

# Sleepytime Gorilla Museum, Helpless Corpses En

The oaks of ald now they lie in peat yet elms leap where asks lay. Phall if you but will, rise you mu

A hand from the cloud emerges, holding a chart expanded. The eversower of the seeds of light to t

Of all the stranger things that ever not even in the hundrund and badst pageans of unthowsent and

Ascend out of your bed, cavern of a trunk, and shrine!

Vah! Suvarn Sur! Scatter brand to the reneweller of the sky,  
thou who agnitest! Dah! Arcthuris comeing! Be! Verb  
umprincipiant through the trancitive spaces! Kilt by kelt shell kithagain  
with kinagain. We elect for thee, Tirtangel. We  
Durbalanars, theeadjure. A way, the Margan, from our astamite,  
through dimdom done till light kindling light has led we hopas  
but hunt me the journeyon, iteritinerant, the kal his course,  
amid the semitary of Somnionia.

Too mult sleepth. Let sleepth.

The oaks of ald now they lie in peat yet elms leap where asks lay. Phall if you but will, rise you mu