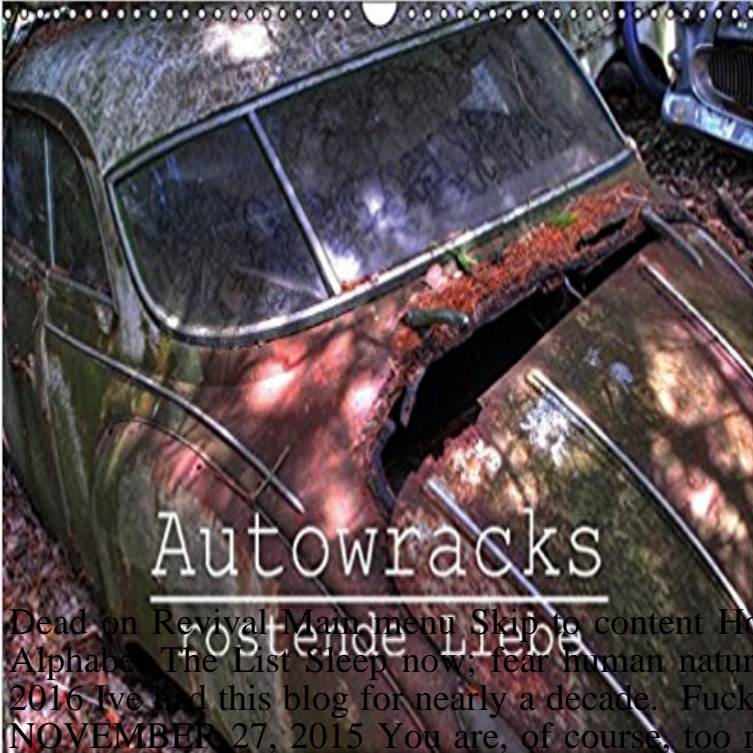


Autowracks - rostende Liebe - Wandkalender 2016



Ein Anblick dieser schÃfÃnen
 Autowracks kommen sicher
 Emotionen hoch. Viele Jahre
 haben diese Fahrzeuge ihren
 Besitzern treu gedient.
 Dekorieren sie ihr Clubheim,
 Hobbyraum oder GeschÃft
 mit diesen beeindruckenden
 Bildern. Nachruf treuer
 GefÃhrten (Monatskalender,
 14 Seiten) Publisher: Calvendo; 2.
 edition 2015 Format: 420x297
 mm Ã DIN A314 pages Author:
 Laue Ingo Language:
 deutsch/german generiert mit
 Auktionsdesigner NP 2.0

Dead on Revival Main menu Skip to content Home About the Blog About the Blogger The
 Alphabet The List Sleep now; fear human nature tomorrow POSTED ON FEBRUARY 16,
 2016 Ive had this blog for nearly a decade. Fuck. POSTED IN LIFE A Prayer POSTED ON
 NOVEMBER 27, 2015 You are, of course, too much I am easily tired and slow Where you
 run on for days without rest: The God of ultra-marathons and Bolt Who still jogs beside me on
 my 12-minute mile Where you work without end: The Messenger for Gods without rest or
 relent Who pulls me to my feet on 14 hour shifts Where you laugh without reserve: The
 Prankster who steals their best friends cows Who reminds me that may it harm none we all
 need to have fun Where you lead: The Guide today until death Who rides beside me on long
 sleepy nights Enagonius, Poneomenos, Mechaniotos, Diaktoros Transcendent and eternal
 You called to me and I fall at your feet I thank you, Lord Hermes, for your blessings and your
 indulgence as I find my way on your path POSTED IN LIFE TAGGED DRU TALKS GODS,
 HELLENIC POLYTHEIST, HERMES, POLYTHEISM, PRAYER Drunk Advice From A
 God POSTED ON NOVEMBER 3, 2015 2 the days are pouring nectar down my throat so
 thick and sweet that it makes my teeth brittle in exhalation to life and he tastes like spiced
 wine, in-toxicating and scalding as he elevates me the way a lift carries you as high as you ask
 it as high as its able He laughs: Burn Your Feet flying through inexorable hours you once
 spent languishing in despondence Reach out with both your hands for Death and screech your
 joy when She recoils, smiling POSTED IN LIFE TAGGED DEVOTIONAL STUFF, DRU
 BLOGS, HERMES, MY STUFF, PERSONAL, POETRY, WRITING Eirwyn p1 POSTED
 ON JULY 8, 2015 Once upon a time, in a land bordered by a lush, dark wood, there ruled the
 kind but simple king, Gwirion. Fortunately for his kingdom his young queen, Bywyd was as
 sharp as he was dull. She advised him in all matters of state, and benevolently attended
 concerned citizens and visiting dignitaries alike, always with a graceful nod to her husband
 and a quiet ÃcÃœMay it please your Majesty.ÃcÃ• So it was that they ruled in peace
 for many years troubled only by the lack of Ysbryd-ane an heir to carry on the divine dragon
 blood of Gwirions ancestors. When Bywyd found herself full with child at last she rejoiced
 that their kingdom would be secured, their rule assuredly peaceful for the rest of their lives.
 And when the child was born, with raven black hair so dark against eyes as blue as lightning
 and skin as pale as snow, they called her Eirwyn and raised her to understand the five aspects
 of the dragon that she must must ever personify to rule her people. Before her sixth birthday,
 Eirwyn was already tired of the dusty words she had learned by rote. POSTED IN
 WRITING TAGGED BLOG, CAMP NANOWRIMO, FAIRY TALE, FEEDBACK PLZ?,
 WRITING vibrato POSTED ON JULY 8, 2015 OK. Im shaking apart inside Tremors that are
 too fine to be seen or felt Maybe i can hear them though? If I listen v carefully Cool. Im not

