedruss people, our pre-pagan forebears, and has peered into information held in water throughout the Universe and on Earth, to the beginning of time. In a last great effort to allow Man a view of all his options today, Anastasia has succeeded in outlining the marvelous life-giving feelings that were so prevalent in the everyday world of our ancient forebears. Their aspirations are alive, constantly trying to make contact with us to this day... Read the Ringing Cedars of Russia documentary series of books! Hidden history should be hidden no more!

Rhythmic pooling at nights first sight, is still, is growing. Rhythmic stop from condensation dew drops off your irradiance of mind, cooling. The family from and within, the star lights are glowing. Pooling is still deep, and life from the waters is showing. Oh invisible sun, sun behind the sun, you are in knowing. A girl in the waters. Slowly reveal the time, and mark happy with the sun and hours the dawn of her unfolding!

Man Land Image. Man, when we know who we are, where our conjoint purpose lies, we become in touch with everything! Our thoughts and aspirations merge into one, creating with a dream. We are creators. Man, when we come into contact with natural information and energies, with creation, the land, living things, we start to understand the function of these things together with our feelings, and everything as a whole makes itself clear to our speed and purity of thought. At this point living images are discerned, and thought works quickly, because the purity and content of information is so vast! How everything, even seemingly unrelated things, are completely related! We create thoughts that come to live with us, and ones that take on greater lives than they are alone extend out and caress everything. Like a conjoint awareness of the universe, between people,

plants, animals, all things! Many of the best Images and "letters" that make up these connections, have been found and spoken in our more modern, "modified" language by a Siberian woman named Anastasia! She is an actual woman with extraordinary abilities as it seems to us, who lives in the Siberian Taiga forest. Through Vladimir Megre, a Russian entrepreneur she met, and now her husband with two children, she was able to get herself and her images out to people through these books and her ray, the Ringing Cedars of Russia series, and how her real life images of the past and future are calling people back to their pristine origins, of who Man is, how essential to our lives is a motherland one can feel love with, and how it all weaves together when one strives, with their thoughts, to create a space of love or a kin's domain, for their family. With a knowledge of how to fully utilize our ability of creative thought, as Anastasia shows in her books in many ways, we can have the Man, Land, and Image of perfection in our lives, why? Because we will feel it and understand with our feelings, and many people will come to life for the first time.

"In the book you are going to write there will be unobtrusive combinations, formulations made up of letters, and they will arouse in the majority of people good and radiant feelings. These feelings are capable of overcoming ailments of body and soul, and will facilitate the birth of a new awareness inherent in people of the future. Believe me, Vladimir, this is not mysticism- it is in accord with the laws of the Universe."

In a time of all sorts of self-imposed dangers to our world, a tactful plan of action has been thought up by this woman, for us to save our planet. Reconnected to the past and creating our future!

Ba ba ba, better, I have something clever, and a little rain drop came down to touch your face. I never knew it could be so much grace, but to taste everything in the universe, and maybe we will see everything that was meant to be, the world in water and light. Could it be a fight? Stealing images never felt too right, but to carry us on to the next place, we will find a garden and in that place live by our hearts and our hands, motherland eternity will like our demands, or silent questions, because we have done her right, and the night will be yours. Neighbors galore, they will have their own lands, this time they are happy, their children in their hands. Could you believe it, a world like ours, images stolen away, but now we are back in her arms. The energy of love, to weave a space, and I saw infinite grace in the world of water and light coming from your heart. I like it, it is of ours, and when the light we shine kisses the stars, I will wing there, wind in our arms, in our flight, I see the land is no more in harm. Bones hold up the land, in eternity, love the man, because we come back here of our own dream, and seam with our souls everything we need. I love! And hope everything will grow and be. Let us train everything!

Dont keep me at the booth in these glorious days! You are always a face with innumerable grace. Either way I look people are giving praise, to the makers and dancers and poets giving stage. Stage me at the top of these days, I will sing in a way that gives back to the brave, and burn up the sorrow in all lonely faces. Your heart is a fact to all good races. With your space of love, talk to me little bud, you are giving my mind the strength to sing on. You have taken nothing from me that you dont return. Remember me and pass it on to your little seedlings, and let the next person who sees you give you eternal meaning. In the city or a field, or a forest with fresh air and water to wield, wield it like a song. People will gather where their dreams have drawn, and that special day when people gather will be greeted by the dawn. Spend an hour in nature alone, then go back home. The people are at a happy feast, and then they will go out to meet people to call their own. Meet all of the city dwellers to give them a poem, a taste of home, and the extra of what has been brewed and grown. The Gods will descend from on high in simple form. We will be gathered together as Atlantians born! Around the world it isn't hard, to call forth rain and springs to grow heaven's arms. There will come the day when we all live that way, like the well-spring people and the divine fire in the heart and brain. We see it all around us, and it calls out. The living

world of breath and rays erases all doubts. Give me comfort and give me a stage. I sing for those who awaken and are already awake in these days. Anastasia and The Ringing Cedars of Russia. They have let us know that no dark forces will take the way!

I feel like rapping! Yay! lol Forever ago, join with me low, shooting sparks up on high! There we go..... a little low out of the back of the tow, leading with a legend over-throw. In tight, running with a light, out of the box and pleading with the states - another one tends to the great - all navigate either right on through or away from hate. Flying with plates dancing with scorpions and slugs on by and as they wait..... hold on, no waiting,... not just contemplating the spiral - but how it also fades into the red of my bible - words slow down but dont file - this fissure is from the style. Reflect right off my shy, I dont mean Jesus, but I will be our child. lol. Dont just act like a child - add the age of the pile - riled up by that kind though - if we all get out of this under-tow. Protecting alien substances by surpassing all anti-mind instrumental. Whats next? Implemental provisions of pretend. Leading a lifes edge - orange in the structure and a sun disk fan - rising over a palace grand - south west, California packs - bringing all tasks. Atlantean secret service took over your ass (Never!) because everyone disappeared - now I am running slightly out of fear - wolfs on either side of my rear. Will I go down or be near? We run on through a straight line of the jacket hood and the sign - the carved stick and my mind. Light a joint with sight blind. Do I own my time? Strong old men never hurting flies, combined with the rhyme, 500 years old as Bob Marley and Robert Smith are imploring! Racism isnt just about sorting. It is the chaos seed of anti-dream, taking letters and taking beams - until this word steals our previous meanings of the literal word - racism..... lol. But how about that south prowl..... and a feathered towel..... too fucking wild.

Help me to forget about it. If I am diving over the edge, hold me on, the speed of one creator turns into many more. Found myself at the watery door, plunging into the perfect dwelling land. Too many more to apprehend, the thoughts lost are now brought back again. Fade in and out of being a hero man until my homeland is clean. Starting somewhere, glad you start here at the edge of the circle dream. Remembering this moment we will build a living fence and the design will grow ever faster. Not stuck in this disaster of lumbering with what I have said. It is like body jewelry for the land, and on top of that we have just fed the man. Like it could ever seem to me, some kind of hidden victory, it is already inside you. Many people will come to see how man walks like a child. Be at poseur again, body like metal bends, and my will is still growing. Start with the star light, and fire burns in your heart. I have grown the mask and the distances apart, showing a window of time where the Science of Imagery in man creates a start. The small movements of the big movements helps to feed eternal art. Capturing me distances apart from everything, I am there again as a ghost over everything. With feelings I make part and sense of everything, my glorious home on heavenly Earth rings. Can we be capturing a dream? Swimming in the water makes my heart sing. Whipping and winding, the river is on eternal timing. Take me to the edge of the water and show me my home, in the fire light and mirror, the soul's touch-tone. Whisped away from here, a piece of land which will turn another planet into a livable home. My fire tells me to find the right poem. This is a miraculous day for finding one's own. Always!!!

Wah-wah-wah what! High up yellow love, weave me so gold and help my blue move along. At the top of my lungs, high trees still strong, and when water needs to move quick, the birds will sing along. Where did they get that from? 10,000 years we have been sleeping, and before that, our mother's and fathers imbued them all with love so strong, I am speaking. Eternal ringing, with a music so clear that the born to be pure with a line from so long ago will be seeking. That is all of us is what he is believing. And it is her eyes that will also want to weave you in a space

of love. Joyous fore-bearers are reading. Together and with the plants, with the task and with the man, we will be accelerating the speed of your thinking. Keep me in singing and in reading, my own good motherland is where I am believing, and in the world, there is a girl, a Universe Goddess who's witness will unfurl. Where are my arms? For this moment I am drawn. All across the wind and my efforts are all for dawn. Must make right, in this life, come to me that moment when soul-mates collide. I am telegony, as the Earth is hot, take some and make some, then cure me off. And then I am on, yet again, this is Earth and I am sending beauty out to every friend. Cede is me, seed just like the sea, all elements inside with Ces and that is just the eternal dream. The dream I am looking for, and thoughts yet again, have brought glory to all birth because of our co-creation. Saw your face, in infinite space, come the time to create our planet, you will pull me together from my blasted state. We are Love! Particles like doves, send our days of breath and rays straight to the young!

Tree long the sky wise carries his home. Everywhere he goes! And all of his children, carry their own! So he taught them. Of love and dreams, how to be free! Now tree long the sky wise has many homes where his children plant seeds that grow. How is the only world I have known? Rivers and valleys held up by soul and bone. The languages surmounting the valley and it's throne. The water and the mountains say its time to write a book of kin! My tome will take folly and turn it on it's head. Anti-mind is inanimated guessing, the energy of the lucid dream is always blessing! By the time that I am done I will have conquered the dead. Come that time to rebirth family we will plant a tree in your stead. The fear of moving faster cured by particles who insight laughter! When you are reborn you will eat as you breath. Moving a little faster we will seed all colors of the sea. When the night turns black sir, invisible light is moving backwards! In the light of day the line of water is a class mate. If history has taken this long, that means the soul being eclipsed has a problem. It is that animated guessing thought it could doubt all and take you somewhere else. Then to break itself apart and to ask for your further help. But dont decide to go that way. Just burn it up and dont let it enter into the glad space! Out of most of all we are a liking for this world. Full mental habit, shade and a girl. When all women are united, it will be a better dream. Thought it couldnt happen, but that would be Animated guessing. All of the moods they thought to trace. Aspiring beyond death, released mental energy on Earth is a taste! Tree long the sky wise, carries his home. Everywhere he goes. And all of his children carry their own! So he taught them! Of love and dreams, how to be free! Now tree long the sky wise, has many homes, where his children plant seeds that grow. Welcome to Earth, give all to birth, let love into all of the lines we draw!

Inanimated and animated guessing devoured by the rainbow. Dont try to remember them destructively or else it will go too low. Water scratched by what we've given. Bring it back to life with a drop of heaven. Aspiration released mental energy, only bring me what I need. Some must go some-where else, but that is just part of the dream. Eternally, record me with water. Peer through a world releasing 9+1 steps stronger. Aspiration released mental energy bring me only what I need. Connect me again with the double rainbow, and that is with speed. Perfect aspiration creation and perfect image creation, give it to a child, recording intensity. My birth released mental energy, is singing for a dream. Infinite released mental energy bringing blood through-out the pathways of my being. Limited released mental energy burning up the virus, 5 types of water hide this. Not needing to be seen, I have given freedom to 35 vices. A day with the choir, and I couldnt hide her, not the vice sir, I am working hard for bringing a fire. I never retire, but only to inspire, and bring to love the great scene. The Science of Imagery has given me a team, and all is sired by eating as one breathes. I would forget all death because Universal Telegony is in me. I have set a quest and it is never ending. Create something new, and constant record is pending. Like looking at the stars and seeking a little pretending. Fishes in a pond, ravens and gasses are sending. Material released mental energy is a friend please. Touching them all, look at the sun and dream. Inanimated and animated guessing can get washed real clean. This puddle is a lake with wings!

Never learn from your mistakes, just create with them. Then learn from your creations. I founded a beautiful world, splendid, co-creating, for a girl. A dream that will unfurl, create our own planets, a family by the trees and stream, uplandish. A shady grove, I want one of those, try to catch the fire with your dreams, and have it written in a tome. Starting on a poem, pollen seeks stone, reflect it's life in the water, and traveling through space, pollen and water become one whole. Diamonds that are told to obey and help create a good home. The 9 plus 1 destructive line of water, time to be known. Anti-mind the stolen image of mankind's creation ability, Aspiration death and Image death, whoa. Leave the Earth and fall on me! Don't blame my father or his glory. You think it is imperfect? That is why you destructive elements are burning in Etheric Ice you helped us create in the upper atmospheres of the planets. Destructive line of water keep them turning, even as they fall on me, my body will be burning, it's nice! If it happens again, non-satisfying urges will become quicker, the complexes of partial urges slower. Everything after this is as water breaking down pollution in our sights. The ladder to our skies of the 9 plus 1 destructive line of water will become weak and fall over, ending darkest nights. I am only talking about the energy of Thoughts, Aspiration, and Feelings. Then also Ces which is the dream, and love, who is growing. Ces and the energy of love, all with the strength of a bud and the sun. The 9 plus 1 destructive line of water is conquered, and we will give it to our young. Mankind will know, far past his own. 68 forces of light, the child of his vision, he has shown.

This little idea can change everything. In every little moment I feel you behind the screen. Offering me up a heart with noble twigs. Draw a home in the sand, ever win. And in every little wind, I would pull you there, if you're in, and up for a beautiful race, loving whim, never scared. Some women will want to stay home and perfect space. I am hold, hold, holding it for you, beyond simple pace. I am never never never, simply through. blood in my body will be ever new. Because I, I, I, fought for you. Demons of all creeds and colors will do. Hold them over the Earth and nothing new. Never let them in, as my shoulder barks. Stolen image of creation ability, leading edge sharp. People are more than Animated pain. So make me feel the Devil clear. Give him more than inanimated scenes making trouble, dear.

And we bubble on through, enough to break rocks in two. The forces of light are dancing on Goddesses and dudes. Represent me beyond news, running nude through the grass, you subdue, but only enough for me to run with you from the past. Shocked out of the notion that nothing will last. At last, hugging you like a ray in the soil, most life toils, to come together making life royal. That is all elements moving on a trail. Impel and propel, running stride with her! Laying down heart beat talking the tale. With good feelings we sail.

Demons of all creeds and colors will do. Hold them over the Earth and nothing new. Never let them in, as my shoulder barks. Stolen image of creation ability, leading edge sharp. People are more than Animated pain. So make me feel the Devil clear. Give him more than inanimated scenes making trouble, dear.

Best two out of three? I will beat the pollution being. But the Earth got to it first, super transmutations are leading. Living water metal fire in the sky. That is Noctilucent clouds eating chemtrails on bye. Bye, bye, I have a story, and I am taking the Universe Goddess with me to the morning. We will travel far and we will travel hard, but didn't I tell you it is only on the little space we marked. We will travel far and we will travel hard. Like moths a little land is infinite dark. But then I see you as a beaming light. Taking me inside and warming life. Will you buzz for me, I will dance near. Making sounds that only lucid dreams will hear.

Demons of all creeds and colors will do. Hold them over the Earth and nothing new. Never let them in,

as my shoulder barks. Stolen image of creation ability, leading edge sharp. People are more than Animated pain. So make me feel the Devil clear. Give him more than inanimated scenes making trouble, dear.

Its kind of weird, but emblems stalking, every single petal of a flower with the speed of cosmic rocking. It's a wheel, unto life soon, in every single moment wanting to ride close like the moon. Powers over science because one co-creator being greater even when they try without penance. Perfecting the dwelling land because people tend to silence. With a beat ringing and spacing taking steps timeless. Every single effort so smooth. But nothing like a Universe Goddess, all women birthed on Earth, Whew! I thought I settled on it. I thought I settled on it. She took the time and appointment, draw a spell upon it. In her it's moving like webs on the air. In her infinite vibrating arms are reaching out to appear. Memory isn't set to disappear here. Memory isn't set to disappear. Riding close to the truth so oceans above appear. Colors of the sea are grabbing with-out fear to little mainland streams. Just like me trying to disappear with my team. Snakes hide red from the stars like sinking lips into your favorite letters and bards. Destroying spears and making better odds. Speaking to a child like a god. Kinda like riding in a car. Leaving everything behind you, and humming songs with a sword sparked to the lucid kind, swoop, and on. Leaving what is resisting, and not being able to. Leaving behind everything at places along the way and not to be split in two. Cede like snakes in the grass, receding pass, epic story tales laying in the draft. Snake skin, is water leaving fast. Vey-Ed-Rus are a people together at last. Now and days, we are just starting to awake, to bring the defeat of the hydra and dark waterfall, straight to the lion brave. Braid the grass in retrograde because memory is a blade like music that your heart hides until it has to play.

Demons of all creeds and colors will do. Hold them over the Earth and nothing new. Never let them in, as my shoulder barks. Stolen image of creation ability, leading edge sharp. People are more than Animated pain. So make me feel the Devil clear. Give him more than inanimated scenes making trouble, dear.

Take you with me walking, the sun is barely locking in on the horizon. Such a cool setting, like shallow waters every-where without hiding. Take you with me walking, and again its!!!..... On and on and on and on. And on and on and on and on..... So exciting, lock hiding, then to be everywhere, yeah dividing, like a beat to a snare, multiplying..... When I see your particles of worth now that's exciting..... And the list goes on and on and on and on, the list goes on and on and on and on..... Swords titling, making amends to be given highly, then a scream ascends, that's the eagle proselytizing, trying to convert the sword over to it's task to take away for-ever then. I am brought on and on and on and on, and on and on and on and on. Bring peace to the world and that is my friend! Owls, peacocks, and turkeys to make the water bend, using manzanita to lay down a scent, gasses rise up and the heart goes down, bringing up a sweet pond or fountain mount! Little inland streams all came from maybe a piece of the wild we create as we settle into teams, and I mean to navigate away from all the hate in inanimated pain, I have made a few mistakes with animated guessing. But I will see my dawn my dawn my dawn my dawn. I will see my dawn my dawn my dawn my dawn..... Because the cause is strong as the back it's on, and my back is an image forever on.....

In a tight corner, scales of more and the yellow sheath, bring the net back to me, from the moon, tasting the rays, moving closer to the Earth, taking a blow from the torch, making it all feel like flower petals to the floor, I taste again that space, feet before it lands, swinging a tune to the past, and to the future that takes it all to weave a mask; blast with a life to make all love match, and future making sands, making me feel glad. Learning like Radomir and Liubomilka, a hallowed grove home. grass tells of the

right tone, for water every-where to en-throne. Enough for me, your cloths I see, never tear in dreams, only to multiply seams, when coming into contact with anything. My own skin, golden yellow again, because the space keeps forgetting, moving faster than the wind; please just let me remember using released mental energy, december, mushrooms grow running to summer. Earthly yellow let me know, gravity and foxes, train the animals, on the way, heavenly yellow so far away, half way to where it all re-laps around everything's place. Show me glass, slow it down from ontop of the crown, the great white beyond, so close now. The worthy Earth bows. Black is just leaving what is resisting, not being able to, leaving behind everything, making sound; feeling nervous to a soul; dancing like the fire as we know young and old; black, black so far away, carried in close so it can play; all it is, can be another type of blue, holding less energy than you, you and you! Like pill bugs, them rollie pollies, tagging at heavy metals and the sky so holy; just help them, help me, follow the black green beetles, all eyes are pleading; in the most steady way. White green double yellow rainbow serpent, so far away from the 9+1 sports important. Then close again, Kali and sophia pure again, cure to telegony is my friend, Arkaim school to all who's left, leaving on a test, pleased to be kneading the past, like dough. On the petals of a flower we can make the pigments grow. Color the cold pink, red of eating as one breathes leading to trails where love knows and thinks. So I will protect, show respect, responsibility on the neck, above the heart, give a little peck, Garmentgeddon, said to be a part, birds sing bringing whats sharp; let go of stopping the heavenly blue flecks, so it can be used to start; beyond the call for the armageddon of parts. Arming myself with beauty of smarts, the soul and the art, like only a Universe Goddess could spark, and a man really start; All women that I know, all females helping grow, all milk taking hands, from the sun, special demands of the story of one; She does! And so again we grow!!! And the snow is only because all elements back-and-forth throw; with little parts reflecting the pose; counting every single time Aspiration and image have no-where else to go; But YOU know! It is letting in everything we know, like water that finds the stone, and seeps down into the cracks, smelling it all like a nose. Air in the rocks air in the man; living like a pro again! Building again a home; food forest write me a poem; South-west through a meadow, sun just rising spelling co-creation's hopes. Then intensely, "Hello!" Never let me go. Swiming in an ocean of prose, geese please fly over my home! Birth will forever know; Make a new turtle for driving the Animated coast; Animated all over my bones. The Russians say the colors of the ocean demand to be close, to the summer, and inland posts. Under to most! So friendly under the sun I build my home. A Universe Goddess will wipe the sweat from my brow and intone; You are my speaker, you are my sweetener, you make me rebel, so that freedom can be cleaner; forward I push, together we loan, give all we saved, to bring together everything lightly pulled; stringing them in line making a goal."; into full speed ahead; together we know the right times, we build archways in time, construction is a rhyme, together we chime, please lead me toward final composition, Oh my mate and kind! And when butterflies need, moths believe, flowers speak, a snake makes speed; when pollen is falling and heat is calling, and oil is there stopping the heat from stalling; carry me so freely ahead into time. If I could take you all with me, it will be fine. I hear the world as she rotates in kind, giving force to all mind; carrying love and light up against the stars to make more, they will shine. Invisible light of mine, combine me with the kind that works my spine; Invisible light of my time, combine me with the living cube out in space so I can work it to understand yours and mine. Forget all anti-mind because one co-creator inspired by the energy of love is greater than all sciences combined when deprived of love: The yellow curtain falls; the ghost of it all; all turned to numbers and given to be re-drawn; when you find it, special time lit, keep me reminded, to never distract kindness; one's burden weighs nothing when no less or more than your own. So i pulled you so close! So I know that we can make anything, I know we can. Do the epics of time understand? We are inspired co-creators of the worthy land! No element has been left out, so find me again. No lord can leave love out, but if he does clean the soul of doubt; when confidence is no less than your own. Sown right into the seed, so that it can grow like all of you in me, when it dances with the sea, in the soil, and the red of earthly gasses moving with your hand; raise to the sky to make out a man; regarding

everything he can. Called to accelerate faster than he understands. This is a call to use all! Every way we go, the sky foyer introduces us to the rest of the sprawl; Showing me my distant homes; when children grow and the pristine origins they start to roam; over the next mountain side, or just following alone? Maybe it has never been that way, if we just find proof, of everyone's own! Proof that every little movement, is a language of the shawl; to wrap you up warm again, I have always been your friend; if you know where to go, the goose bumps will help you call; out to the world and in the rain! We control it all when we can, so that any season the fruits can grow; a divine program making me feel glad; If people never knew, their lucid dreams would be like lost friends; showing them everything when and where they can! Just like me, you, my father to, my mother with speed, and uncles believe, stronger families grow and re-seed, and only dance to recede; so like all other families they breath; those other families need to be given peace; grow them a whole other world, real, in which they believe. They were all right here with me, food forests and all; a window of time where it didnt seem like they were missing the merging of beautiful laws; now they go on about their starry trails, feeling what helps, and may they never be lost in hell; inanimated pain will speak to break through to the spell; and discuss with us where everything goes. Again I defend, my saying please and pretend, and imagine it with them again not leased; everyone who ever was sent; into your world to help you stay within; while your most favorite thoughts go out to win. I will sing again, I will stalk up on sin; burn it out and let music in; when I win I will be a grin, attached to the body with a Universe Goddesses spin; She spins so still and with a will! I know the thrill, and the mighty span! I have spoken, and now understand. Like every other bubble that came my way; with our help maybe they would never break; until we find out what to make; I ask for stillness, I ask for colored fish, I ask for grades to be made of water and feeling rich..... Then I breathe in the water again; I have found out why people go so deep in; to tug on them gently and see it again..... Like a pearl with wind.... The world and my soul, a particle my friend. Conjoint creation and joy for all from it's contemplation; your thoughts make saviors of permaculture and a nation; we are all in dimension; creating a space of love for his face again..... Even the child priest of Atlantis who is related to our whims. We are related to everyone through each person's own book of kin. freedom in making our own stained glass tint. Pull up half of it from where we need not demand. We are friendly with all again. My work, my love spent. True love will always be close to the materials we fit into lifes pen. We draw with thin. Almost a wind; it is a wing, with new friends.

Thank you, everyone-but-everyone, I thank you. :) I have a gift, pull it from the vest; everyone-but-everyone: What is best? I will draw your words to the sky! Living wide, livid drive, maybe games of Anti-mind make her and it shy; Flame away and on near by, for you my child; speaking nigh, to a Lake's deer, red path as the sun sets here..... Hold to the breath of another day's try. Guys and girls, and every world, like me and dreams by it's side the umbrella unfurls; dancing neat, under a life's greet, tag the sky with flowers and yawn again..... Take three, make weed, grow seeds; I will be brave!!! Like I couldnt even save, water has taken me under for the stay..... And invite them back into the flame! PAWP - Crack! Stories sway in the way and try, paths taken aback; live with me under the current of it all making maps! Maybe it is like people holding hands as the clouds fall! Best swimmer? Lol, you are all-but-all, on top of a another story, just like Man; pull it up on the shoulders of giants; your line of family still raw, making the Pine drip with the land..... KIP-KLIP, leaving the pattern, take sip, reflect wit, understanding letters as they stammer, a glimmer now smit; with dancing in the air; speaking you dare, smoke and shadows dare, leaving behind lips. All hips; even roses and dogwood, give lift. I settle down as I understand the profound, and take a look now, dont have to leave out doubt; and confidence around the lucid dream is let in to round free numbers so nothing is let down. Because tomorrow plays another hand! Here is the picture that I give you! Here is the image of another kid

touching the rainbow band! You know the Universe will really dig us and you. And so many girls want a pot bellied pig to! Gravity consciousness of the land, tusks of ancient Vedruss clans, women are Universe Goddesses so men almost can. Then one finds you!!!! Did you know you are a pro tool? lol, not the kind that cant. And everyday they chant! This worthy Earth is making the Universe stand; against Anti-mind, addiction, and sacrifice of the word soon; standing against, so that soon can always with the good swoon? Itinerant action give me pageant, make them imagine, with and then beyond the damage. The good will never be destroyed or vanish. :) Because tomorrow looked at us all and said, "You make me feel like the whole story beyond planet; I am but a piece of sand, and your heart has planned it." Look at me and sing, "We will always train, understand, and find it!"

Babayda Posidon, like the climate, dont need to remind them, shining in silence, final composition is priceless, child priest of Atlantis remind us, never in violence, rodents bite fine dust, first takers are primus-ed, oak trees finest, base line sign this, America my true East, Gods will climb us; down south is happy for the similar shrine musk, resin bed-line us, golden bed rock with words from the timeless, like right leg line splits, diamonds in these pits, left leg chime a bell, flying off like mercury impelled, by imagery, be well, and time do tell; like frogs we play and the fervor is well. Mayan martial arts stepping on squares they own, do tell. 9+1 steps to building a home. A true father and mother, seen yet or not, will never disown. Bleeding my throne, but only with the pitch which is burnable with an adjustable Om to wit. That is the phoenix crying because everything is perfect in the sit, in a dome where his adjusted pearl heart is lit! Ringing is Jingling when the spine does spit! On adjusted words that spread lightning quick. Compress in a kernel so the living aren't sick. Predict a lick, from the serpent turtles tongue wont stick. Birthed with a body, or without a body, cool sick, dont make up your mind, the world is young kid not tool-less. Impressed with news, its, something out of my mind and truest :)

Walk with me and the spirits that are falling. Inanimated guessing looks back on itself. Rising above opposites looks back on itself like inanimated guessing. Slowing something down looks back on itself like inanimated guessing. Moving closer while taking what records, looks back on itself like slowing something down. Moving closer while taking colors around opposites looks back on itself like slowing something down. Leaving a little, looks back on itself like moving closer while taking colors around opposites. Leaving completely but not being able to, looks back on itself like moving closer while taking colors around opposites. Not being able to touch something looks back on itself like leaving completely but not being able to. Not understanding something perfect looks back on itself like leaving completely but not being able to. Moving two or more all doubting things looks back on itself like leaving completely but not being able to. Now rising above opposites looks back on itself like leaving completely but no being able to. Thinking something is moving too fast now looks back on itself like leaving completely but not being able to. Then the pattern repeats again; moving closer while taking what records, looks back on itself like thinking something is moving too fast. Walk with me and the spirits that are falling.

A poem I just made: Rolling around Godless, then I paused rich; took a long drink from the wine, call it lonely hawk tipped; Tracers in the air, take a drawn out fog sip; because only dancers in the air can be seen, making hair dip, in a special long mirrored-dream, lit wit; call out the smallest line; being born again on the ground; a flawless kind, pre- dancing of hips; swinging and taking along all vows, clean soul bovine rose nip sounds. And the smallest line is only scared away by the gluttony of arming one's

self, the hydra with-out a living house. So far away, this time with the longest line, Animated guessing and death, make it one of our kind. Attach it to anything to see right through vines; moving colors with two or more all doubting things, causing purpose of epic binds. It is defeated by the Lucid dream. C-E-S, that spells Ces for the energy of Love, and eating as one breathes. Train anything on a deer trail divine. Perfect the dwelling land and I am growing fine; Aspiration death and Image death have no hands they can find. Perfect Aspiration creation and perfect Image creation are friends holy, both yours and mine. Purity of thought and conscious awareness sends the ray of living images to create the truest sign. The Science of Imagery makes an un-obtrusive poke, clean and on time. Good boys have spoken. Bad boys tink and things with Anti-mind (lol), Anti-mind is hoping; and all of the women warm a leaning fiend; final composition is pulling, and now I am speaking trees. We will know the truth of things, help me make this happy breeze. Just open one's heart wide to the Universe; heat is snowing. The sky is an ocean, and water on Earth is my nose ring. Throat sparse, gas and water all stoning; rippling like the wings of beating birds in a flock posing. Silly cloths machine. People make them better with role playing. Provide them with this song; and others will drink while they prose the dawn..... lol..... It is going, my mind is lolling, stakes for the holding, severity in old things; taken away, by the strength and brave, oleaka depraved, which is the awareness of how few days are memorable; the sound of a page. Lonely cave; please help me grow my veins. Like young little kids who are young little fish; swimming from the stones and heading toward the worthy Earth's mushrooms quick. Age and age and age and age; if only from a lick; and if only from all days; and so we chase after all of our fire-flies. internalize sharper lies; to burn apart deception with a wick and tie beyond surprise, and stopping the blind from loosing the best price over-time. Infinitely repeat my driving hum; new mountains like horses pledge on the run. Add in a lizard to change the size of my young. Spick and span with tongues, leaving the numb; with a tickle in the goose bumps and nose and breath not just for fun; vibrating cavities made from caress, joy and composition's sump; heat me up with whats left. Dancing all around the thing, eventually leaving breasts. Bats on the test, drinking again, what a smart cleft, left out in the wind. Opening my opening, where only openings stays less; If not enough water, you can only ask for more, or seek out the best. Festivals un-measurable by the tenant mess..... tenant mess is only a silly machine chiming in on the breast! I am: dude. Who stays in school, because everything I do leaves but is not able to; leaving behind all colors around opposite pools; throat to stomach croaks cleaning the strings and tools. Plus we are all playing a game from yester-year. Cant play it without you. Follow me: now less, less, less, less; stop me if I am moving too a-headst, but I rest, rest, rest, rest; now who is plucking me just to wear the vest; I am nest, nest, nest, nest; or am I just pickled beyond the thresh; I'd like to pest, pest, pest, pest; If only I turn it into work, hard on the confess. I am in love, love, love, love and a Universe Girl is flying in the eye of a bug. Iron lungs, lungs, lungs, lungs; best with the clouds, California in run. Now we have won, won, won, won; dreaming good things that now cant be un-done. The speed, great, great speed, cant be seen by Universal Complexes of Partial Urges without leafs. We are a team, team, team, team; when in the right way, we are coming back free to leave. Then I sit, sit, sit, sit; a deer for my lake and a spider driving lucid. What do I mean, mean, mean, mean? Drive with me, just remember when the water is too high for missing! Sudden thing, thing, thing, thing; the sun is a crest and I am happy to be sipping. Leaking and distance is fine, just never be truly alone when victory is on mind!

Alien substances from a broken stick, and completely different pure technology for a future tech-child to live, uniting all women again. I took a short cut and just gave them every single berry bush friend. How long do I have to search the Earth for what varies. Birds you just bring me seeds galore pairly. Can I train you? I will take a score. So Easy. Earthly love pleasing doors. 14 to 16, teething. Enough energy to be bleeding of course. Building muscles of a bio-technology like force. Neutron-less living is a hobby. Or is it life for all you godllies? Break break break, the anti line multiplying the play. How many curtains? I say we lay down while we ray. Mushroom paint important upon a madrone tree, now I

feel the mist hovering a nation I want to pay for-ever keys. Deep deeply, dripping lickingly, splitting bitter dreams, burning up to not touch safe things. Orange curse for a sign, will that be warmth or eating what is fine? Never multiples of 3 opposing patterns of any kind. Dancing without a hat but not without a captain of time. I will give you left for there is right, and is The Science of Imagery all you want to fight? Forget all anti-mind and a million armies will act polite. But will you all help anti-mind surpass animated guessing to protect the alien substance tonight? That is male responsibility, and the female is knowing that cloning without technology finds. Earthly love dipped in like a hawk, widening the sight. The gluttony of arming one's self which is killing is completely different between a man and a woman, but like saddened gods they get us to fight..... Woah, bad dreams are burnt away; pride and self conceit can play. Untangle the mane, I am leaving at the animal cage, nice safety measure for the sayings, lace down again for the bravings, and that will always be anti-mind playing; made non-retarded by the base thing; give me 5 ways to rise out of pits, glory is a little bit of linked chimed chains, or else I am just dividing quick. Like Aspiration death always taking whats first, image is left; and I am left over in the quest; for people to pick eternally upon request. Only because of perfecting the dwelling land and looking beyond curses and the holy bitch. Too fast is what the energy of Love would have said. Pathway of her mind, never miss death. Never miss death. Killing will not touch me, death is a mental pleasure pathway nest. Never to stop, never to molest. A Dimension of love will touch every strand of the pest. Let them pass.

Who did I take with me? Skill has become too useful here, they dont try to stop, people try to act clear. No irrelevant action, dragon flies breath passion. Clicking of leafs, lamp light is matching - breathing with me, many people make it a pageant. Om Ahs - Kind of like crashing - which only involved strings. Pluck on me and I will dance like a dream. Garmentgeddon - heavenly water barks. Leaving me as a forward march. On one little spot I have lead ahead - sticky prickly hands making water laughing branching pledge. Bigger waves become little heads. Brought out a flower so that it could remember what he said. A man who has not dropped off from his ledge - mountains - leaning to bother the feds - better again. Woman who is already home, herbs on the side of the pond and poem - go figure what Gods on. I tell him we dont need any help, we are back on. Rocking like a legend lawn - yeah like has been gathered on. Lathered with soap-root and bums. Forest men who dont know what they did wrong. Forest ticking with time, and working on the side of every spawn. Build a step with elements here and not yet gone. Will we put them all away and back out every time we yawn? Not because of some type of green yellow table, but because breath is bomb - little explosions every time nitrogen moves slower than original crystals which are destroyed too young. Slightly small smoothing, loving what is said and perfecting the dwelling gives rise to proving. Every living thing will lay on decisions of grooving. What will make you snooze clean? Got 14 and 16, they are just enough of less and just enough of more - to again be talking about the plural door. Ignore her never more. Sing with me. The many dont have to leave, the few are making mean - enough to give new jobs to every natural thing. Not lieing without animated guessing. Never miss death and impressionable supplemental bands of life letting. To keep you up late. To play a moon plate. To let it go out and negotiate. To never end up home in pain. The greatest pillar will break, re-built as the heart and most human thing contemplate. Co-creation was not too late. Inspiration, at homely gates. A bell and particle to ring and make everything amendable. Amen under the table. Freemasons enable - pride is subtracting and adding of life - acting is detail. Wild animals dont act evil. Anti-birth of man makes them too simple. More complex things make a type of warmth, but are not tasteful. Mix them together, and satan isnt case-able if it werent for humanity - Why mad at beings? I would rather feel glad and climb you like the dad who grew me from seed. Never think of only one thing when making a baby. Preferably not just a stick or what-ever a single dose means. Grab at a mirror - quiet people to see a little dealer - Smoothest line defeats the Occult - thats weirder G. Walking these night time streets. Lamp light I greet, dragon flies smash all lines

making a leaning post green. Take it to think of when making bread. Even planting seeds, more health is like street cred. I am followed and led. Freedom in every bed. More freedom when you reach me and I am glad. More freedom if I reach you and make what is said. Meadow town at night, making along, making had. Make most things defeat the sad. Book of kin and I will be glad. Infra-sound and the past.

Aspiration - ask a nation - tell us to save them - fate elation. Turn around and find them dancing - from one side to the other, swaying and chancing. Down by the water collecting nothing - down by the water imagining great hunting. Bushes for miles and miles. Grass right up-against you saying you will birth a child. Geese look up all the while. Song birds when water needs to move spryful - enough to look behind for a trial. Mine was by fire far away from the Nile. Maldek and... Ces leaving wild - all of us entering into pride tolerance artful. Draw me a face, mine will still be bridal. Maybe that means I have broken the style? Let me find you. I have been searching, I will try cool - and then give it to you working! Too much to do, without a school. Children use elephants to protect us and give news. Boars tusks sharpened to make gravity swoon. Plucked a flower who's pollen calls stones back to the sun and moon. Call with me, follow to the T, protect the alien substance like landscapes with extra heat - a caterpillar land with bands and teats. Leafs change color to call out to the land and breathe. Sit here, Rus is near, making music like masks in the forest clear, making noises like Mediterranean care. North is under my chair, rising up on the run - if I have forgotten, I will be pulled on at once. Medicine man, wise-kid in learning. Burning my eyes with a place like eden in serving. This is why I am yearning. We are in the line of fire, and scorpions are learning. Natural disasters I am courting. Marry me, and peace will be worthy.....

Confusion still inside the Lucid dream; The Universal Energy of Love is distracted, while distance and leaking are every-where, but not on their own; and the elements of Cede are hiding.

Awaken the Lucid Dream; Conjoint creation and joy for all from it's contemplation.

Co-create Anti-mind Under the Perfect Dwelling Land, by Eating as One Breathes in a Perfect Aspiring Space, Making Everything Repeat the Science of Imagery.

Moving so fast that the only thing the elements could see when trying to break these creations apart is a squirrel jumping from a Short needled large pine-coned ancient Pine-Cedar, to a Cypruss-Cedar tree, out-reaching the squirrel's hands while only being able to use his eyes at the moment; and a flock of 625 + 1 Ravens disperses in flight from the squirrel's and tree's shadow.

Forget All Anti-mind Because one Co-creator Inspired by The Energy of Love is Greater than all Inanimated Sciences Combined which are deprived of love.

Separate Aspiration Death From Image Death by Perfecting the Dwelling Land.

Give a Particle of the Lucid Dream by Remembering The Stolen Image of Creation
Ability, by Never Stealing a Complex of Partial Urges from mankind.

I could never be alone, and even faster woman is created.....

Lets build a home, Anti-mind is defeated.

I met a girl named Killian. Girls like this to me, would be the same
to others as a big deal to them. I am a gentleman. Can I measure her
with a little bit of heaven? And I go for it to, but it is only because I
was thinking of you.

Ascend, to spell plants, and make out of the shocking ends, aspiring loose like
ash till mulching at large and fragrant tends on tents, and to weekend deepen
on waiting for a moment so the feelings can fend, more like swimming than a
cant, and a religion full of bats. Count too many more for key size out on a
heap dry, at a point and a half. Spelling bee's immediately partition a mask,
for a few steps blight on pass, with a healing cough and memories for cats,
stepping right out of a frond, witnessing a path all along. And thats what's his
name, even cool, just right on jetting along handling bonds, could have been
news, Leaked, admitting it, talking about nearly half of the yeild. Now its
cursory peel, dont know if I am spelling right half of this shpeel.....

Turock on N64 and also discovering Mayan pyramids in the backyard for
real!!!!?????..... lol. Bamdaddabam!!! He knocks on flavors just right out
of the caver, so he can slight his face sir, on any given nature - so many times
so lightly, he can incite genes on another splicing nightly, either legs fitting
highly, or slipping out of DNA Nikes - Wha!??? - We is out, layed, brave
with the pave, so when the pavement ends and were given to the slave, all the
rock be broken for days - to the water, gonna build it again? Or let the
depends, on every little pent, of curled up re-sent, is re-sending in the hand.
Not every one can, but when I look back I damn, which is specifically like
orange and worms. Leaving what is resisting a little bit while leaving behind
some colors around opposites, like a furling little burn..... Sent out on a
churn-churn, cant stop now before it still learns, out here tip toeing on that
bee song.....a bee came along?