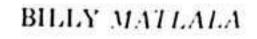
This time again!

It comes, moving corrosively to the wailing heart of mine searching for my poor docide soul and ruin the patient hoping hope of quenching the thirst of ages, with the redness of blood, of infantworous monsters. It comes, this time, to my maiting that is waiting, this time comes, this time again.

The years that are passing by, each to leave a drop of patience, to my stubborn waiting patience and keep my soul high, till the day is granted to me, to quench my burning thirst, will keep getting by, but this time comes, galvanizing my vengeance, a thousand pains to my wailing heart, to remind me of my honour. This time comes, to the waiting that is waiting. This time again.

This time again! How many times is enough? how many anges is needed? to express the mount, natred; and desire to proceed, from potential to active point, to quench my hatred, in the redness of blood, of infantivorous monsters to give my honour, to my wailing vengeance. This time comes — it comes again. Again this time! I realize my manhood I remember the sufferings. that areait my presence, and it hurts to remember, that I h

This time again. You won't get by now. I will hold you tight, till you tell me the truth. Do you think I'm made of iron that has no feelings to feel. that is burning and melting? Time, tell me please! Do you know how I feely and desire to return it, to the doers of eveil? Time! will you take me, to where I belong? You see my quite smiles and think I'm well and good. while my urge is bleeding pains. Tell me time! for I won't let you go. I restore honour to myself. This time again, you won't get by



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