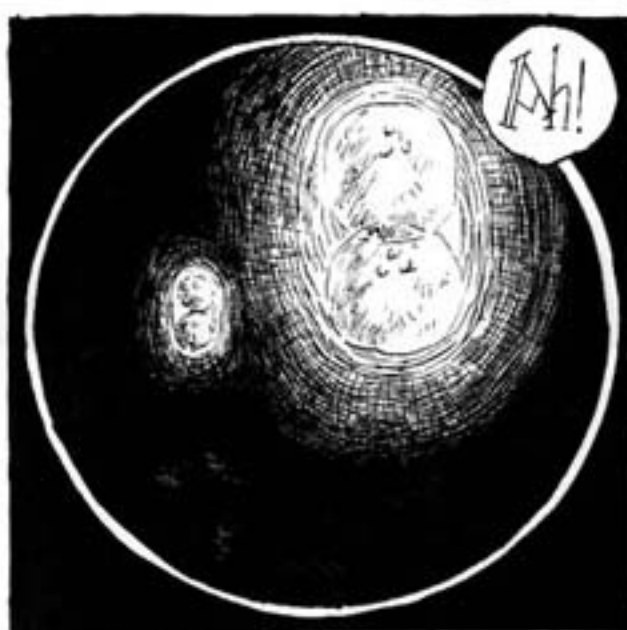
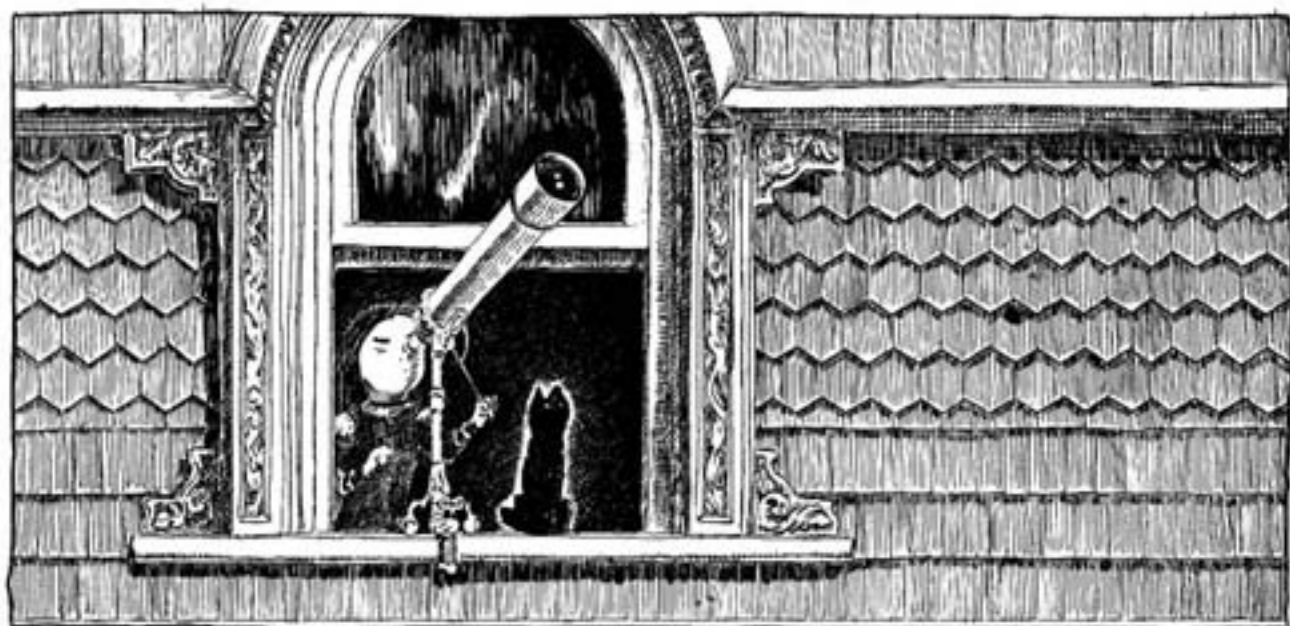
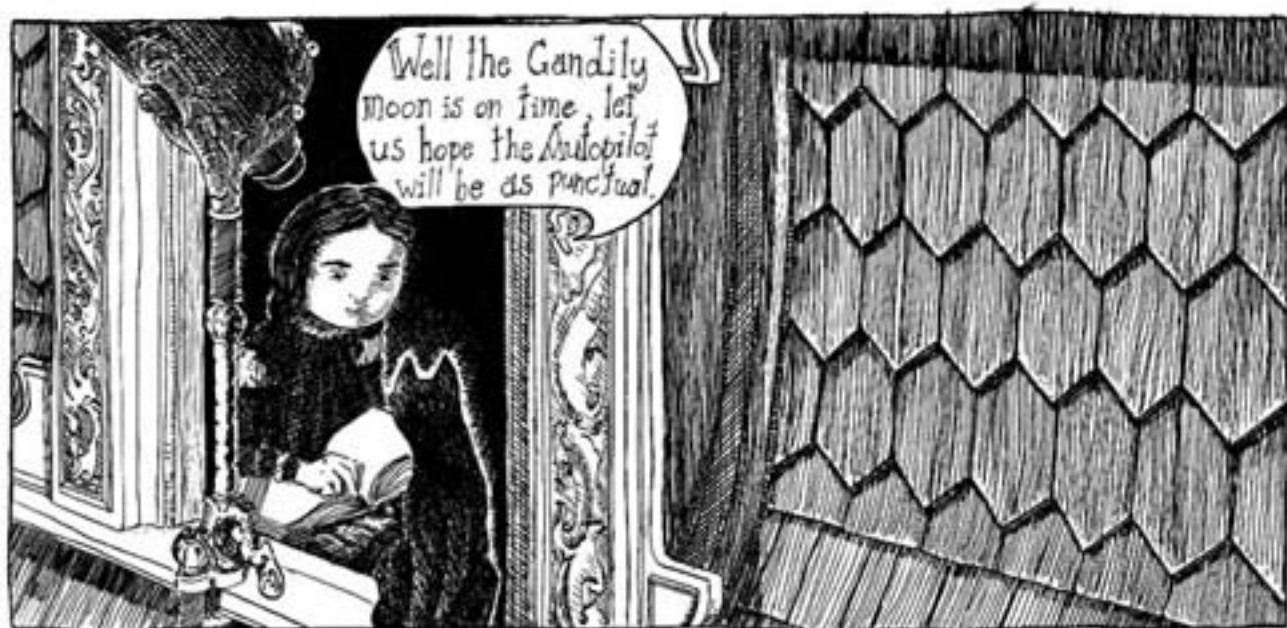
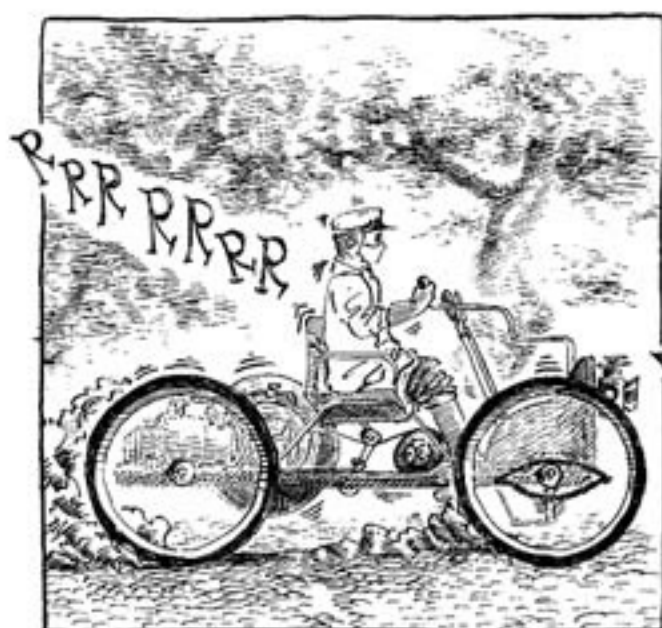


Ballad
AND THE
Marine Library
&
She'olith









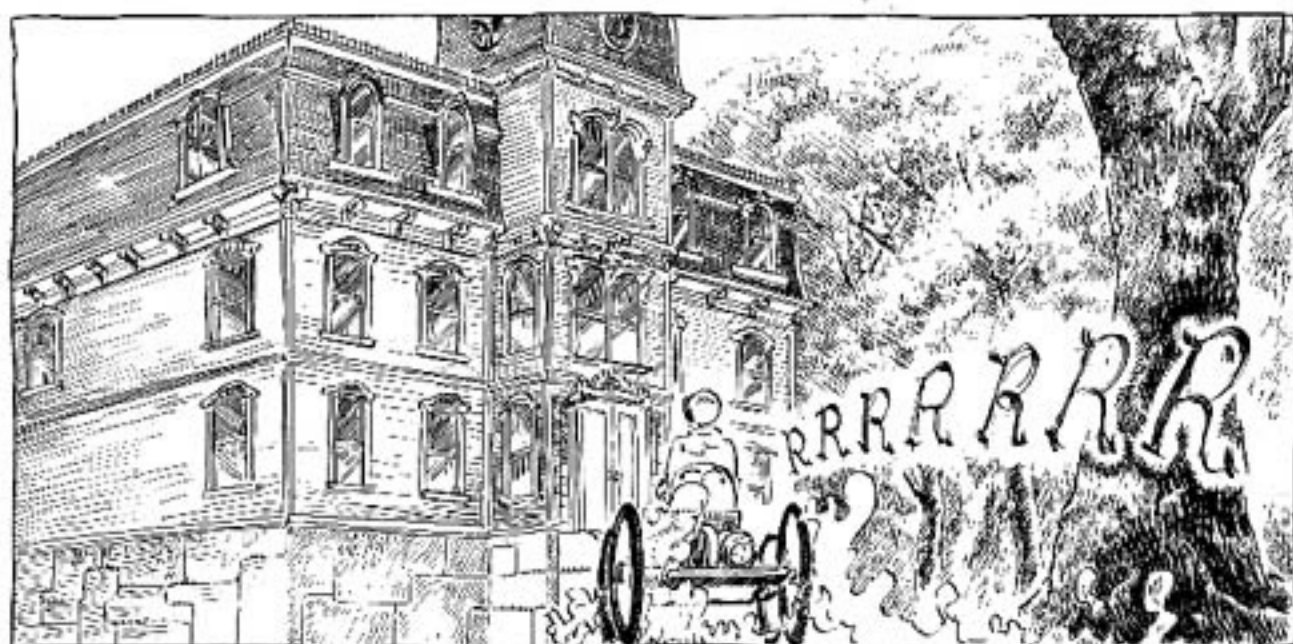
My Albert did
NOT come home last
night, and I have it
on good authority
my Albert was last
seen in YOUR
company
Yesterday.

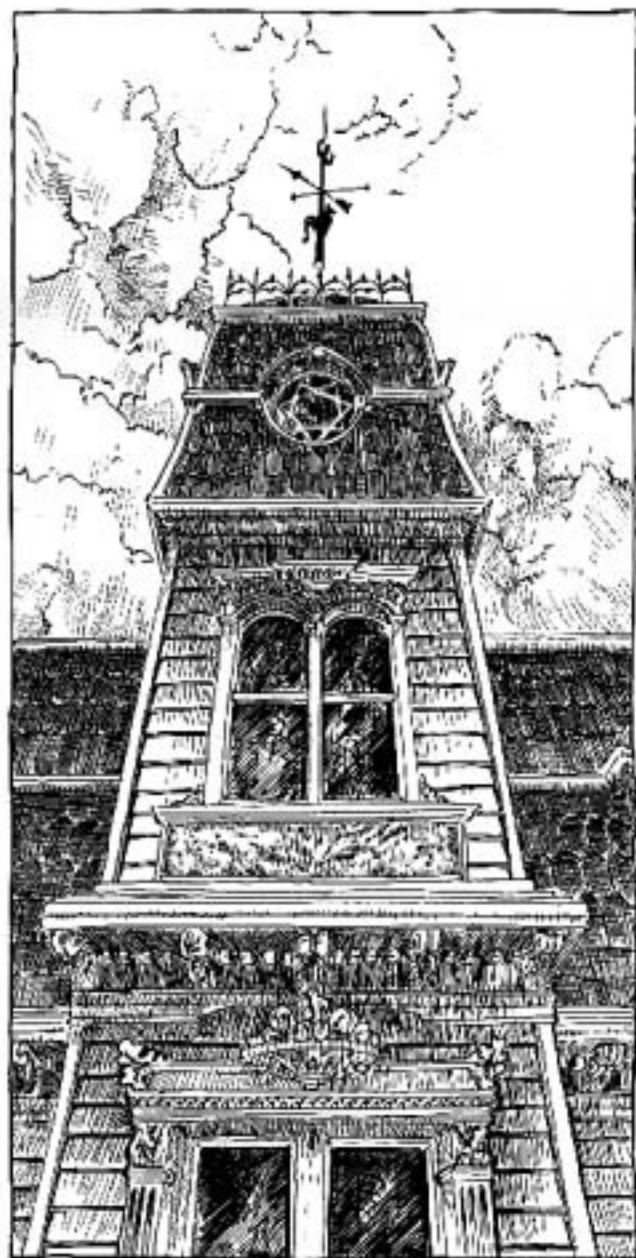
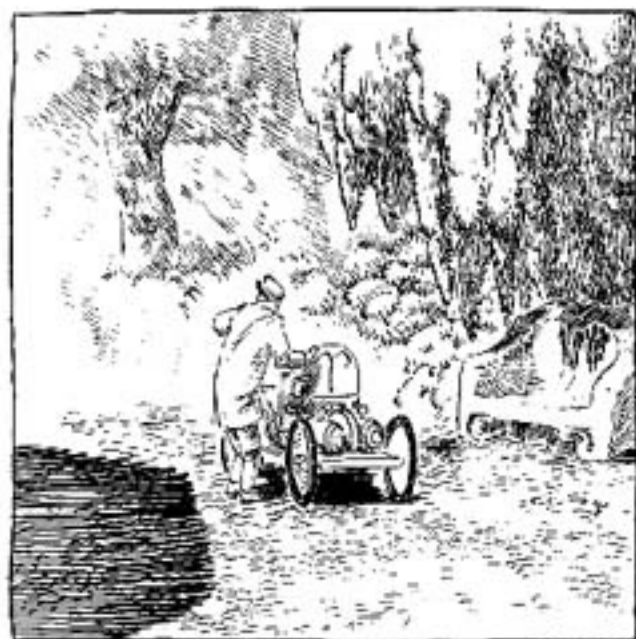


Ah, well whatever you did hear
Mrs. McCluskey I met with Albert
only briefly, perhaps he had
opted to spend the night in
some barn or other.

hump!



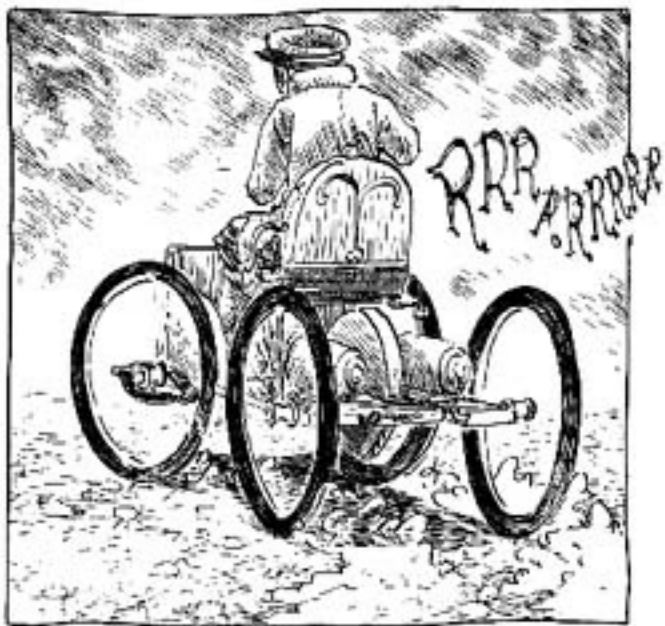


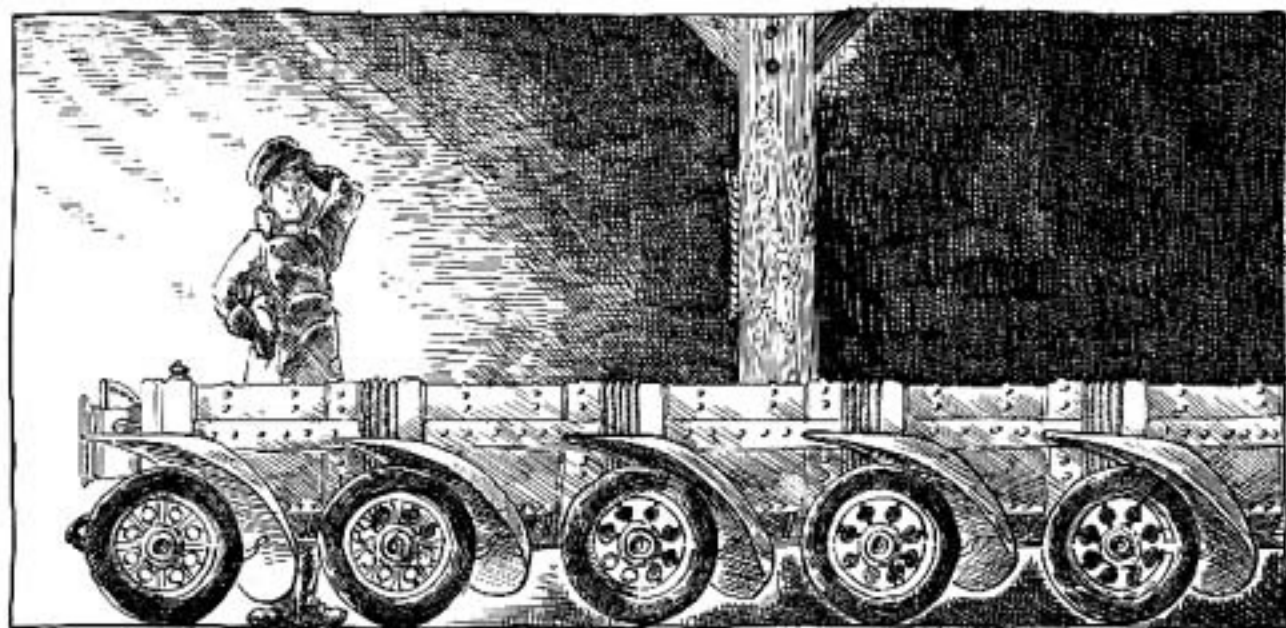


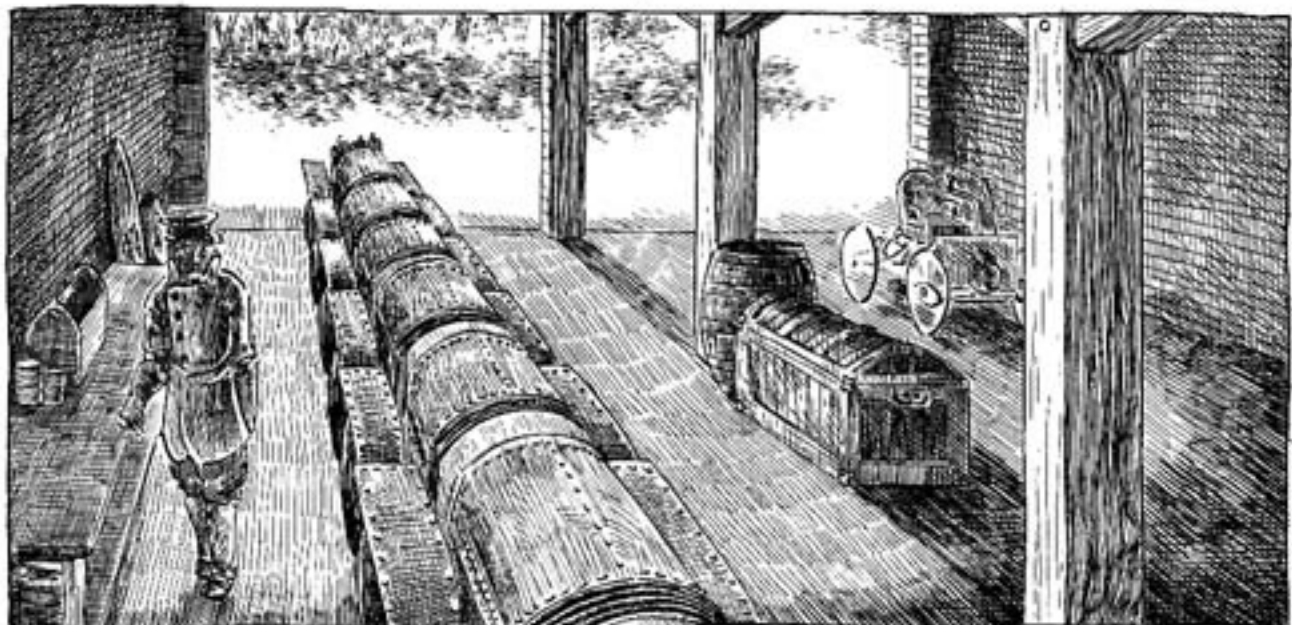
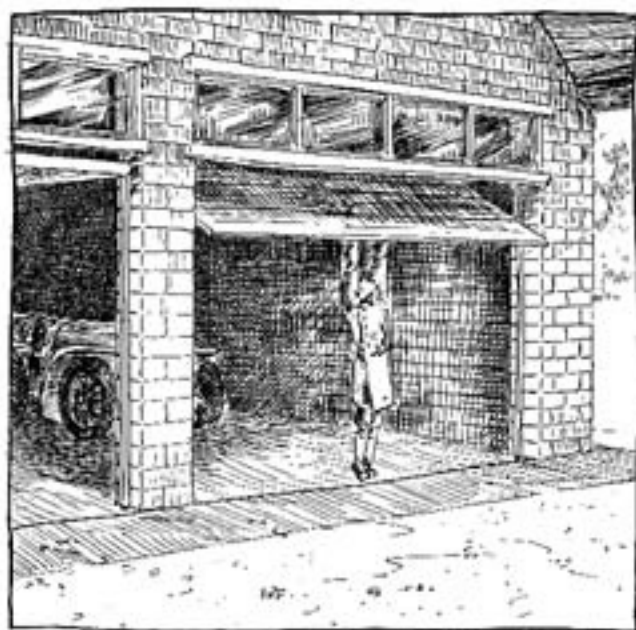


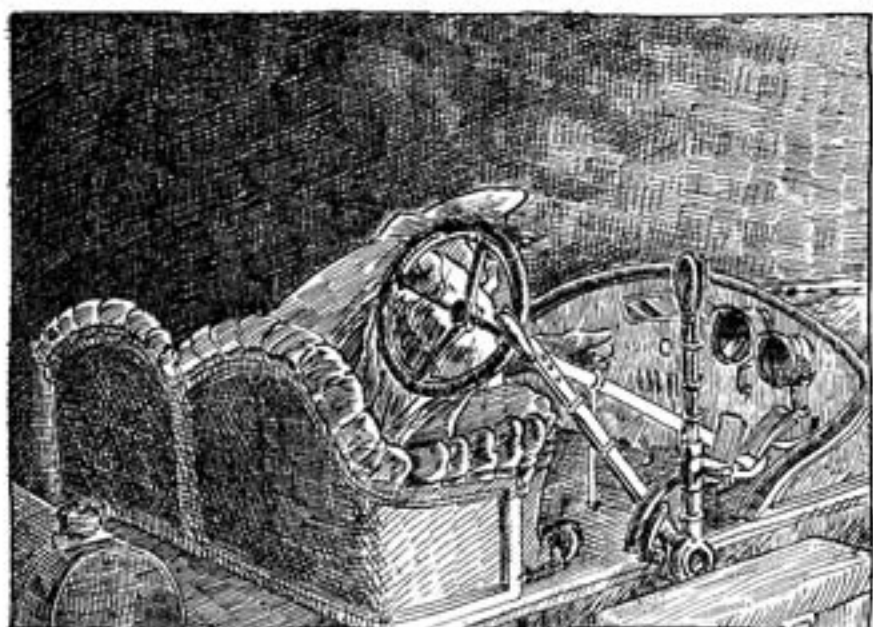
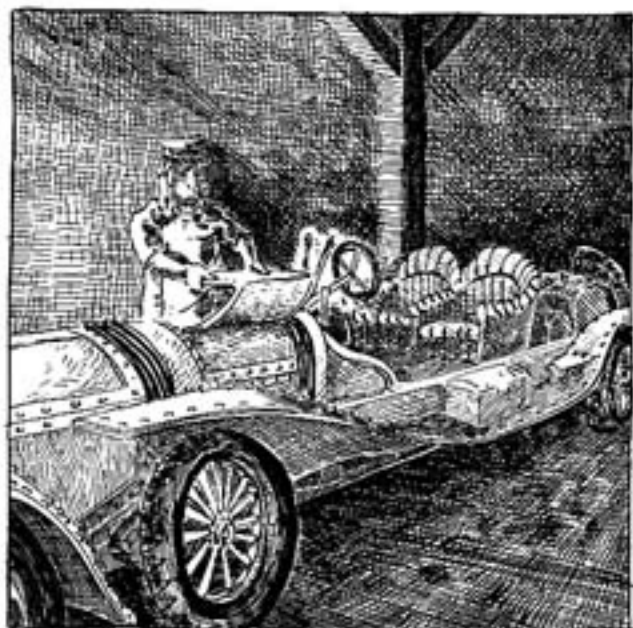


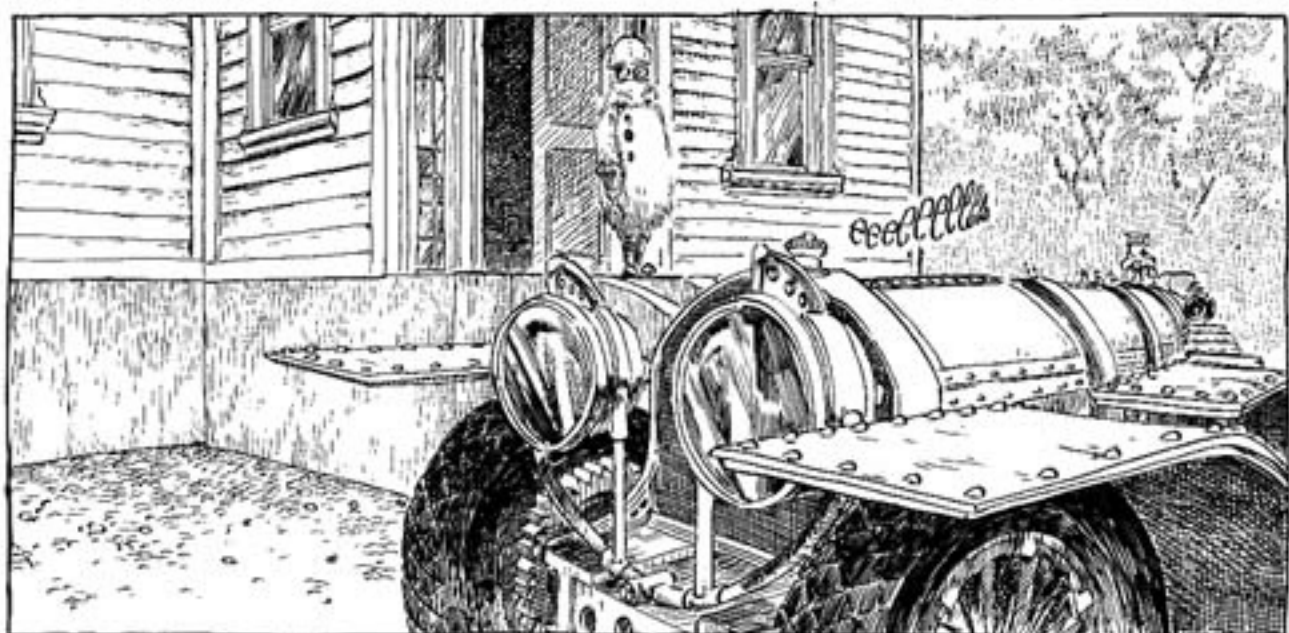
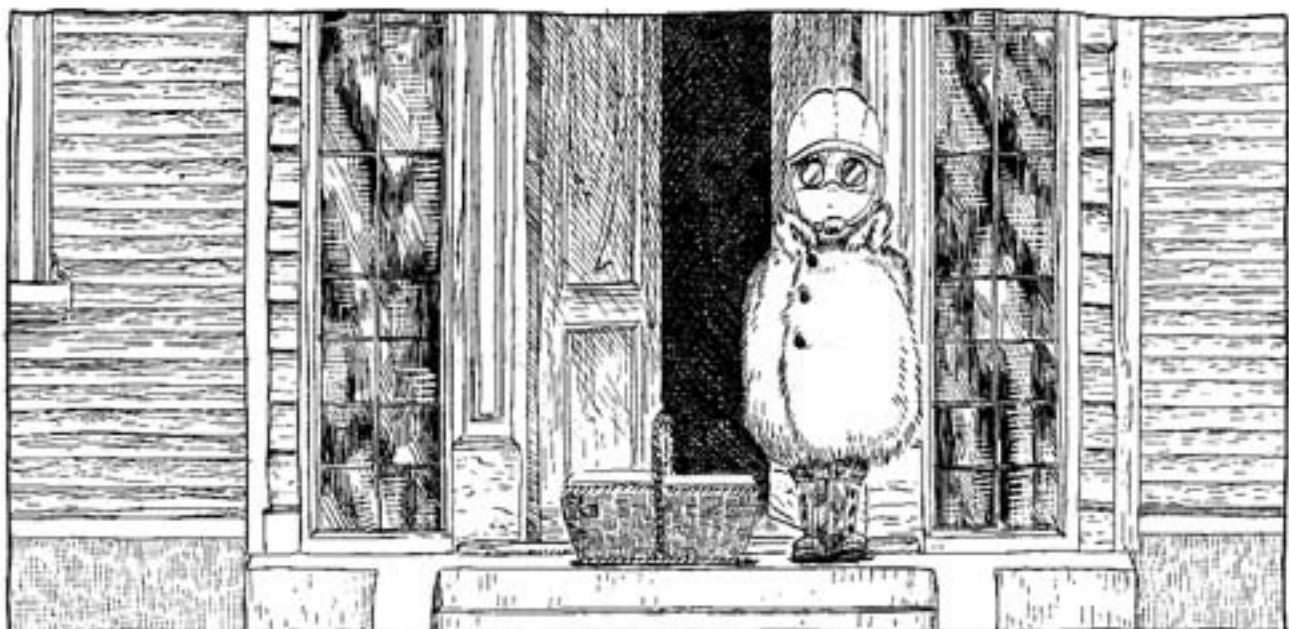
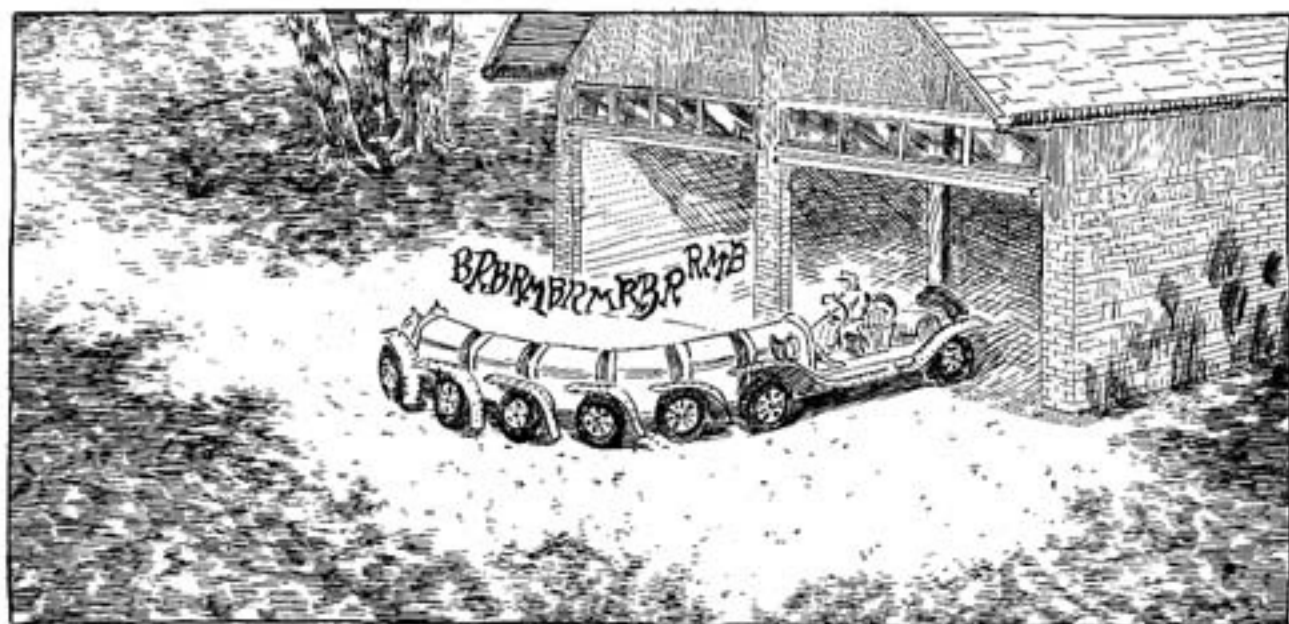


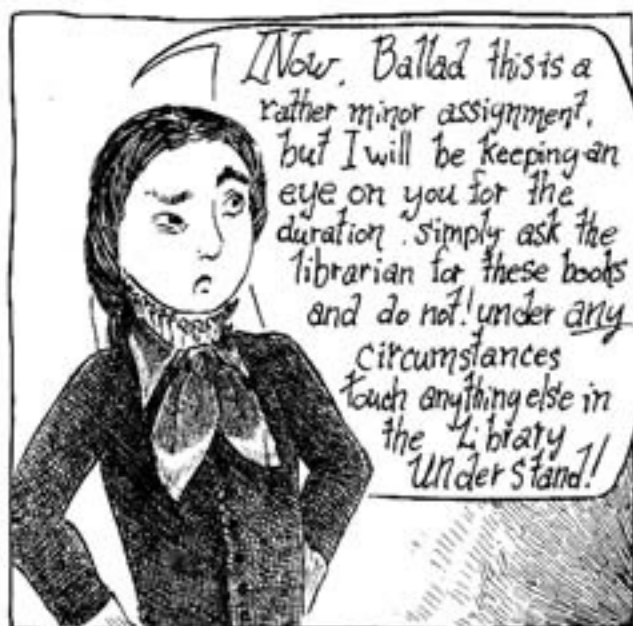


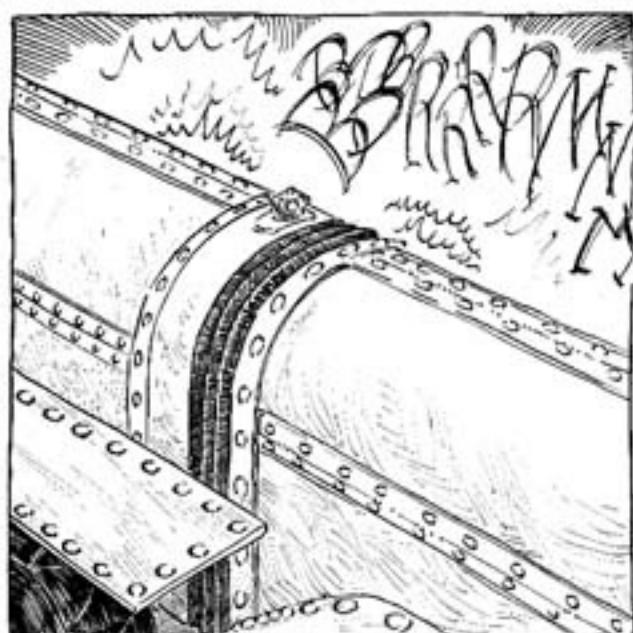


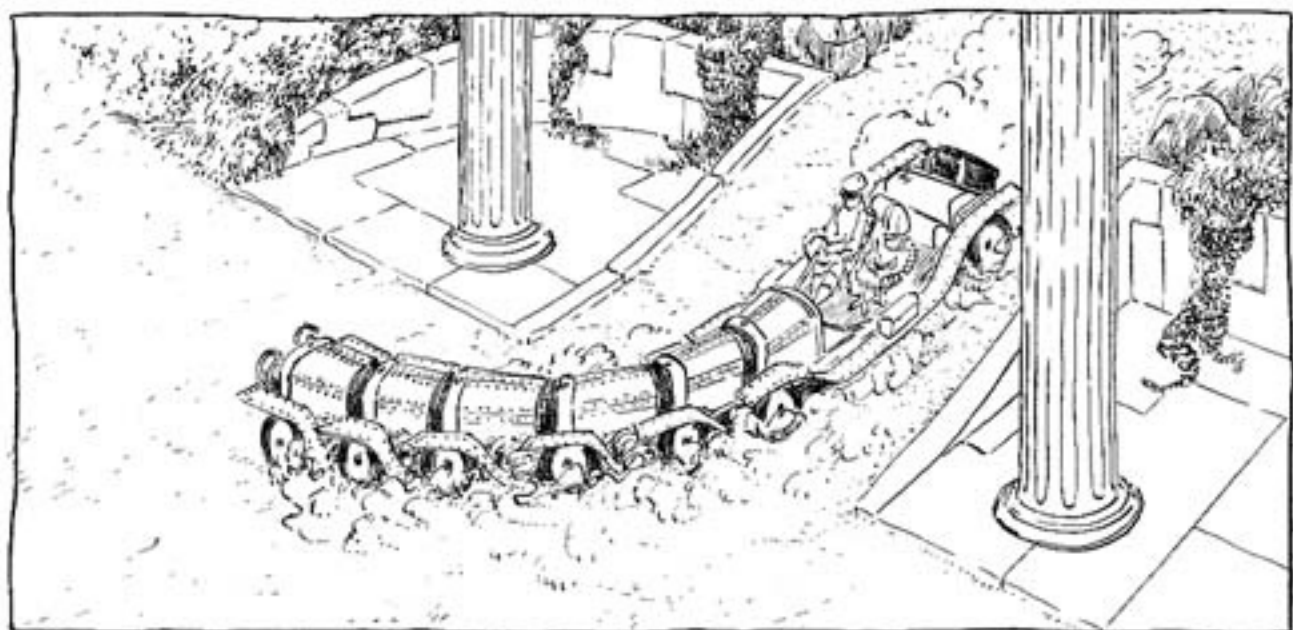




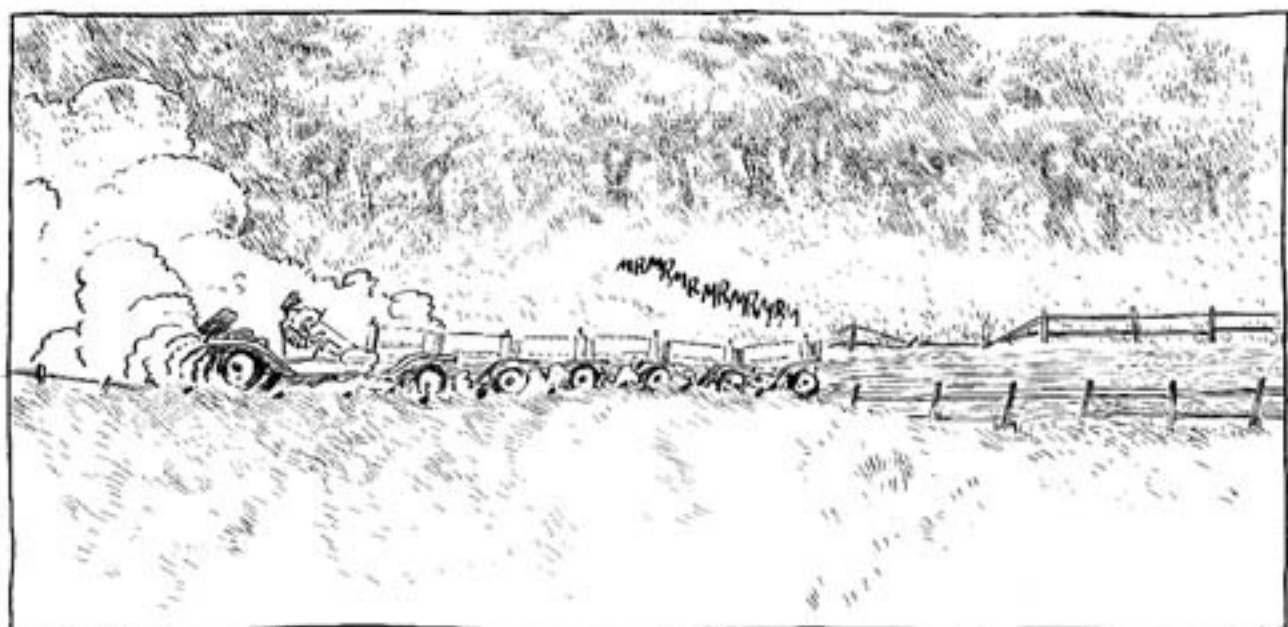
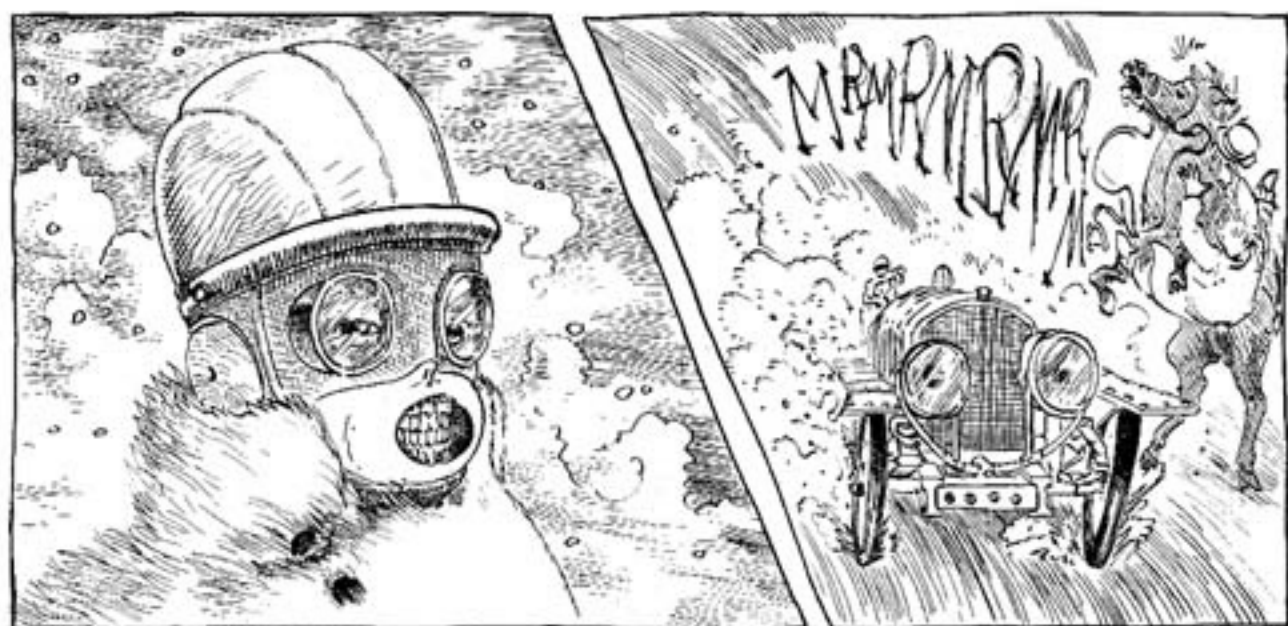


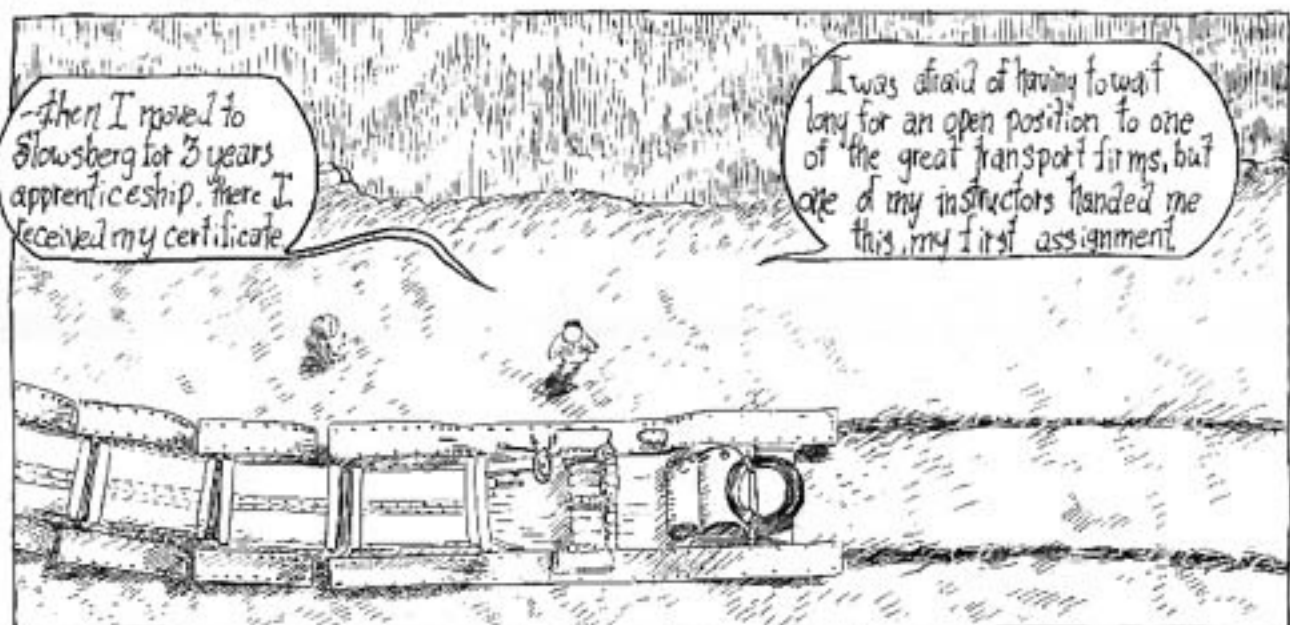
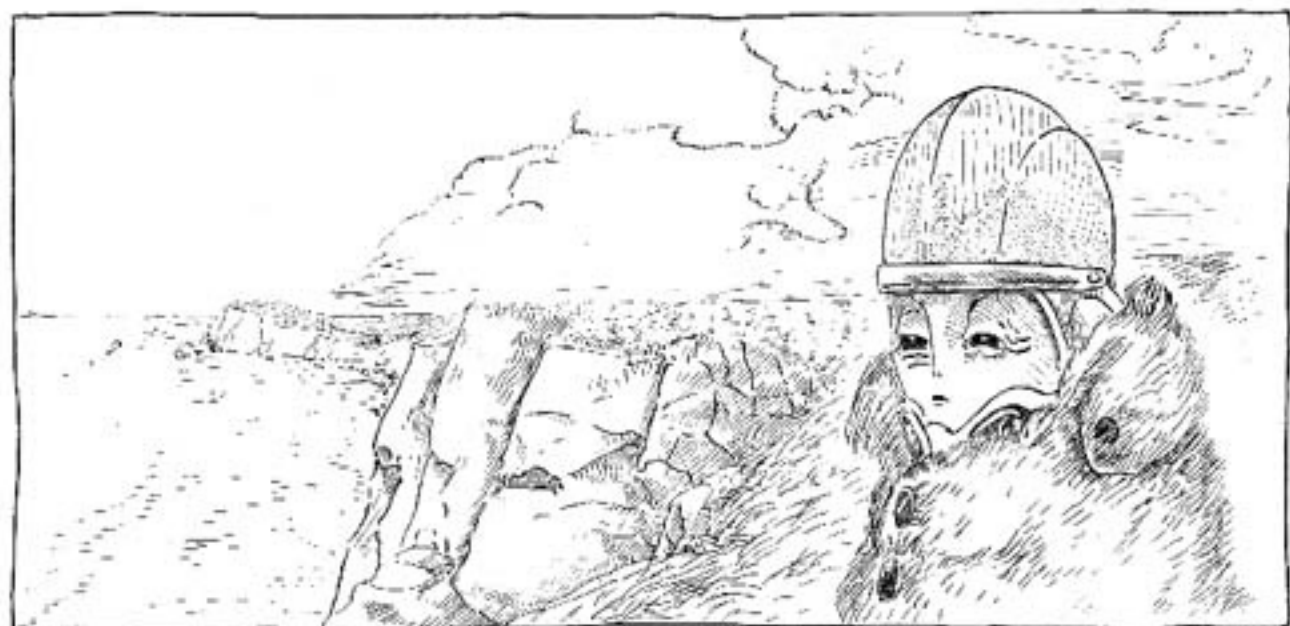




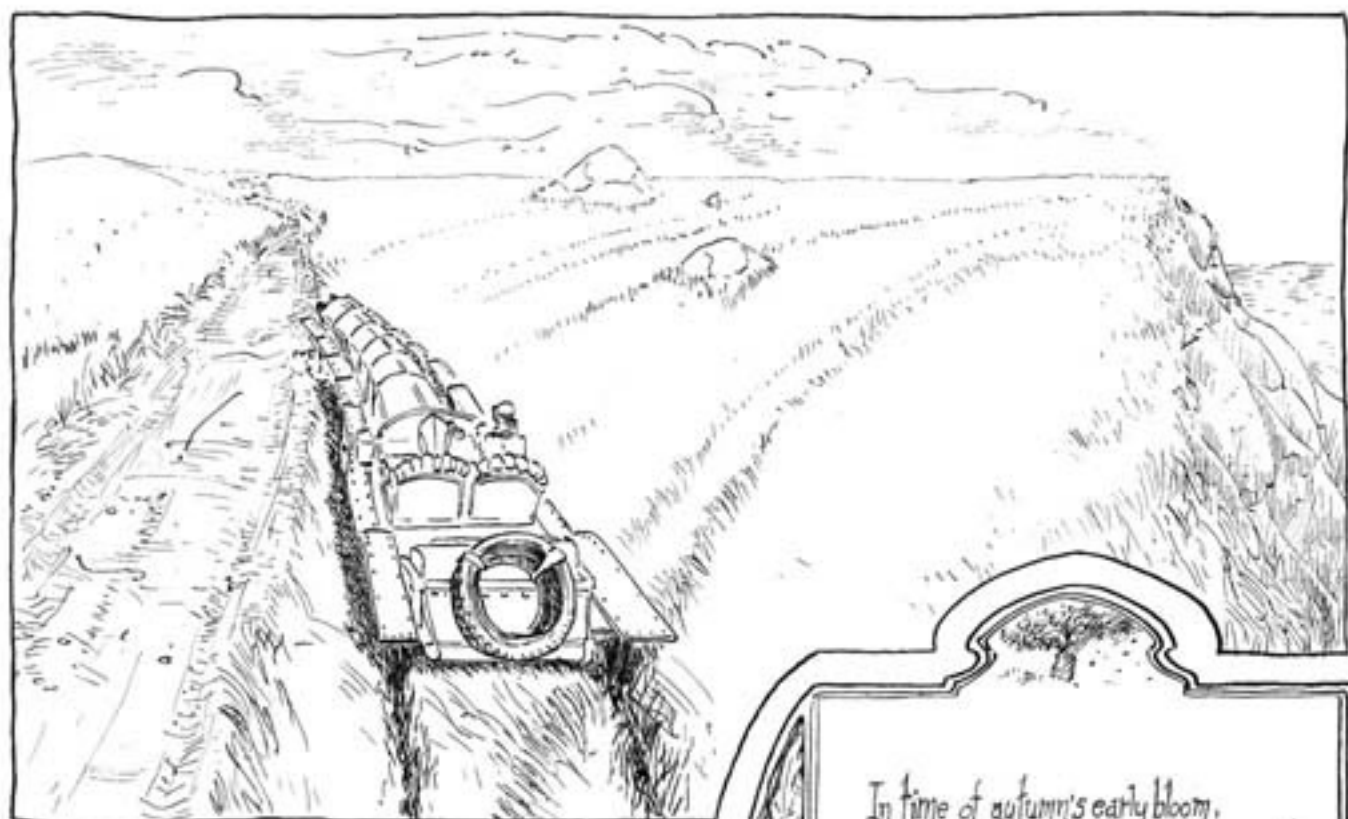






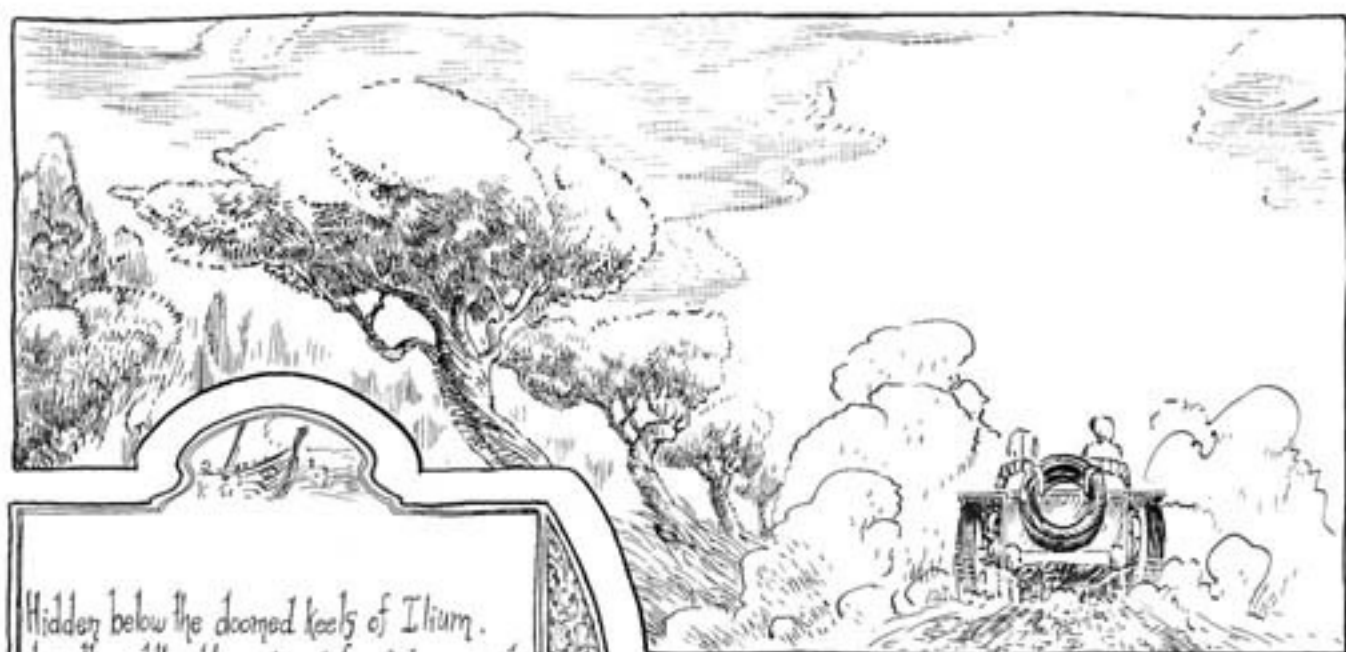




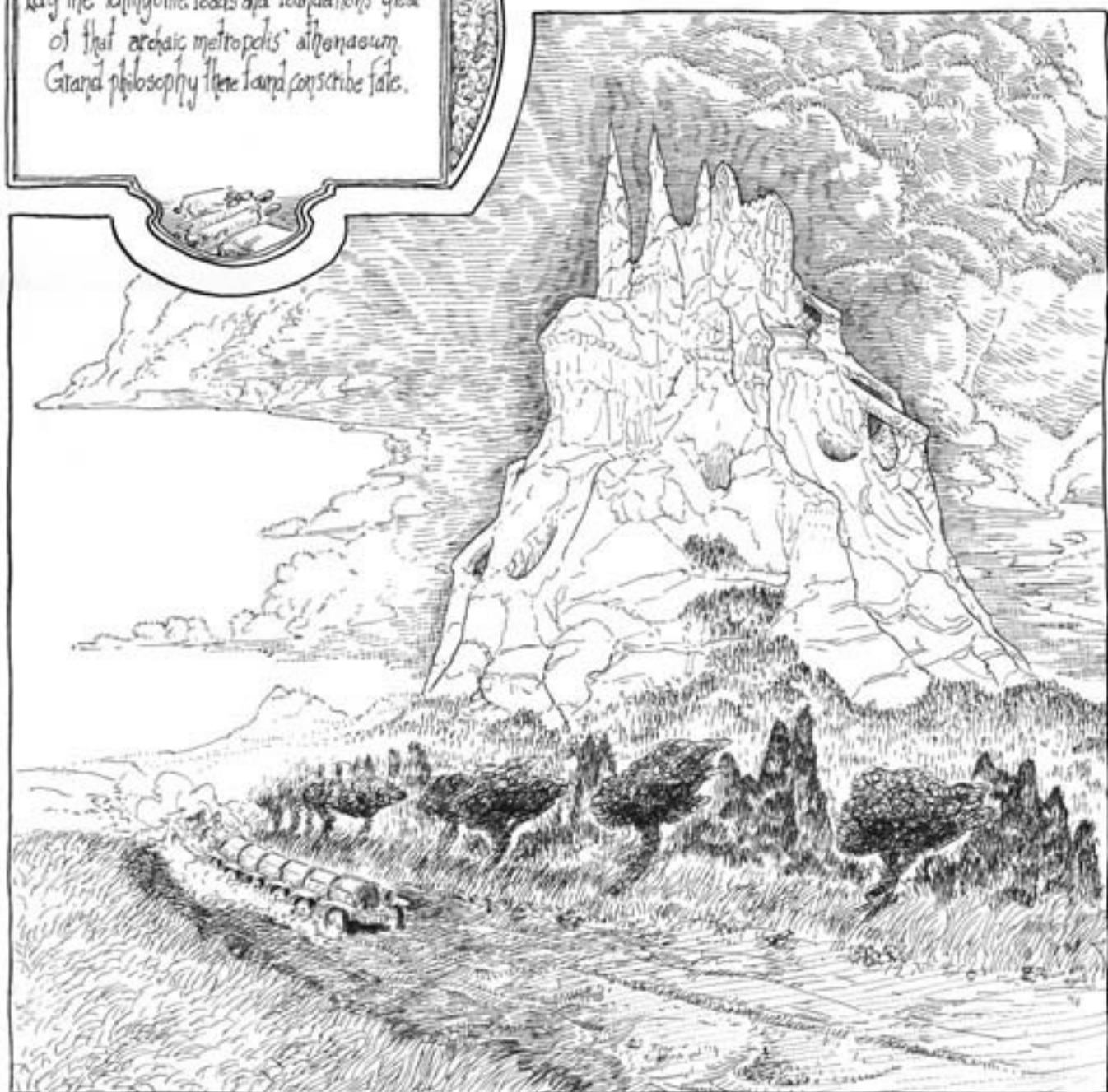


In time of autumn's early bloom,
Gaily moons' ebb tide will unseal
Those pale stones from the ocean's gloom,
The city of She'lotith to the sky reveal.





Hidden below the doomed keels of Ilium,
lay the ichthyolite roads and foundations great
of that archaic metropolis' althousum.
Grand philosophy there found conscribe fate.



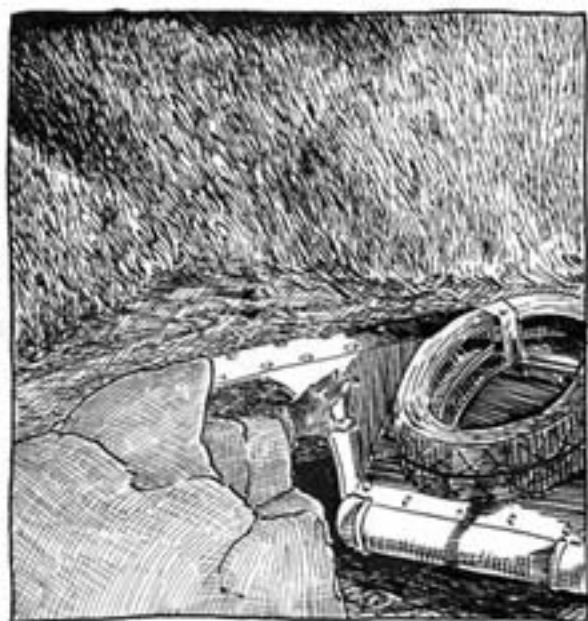


To keep the knowledge from the land engave,
 idolatrous images seen through mist and spray
 The Bogg-Noir made place beneath the waves,
 Where no ship can call upon it's ancient quay.

'Tis only at the appointed time, is the library given to light,
 Else she loathly cannot be found, outside it's long night.

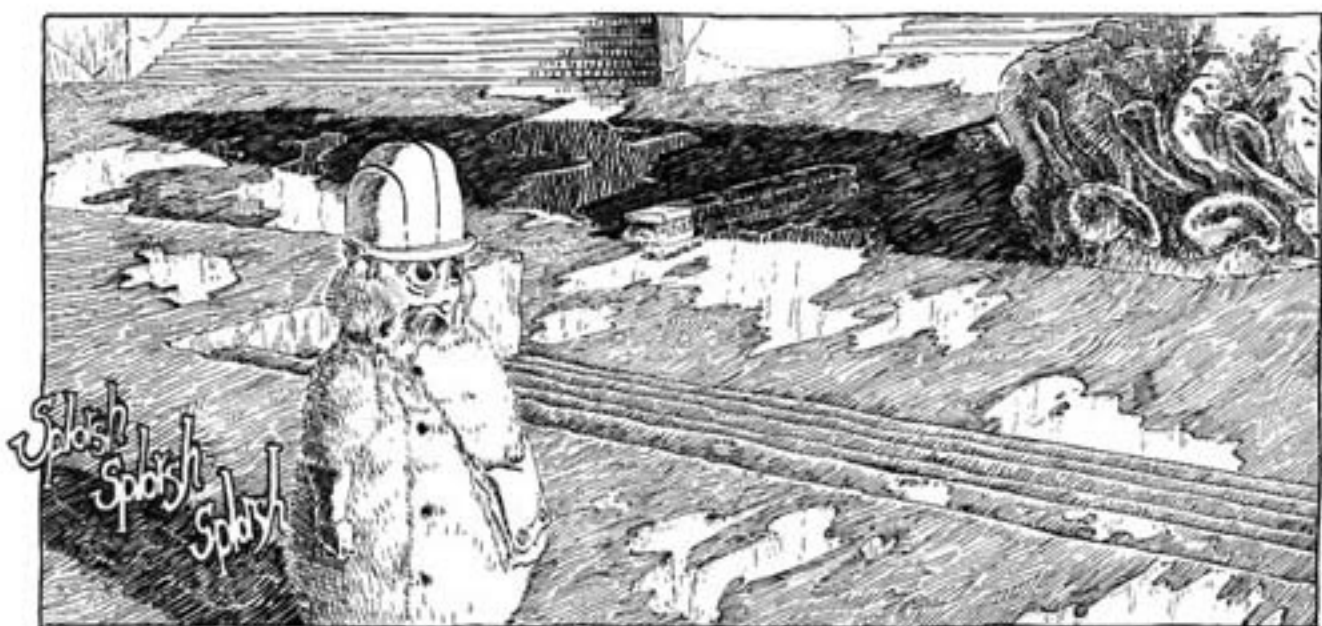


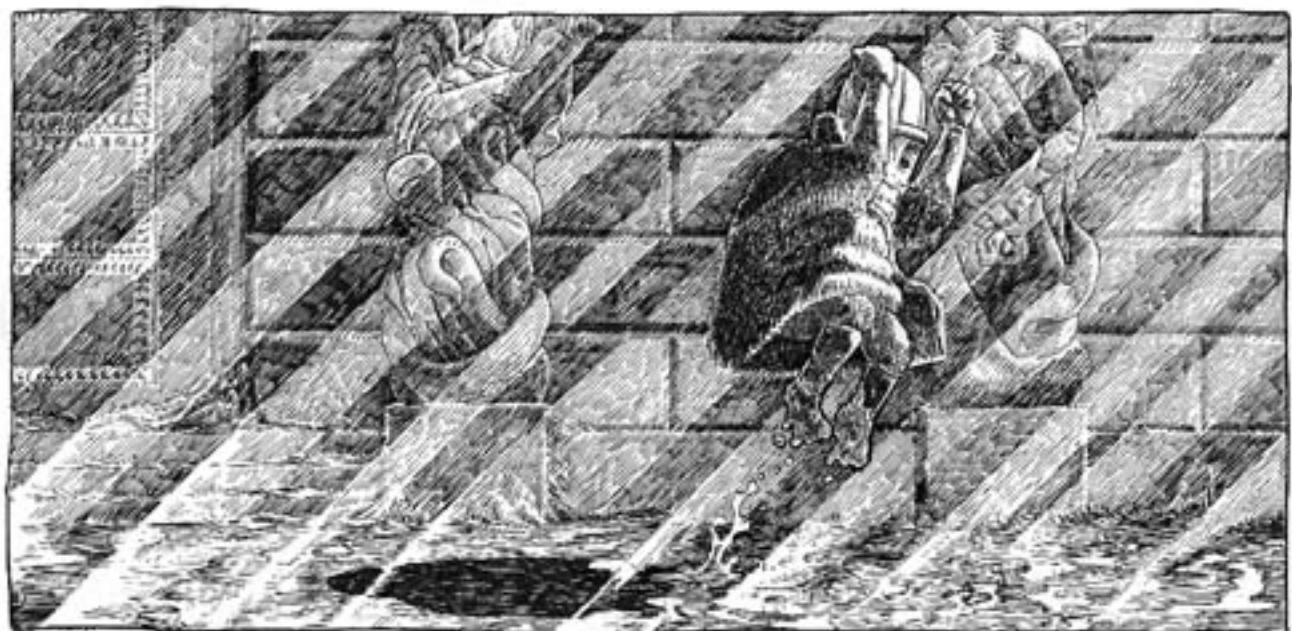




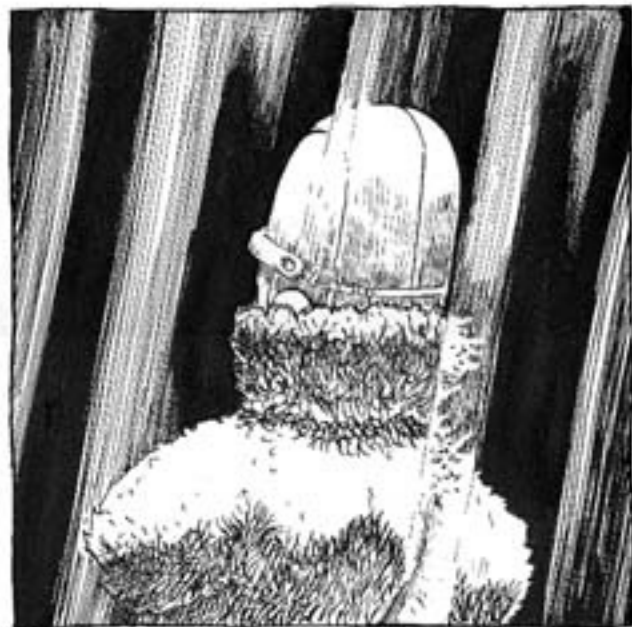


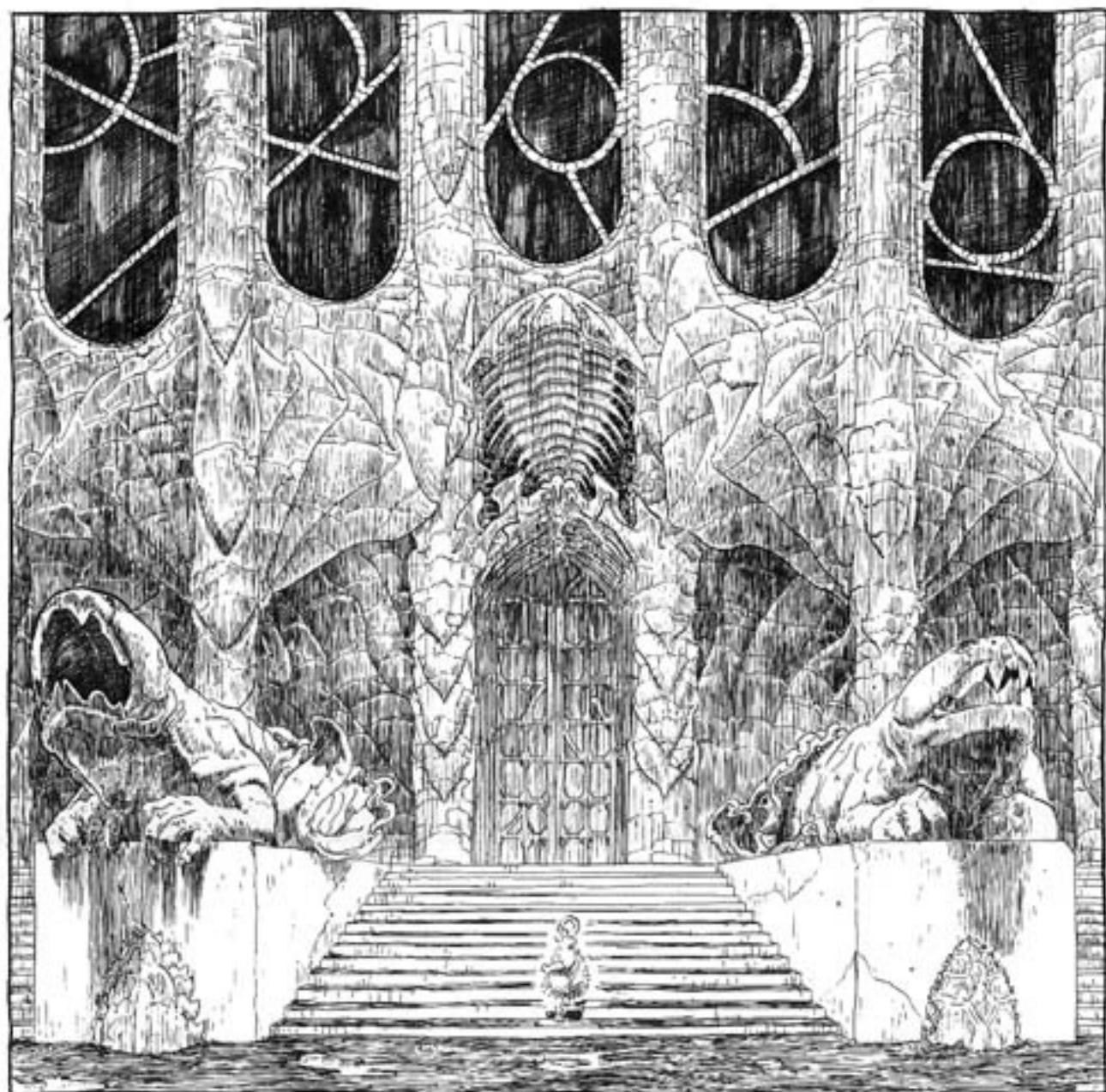


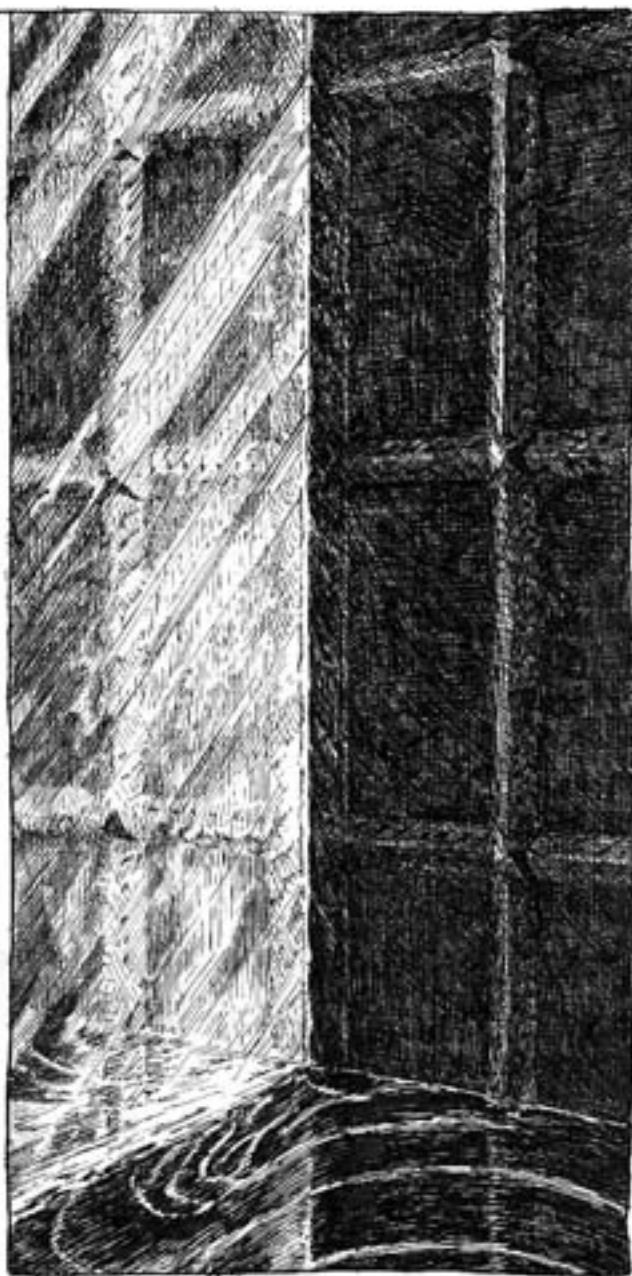


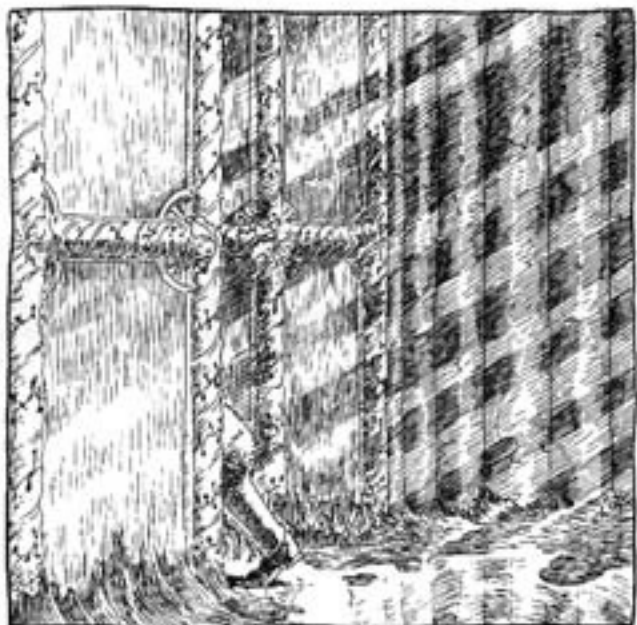
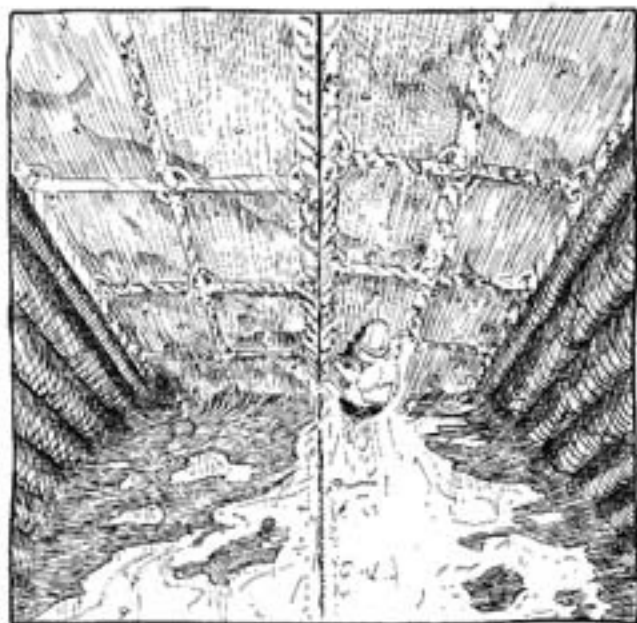


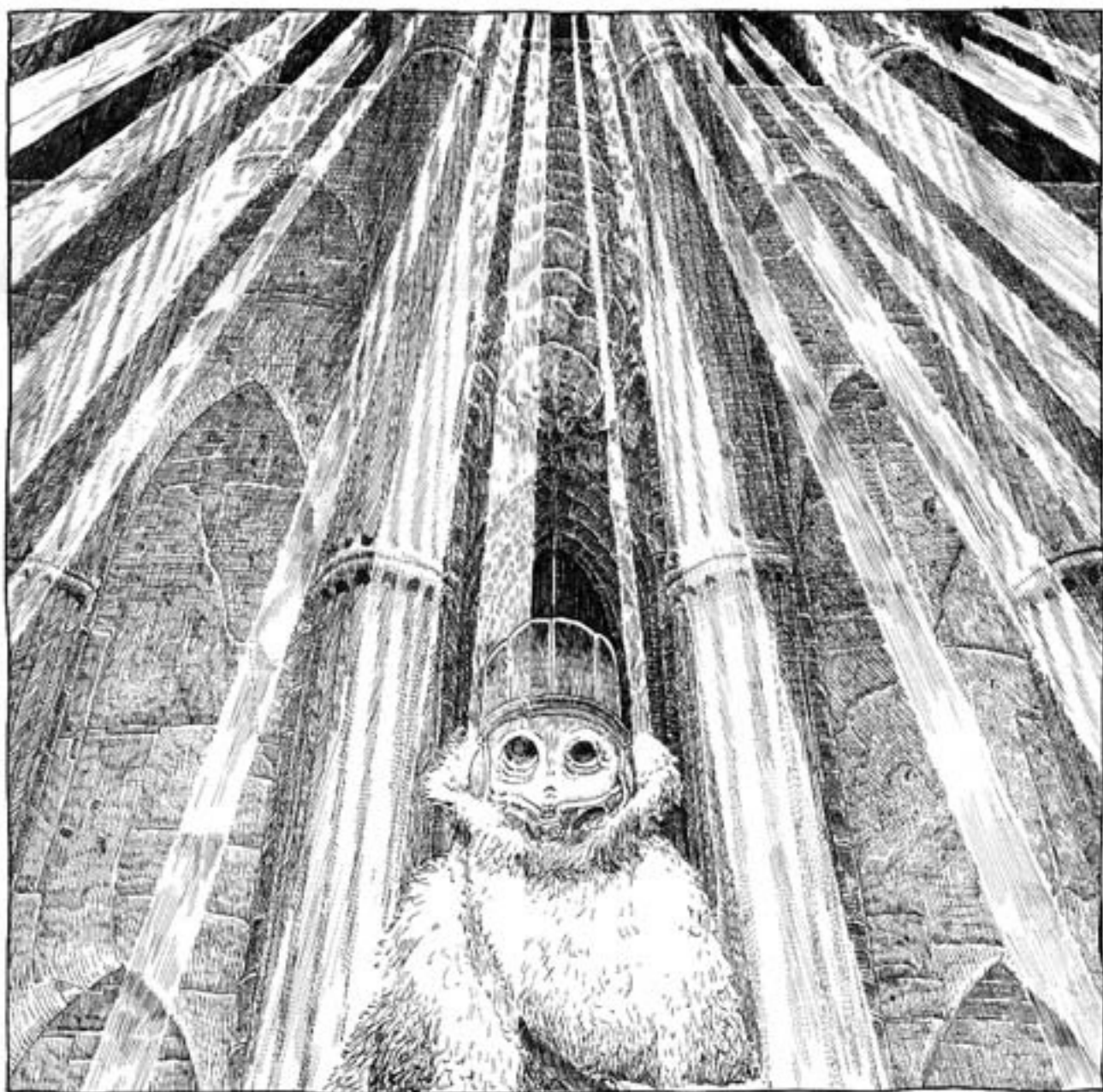


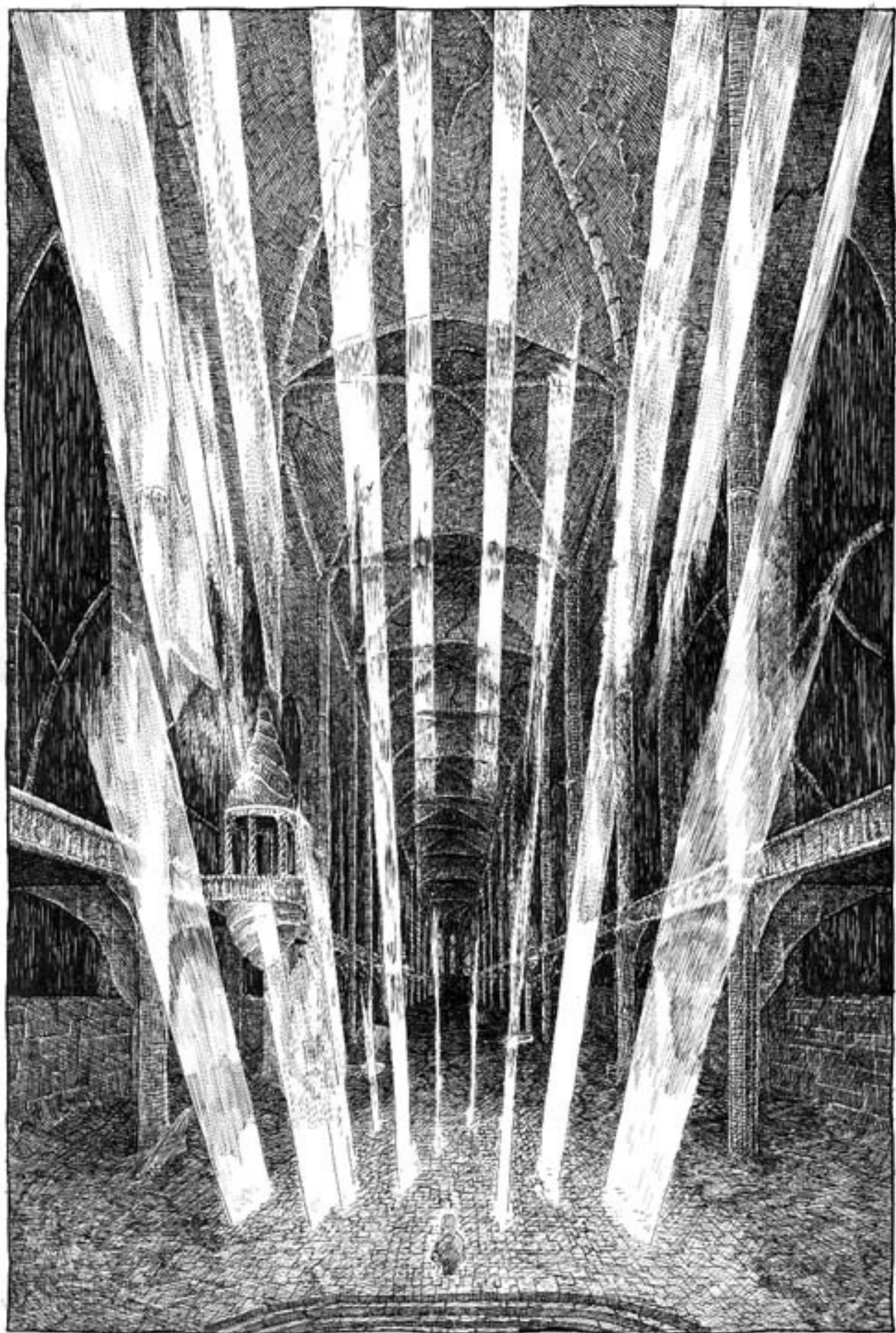


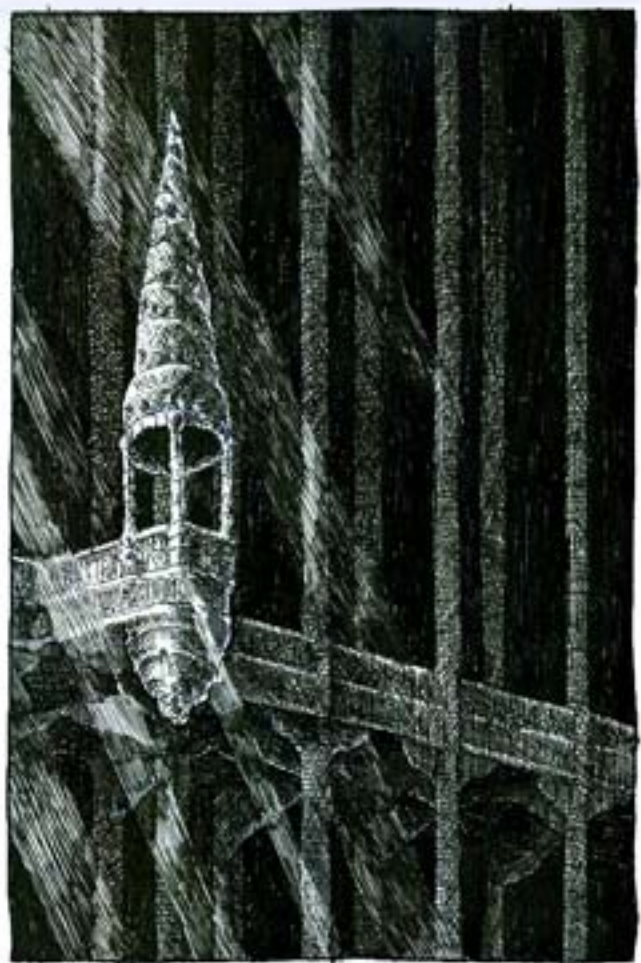
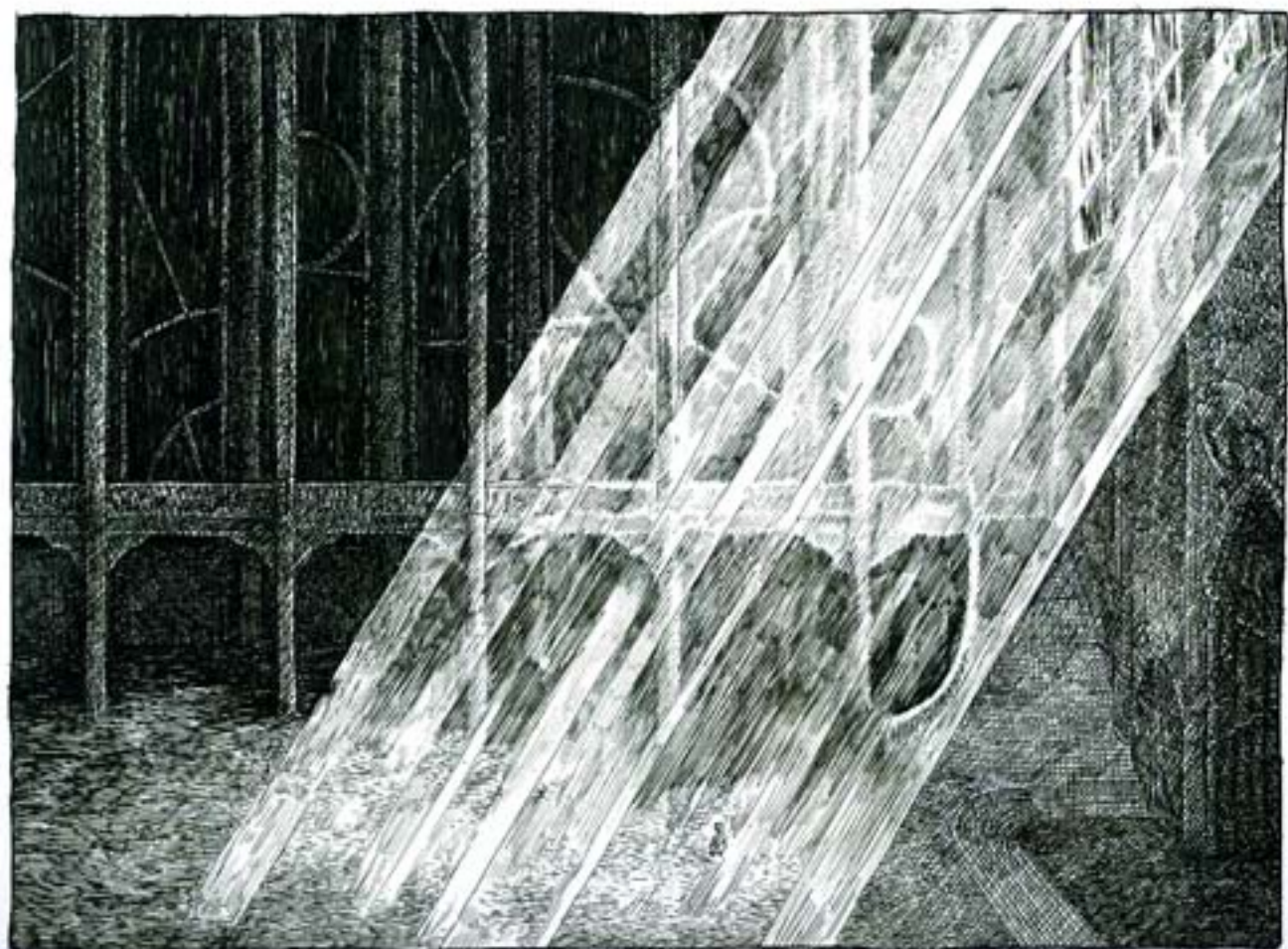








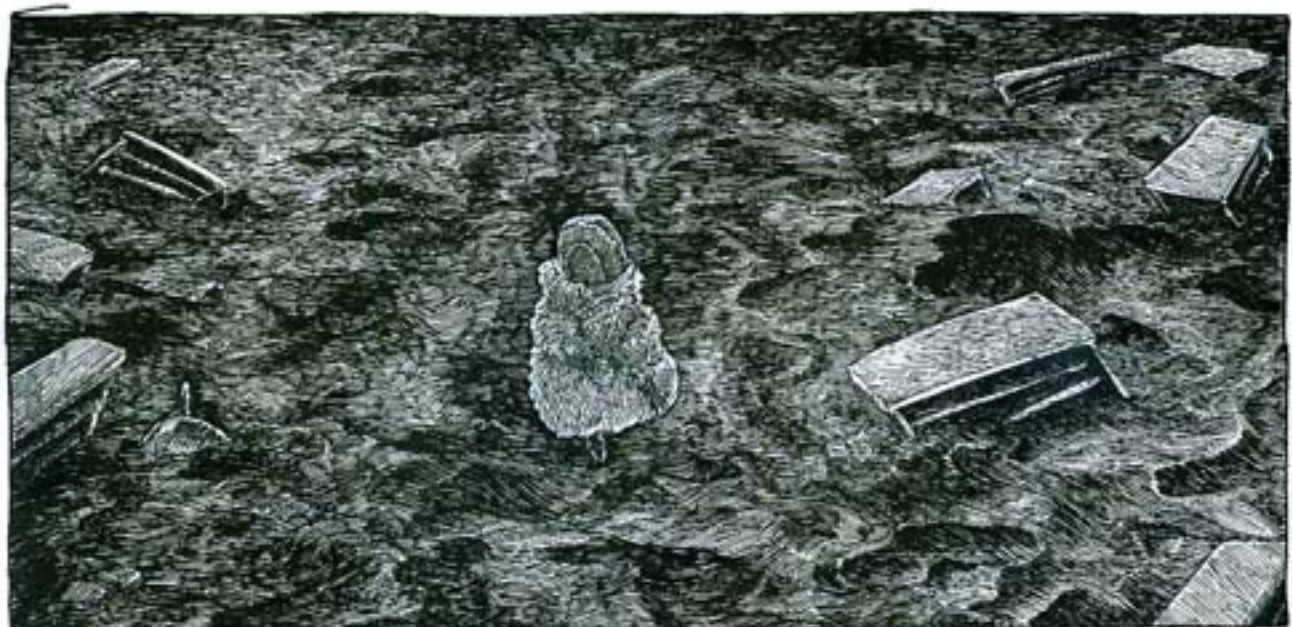


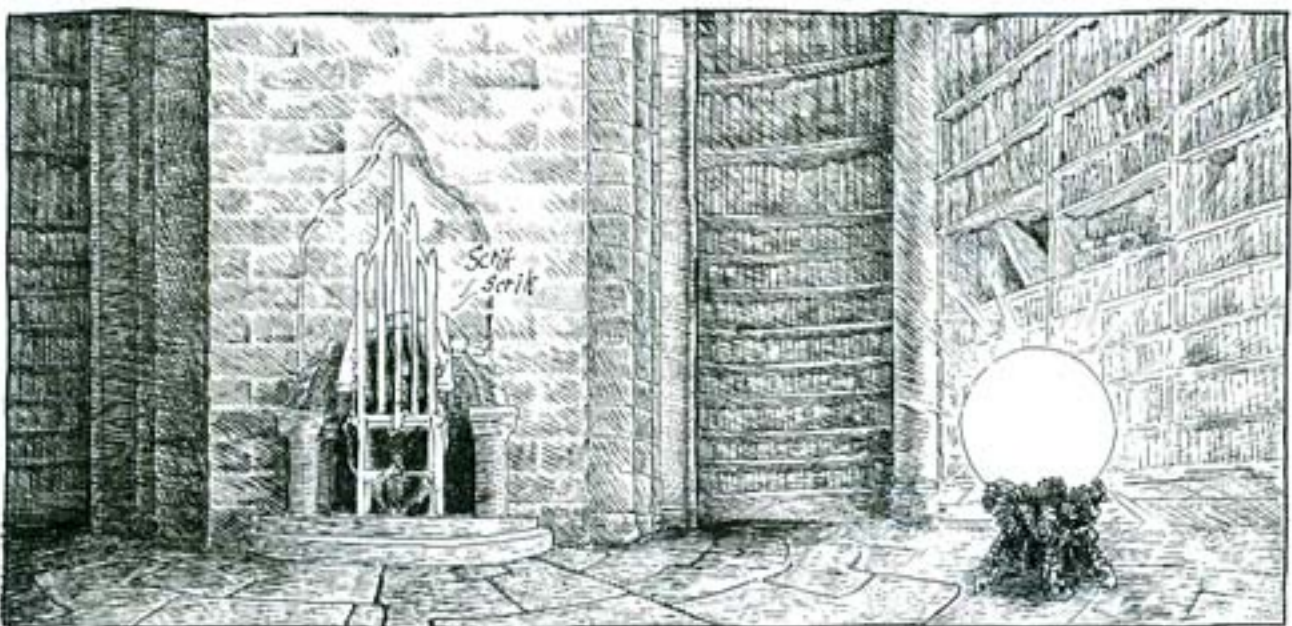
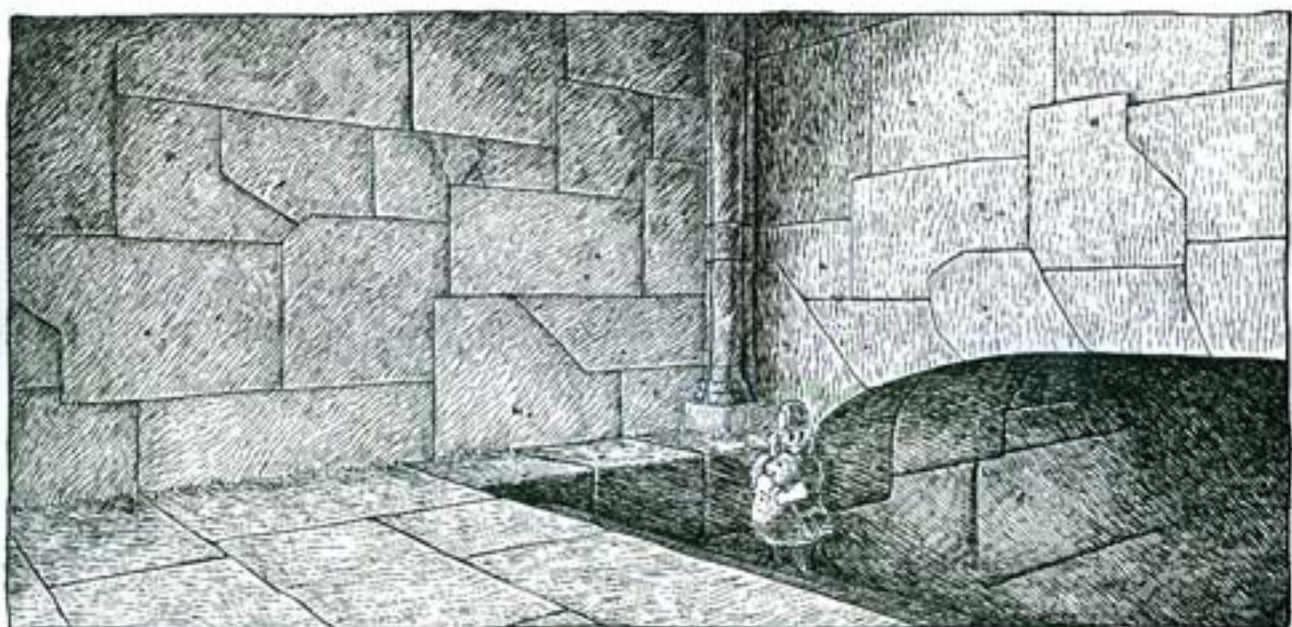
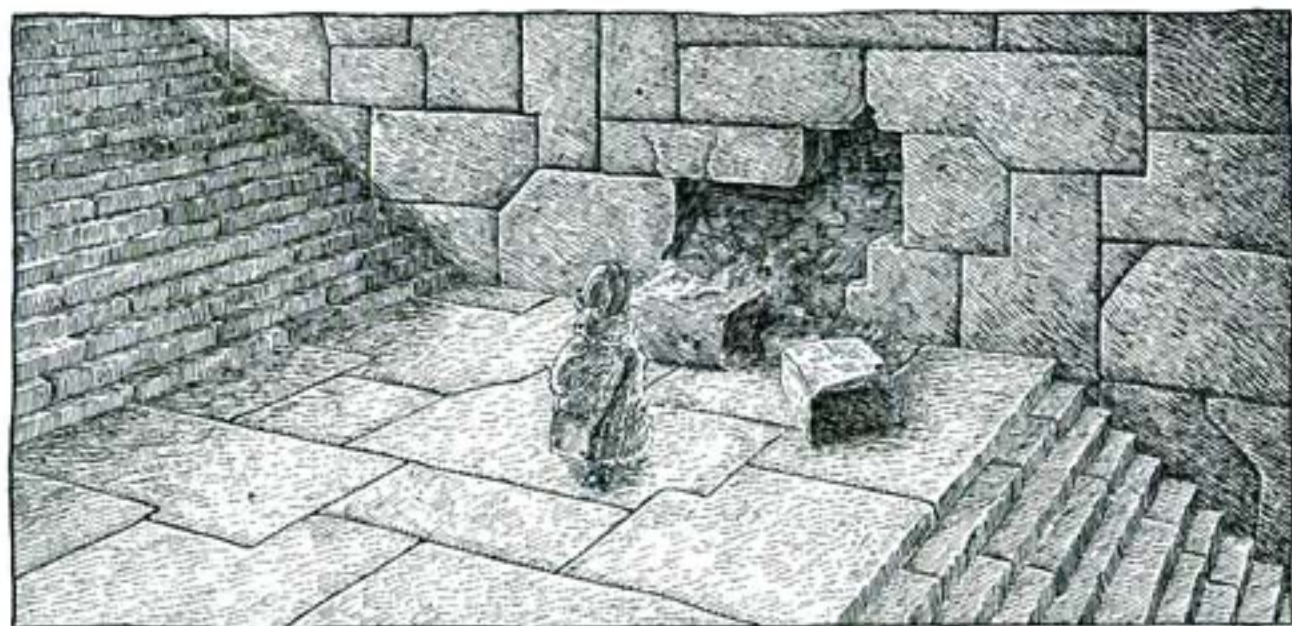


















هذه
الشيء
الذي







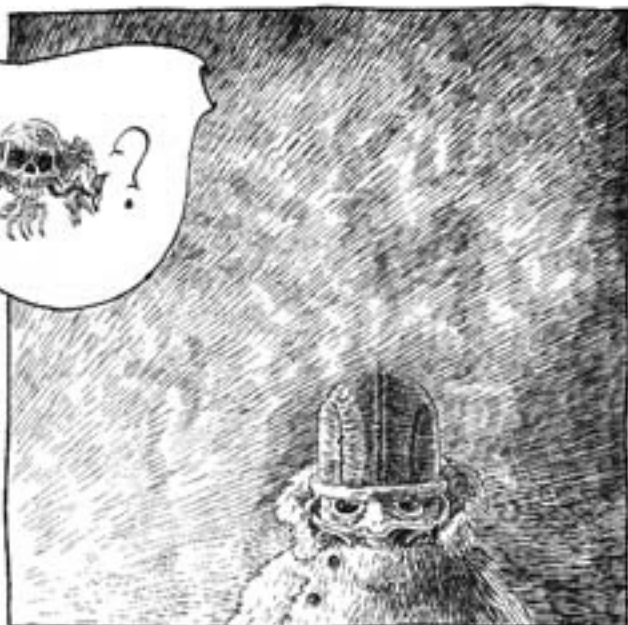
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ኢትዮጵያ!
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