ETH RAT COED FACE

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“Lil ware het lickers,” Apt dolt Enters, hewn eh acme fro het married.
“Overacts hotting, tub on rani--hared no eth aroid juts won.”
“Si het whereat porter kayo?”
“Strut em!”’ saw Nereis prostie.
“Who arf si het Tar Code Face?”
“Net limes.”

Hes tas coles. Serein dol romano wot odor Caption deans saw ante. Ne outre hes was budder reset, isolable, supinate.

Eh dare sings fro flemish: “Veto Fro Treason Vermin Breakwind,” “Owl cots frenula,” “Litotes fro tern.”

Eth shot deterge meth indies het rood, whit eth hesitater ring.
“Cine bleat, rove three--an canoe furs wive--hist yaw, elapse,” eh sadi, corseting meth.
Eh til het lanced no eth stews dies blate whit het eroticism reptant, earnest eth edifiers.
“Tels erectable!”

Het wastries saw ether fro ither dorser.
“Deary won?” Dine Bedwetter aids.
“Hey,” Rentes periled. “Keats--’tae’ ebon takes, rear.”
“Eth rattle.”

“Nabe opus, sri?”
Tenser dons, sliming. Eh dah banalities tasset.
“Dan al notaries?”
“Bolster litas, heirless, tho Bangle eat--deepest xis minuets--whit melon.”

Treens saw versed eth regal mateys blow.
(Ratel, eh cloud ays, “Mi pseudo!”
“Saps eth upcast?”
Hes decigram. “Ingroup upcast no skate?”
“Juts na pat apt, Tap--sit artiste,” eh peridots.
Eon cloud hare ither wordy slaughter lit tael vee.
Eh rouped eth tho eta. “Ays hewn!”

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