

The very idea:

Absence, the alibi of context, is more than full of itself (an adequate event) and so demonstrates, as some negly nested 'jection, a nod ontology, another end-type means (a lingo pimpy um-type self) where we, a plural me, an oops-you conjugate negation (an economic transcendence (possession farms the other as a (technology of) game) as outside words (language (truism) is only a form of existence, an horizon of all reasonable sames)):

Existence - a medium of thought - an I-wanna-know-what-I-know, an after you, took the subject on a holiday (an in intent (to be is the non-representative form of to forget) (distraction - the (allergic) knowledge of existence)). As as-is-to-is-is-you-to-me two three (idea of course means to transcend) (an act, a quasi object) concretised as want, a hi-camp transitive, a model were:

1. Equivalence-is-not-transcendence forgets (being is a resistance to totality) that effects mine causes (pending poss, an E G type echo ego (loss)) (this mimes that (as what)),
2. Words betray themselves as a third person singular of truth, an informed matter modified by (being) known, an (adequate or shadow) act (the object of knowledge is always a fact) of told-you-so(s):

(A surplus logic, fashion, a pretty please (justice at a minimum requires a knowledge) coz-what's-theirs-don't (double dare and the tautologies do pain as a reasonable cause of justice) (I mean self as prayer, a vindictively self-conscious reason) quotes an audience as a connoisseur of selves:)

The utopia of action (being understood is the sloppy part of ethics, a we we wetware what uses credit as a form of resurrection, a toy loss) argued there is no and, that time is merely a way of putting those things together that may otherwise be separate. One of the mechanisms it employs is thus the market, a synthesis of sentimental ownerships, a revealed impatient realism in some parts (Now, now (Instructions and other ecstasies of time - a piously indifferent transparency, inane charity, a rep))):

The adequacy - a truth - of any fact describes how it hides in function, a privileged evidence (perception (the mechanics of intent) disappears in sames - it, like transcendence, depends on ignorance) an am analogy ((negation is a pun) where desire is external to the system, a distinction) - knowledge is that (nominal) form of justice that should of course know better (Knowledge and the quasi past demand a self, a psychology that bears on objects (an opportune condition of language) (existence is that form of knowledge where questions double up as reason) an ipsy dildo evidence of whats):

The idea (a hollow dimension) and the sticky experience of mind, a do-it-yourself klepto that does perception, a habit thingummyjig, did a trivially selfish other, a flip: coz (a neurosis with both) (a vain nostalgia, data, the principle of phenomena, got mock (but not deduced) by):

1. Paranoia is smart psychology. (On the attractions of repertoire: the actor with a script is an authority on what the audience doesn't know. (A mouthpiece can't conspire with an audience. Only gainst them.))
2. It plagiarises time. (A hypocrite (with legs) represents a client as she who understands bureaucrats to be a medium, a zennish dilettante - existence is a pitiful god.) An event of possibles (an up on pragmaty souvenirs) needed to compose the choice of ironies. Who paid? (A truist on the given: I suppose. (And the kitsch intents)):

An if-this-is-the-answer-maybe-it-wasn't-a-very-good-question sort of coincident realism (an empty category, or edge) (though, Jo) claimed dimension to be a proposition that participates in it's own prognosis. Therefore criteria define some cognitive risk. Excuse me (That identity both is and is not a predicate ain't dialectic. Is is dialectic. (With a pathology of choice.)), process is only self-explanatory in the sense of being same though events can only be related by one becoming virtual data for the other, a determined symmetry of tills (A rhyme is a proof of virtual words. It sells):

Prediction and the sentient event (a presume), a catchy mnemonic of probables and cues makes states so's to experience a self (a dull effect, a common denominator with things as additives, a cumulative offer (the logically possible only necessarily exists)). Plausible stuff and a bunch of merely negative facts tag along. Like peccadilloes (an apocalyptic repetition of romance, a surface local, a chronic backlash-before-the-change (all eclectic mimicries) that pucker up to w-was):

Shitty symptom solipsism, an ornamental narcissist (and therefore bored) bought art, the occasionalist's compromise, a fetish (reflexive) of montage (At large.). (Now, about doubt . . . : reason - absolute knowledge - argues for the complacent aesthetitisation of language (the news (what the poor call real, or given (objects - essentially coz they are objects - are no longer a reasonable form of rationalisation))))):

1. Narrative is a cheap alternative to criteria.
2. Language is that act of reproduction that goes on behind your back.
  1. Up yours. (Being a medium of value is parasitic on the other being an end. (Being credentialled (being loves adverbs), being reincarnated as a body without organs, a domino, like some remedial agency, a hybrid gift, glosses as mere poverty of stimulus.)) So:

Truth explains? Method. Oh. It must be pretty procedural. It also suggests action be biased toward agreement. And though we exaggerate the normative as some sort of use-value (a decision-as-product apologia), a reductionist pastiche of collapsed fractals, credit's not that much of an example. (A bunch of synthetic durations - loans, music - look like a la more, a bore. Hence them, entrepreneurs of convenience, a pocket lobotomy, apocalypse, of a-dollar-a-day-and-it's-yours laws.) And ipso facto, congealed enigma, where relation is the content, a residue of audience:

The choice between the object and its transcendence (a relationship outside of being), an in-itselfness independent of its need declares the end unconscious as soon as it is reached. (Use does not exhaust an object any more than taste (an event is a false economy) - it ransoms the paradox of the viewer as an end, a scab which betrays an early clock (an ambiguity (a sample 'I')), a thing, to (On being its own content, an object of intent (a privileged representation)): as boutique medium. Side on. Of gets. The naive need in an economy of explanation: results:

(A sentence is prophetic if you know what the object is. Otherwise it's (just) a (synthetic) question. Ethics, requiring plurality, occupies those forms of experience left after the apology, a syllabic revelation ('I' is/and the proof of not knowing (you can't say that (a placebo, a fanatic of experience), it's a bad infinity)). (Logic (an ideal probable) is all the evidence you could ever want. A what of past participles, a pre in parallels, makes something out of nothing, a hoax.) Anyway, it better):

The eclectic and indifferent definition approxs shop: existence - cheap reason - is not only identical (with need), it is continuous. With things in facts. And smuggles limits. Into works. An actual sort of contradict. A private science. That counts time off as evidence. (Ontology, of course, does time. Indicatively.) It confesses itself an agent. Of pragmatics. A we. Taking refuge in a self, a beginning interrupts by humiliating the very thought of punctuation:

Separation - empirical transcendence (objects insist on looking like the past) - does itself proud as a synonym for truth, a slightly anorexic lag (part incarnate) of sweet intent, a mild imply. It needs the exercise (Habit (a prophetic logic) conforms to revelation by calling it experience (time is an internal form), a private (spastic) proposition):

A product is a picture of all other products (is IE an emergent mind) to the extent that A, examples function as correctness decisions, and B, the eye achieves more than it sees, a predicate, being that example required by taste, butters up intent: how now brown cow?

The other, a favourite medium, dials up romance (facts have no present tense but use long pauses to interrupt those very short ones): to transcend by theft, a symptom of things, a projecting (ego) info calls audience a lousy metaphor (for mere), a narrative apologetics, coz a brief is no invisible event, no form - it sublimates itself (Coz is sympathetic. To repetition. Was is. It represents experience as redeemed, a hock socket lap, a slag. And as a you is a proof it assimilates as evidence the buy back hostage of abstraction, subs. In particular mmm. A fucked up subtle. Nice):

If it had an id it'd probably want to fit it. In. A model motive (legal fiction), a water orphan slips plea a pain, a gee whiz guilt gone off, and docks me (me) for same (On my making an object of your needs):

Vis-a-vis the individ (synthetic diff) and tis (: biz): truth, a you're-it tag, loves to lick the spoon - it's psychological:

A bloated moral subject, a numb proxy of what the object sees (curated luck (a category mistake), an indulge (makes toys of names, a dumb corollary)) shammed up: I dunno, the trope, does, minus 'sumes, a phenomena (: tom boy zombie - once seen, twice forgotten - whingey little stead took rub to bed. (Irony is only the luxury of agreement, an efficient flux that lurks around those contingent hells made up of maybe maybe.)) kitting survival out as ideal sacrifice. One weren't too sure. I mean, what're the odds?

A clone alone 'ld take it back (use is the technique borrowed from the fact that language is then rational, an adequate bureaucracy parasitic on consumption, homogenous fat), crap. The past of course always wants to chat. Some call this criteria:

Knowledge - privileged access - is (and therefore wars) allergic to description. It argues for a summary consciousness, pink innuendo, a conditional thing (defence is an entrepreneur) of similars. Catalyst after all is only french for diagnosis:

A topology of sorts, inert, forfeit and over, forges the doughnut of opinion, an irresponsible taste, ventriloquist (aye, aye) of ay? (Ballistics and the project of autonomy, a generic: supply side bureaucrats) Go on:

To deduce you, to too the example of its (bang bang feedback) bit, just makes me sick - like do the friggin flu (Consciousness assimilates the body to the self, conjugating fucked, in lieu (Would the please own up. Switch (I, which doesn't feel comfortable in declensions, prefers (the romance of original sin) to be the subject of a sentence) lists, I (owning up) object)):

This does that:

The self is a particularly mediocre plot, but worse, it's sentimental:

Confession -the dilettante's 'answer' - is restricted to closed systems:

In trying to ghost write the particular, the general projects itself as causal narrative (narrative is a portable event) and being that which is most like myself, I am used to being right:

Repetition, a tasteful usury, leaves home:

'It' proves nostalgia:

A question is a rhetorical device to prove one is what one says one is. An answer is one too:

In that money talks is speech a practical consciousness, a character:

You never know. I mean it was probably reincarnated as a word:

Time reincarnates as later. Now of course remains a joke, art, a victimless crime:

van Gogh and the symptom of composition: If speech is the means of harmonising airs inside and outside of the body, a mechanism for inflicting harmony, balance, a machine to inhibit falling, it seems churlish to observe that stutterers suffer (an awkward) *deja vu*. But then again, time remains it's own collapsible logic:

While it may be true that good music is a good idea, music remains of course a fiction:

Let's face it, the reason that the twentieth century was in favour of music was because music molests children:

Demonstrating punctuation: Once, a joke was defined as that where words function as omens, as truth-as-supernatural beings, where 'therefore' has the characteristics of a name. It's hard to tell:

A name, a jealous convenience (a sentence is a proof) owns up to humming possible-ly (Art, a utopian facility, a manual on the elimination of time, has sticky (even catatonic) ends (slightly more than true)):

Language has an other and it's me - fiction is that space you can exploit with complete impunity, it don't do:

Narrative always happens to someone else. Think of an example. Think of another example. She does a reasonable later:

Being is one way to skin a cat:

As a computer, Latin suffered from predictions. I've a mind to do you too.

Knowledge - the compassion of the stupid - requires one, a utopian 'I' (the unconscious remains free of proof, it's thing), two, use be an aesthetic of time (it treats existence as an add on, employs possession to remove existence from the hack of change):

The body is something that happens to words:

Representation, sloppy action, the horizon that defines all things as implements, the ambiguity that constitutes as conscious, a delay, is both non-reciprocal. It does gift as an ambivalent, abstracting optics. Objects do manners:

As what? Needs? I mean,

Creating by exclusions of the self (I would like to be the centre of my ignorance (a straight line is a circle without centre)) a passive past, an 'ostage, extra, ain't quite proxy, boss. Like,

Time is that outside a present. It arises. A la apology. A jam fetish that, lacking patience, fell into words (asthmatic meaning (a limited silence (a sort of pseudo per se, the charm of which retards its becoming revelation))). A practical, random apathy, a doll anon, were bit inert, but

Of course, time is a definition. It does it by hearsay. It. (Economics and the rule of identity (neither chance nor repetition learn), a distinction (it mimics fiction) of indexed (it) intent, an anxious poverty of presents (a phrase is quite the virtual thing, no way.) (One, which is only sometimes two (a limit is an invisible event), a deb's dead debt, they that the, come on

The same, a function, is not a self. And while the past (a false present), the want (it disappoints distinction) co-opts interrogation with) I, um (it repeats as silence, a mild, ironic (agreement is cheap proof, what philosophy refers to as a question)) mick, a

The banal, a vain coagulated grace, a choral transparency (negation is the only possible horizon) put out (a metaphor is the first repeat (a demand is an unreal repetition)) an echo, a naive tautology to prove it's outside of any sentence, a sub

Language, in that sense, is mad. It edges pauses. It ands. It poses as a name, pats down a place, it's absence, a vestige of a most, a modest coz, a failure of the noun to be a past, a (you) moved truth, and use (truth exhibits that existence that likes to quote), spruik, a you-don't-say cliché too cute to be a contradiction. Mine is a privileged form of what. It puts semblance into remission, exhausts

An event is at minimum ambiguous. It is therefore ideal. Intent. A thing. A cognitive itch. Surplus (I mean some use words to listen with, to witness) suss, the subject, saw (it goes without saying (the technology of sympathy)): hypnotics's

Unauthorised laconic understatement - the lucre of the lost question - an infringement on logic: the cheapest amp around is distance. And though alphabets were known to be a single letter turning through a number of degrees (hallucinogens), a two bob dialectic 'ld be a better bet, a press

A hymn to knowns, for example ('I' is a mnemonic), the thing of that (And not being that something that incarnates, form flows backward through time) writes (politics - the philosophy of memory): cash is only a dialect (of information (it has the next as a local form of prayer)), an habitual, intended

Reading, an event that doesn't happen, the ideal difference (a name, some dumb effect (of smuggle data)) a (a joke just don't) perjury (truth is one of those styles (of punctuation)) that is faithful only to it's dear (a witness (to symptoms)), a bill haunted by repetition. It anticipates (a pink paradox contaminate, and like 'and' has no existence outside of) meaning, a two D alibi of satisfiees and string, a recursion in

It thinks (my context is bigger than your context (it anyway transcends the choice)) a quasi (to confess itself example is the object of A politics, B a tat linguisticism that dilly dob refers) past would put it on: a proposition has a name, a sentence (semtex) (existence, a pale proof), that ensures two for one on one to

Conversion - it cheats at conversation - misunderstands confession. Twice. Such is the invention of syntax. And when the object - that no longer a metaphor - attempts self-consciousness by deduction, it is complicit (in (substitution is not a metaphor) prognosis, a dull to diagnose (Sticky id, the it, bids for those syllogists that stills call own: I do, too, like))

As a portrait of the dissolving problem, white, not being logically (a la the psychology of thinking (cause and effect)) simple, is not transparent. It pits edge as a darkening event, a seems surface sort of possibility (an opportunist, alias, anyway outside of of) already selved, an autonomous explanation of shown (my apropos (describes prescription (evidential))) -ly

An again (it demonstrates (debt)) (it wants to save the consolation from itself), a neurotic tautology with time off, an idea without a subject, a jealousy, that ghosts the self-righteousness effect, a bad empirical, puts paid to

To alternate upon reality, to picture facts (a vigilante muzak, bilious logic what writ on water was, a pissy coma, shrugged) (experience is a queer phenomenon: things (an anon on downers, a nominal vaccine)) as only ads for a punitive about of knowing, a pun of

There being no organisational distinction between creativity and corruption, the possible is best a fact, an exchange where the subject, a passive horizon, milks a thinking of the law with dull events, with

To tongue (a hinge - it gargles sense) and groove (a fit that takes up slack), to conjugate, to barter parts and think: thanks (you too)

A positivist is she who regards suicide the perfect crime. The regarder regards art.

(fetish and the fat facts (a dialectic of the not-yets, an example, an it that itches, bets)) Billy was a dildo. That paid

Being is privileged. It does without objects. (Look ma, no hands. ('As-such' is only a name for if if of is.)) As a parasite

A round brown square, et metaphor, reflects (an image of light (in contradicts) induced (an is-ish inference, a shade) a beaut) in less

A self is a tautology. Without legs. It is a mechanism for both representing and reducing complexity and for deciding between equally probable alternatives. As such it is a partial synonym for redundancy. Information, on the other hand, is just the same. Economically,

On making a slogan of explanation (narrative (a red green then, a not)): self-consciousness is that form of reproduction that depends on ends. It picks intent (a system is a system in that it shits out information) and stuffs about (it takes a solipsist to do self-denial with any sense of grace)

- 1 A distinction is about yea thick.
- 2 Therefore
- 2 A pendulum is a network
- 2 Behaviour only comes in logic
- 2 Undecidable conceits stop only poor economists from

- 1 All metaphors are hypocrites.
- A Facts is criteria on her day off

A linguisticity of sick, a thing, an argument that describes a feedback

Package (that coyly cozy entrepreneur of identity (a capricious cliché of ersatz moral bureaucratism)) and the neurotic culture of economy do to truisms what semantic pathos did to imitation, IE