front of me, I f Autor: ylq - 2019/11/05 08:41

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Looking in the confused jungle, eager to get the real treasure, but unable to break away from the dark claws, but also pulled into a layer of darkness: Where is the end? End! End! The end of the night! Walking in the empty jungle Carton Of Cigarettes, trying to get to the right path, but unable to resist the fear of darkness, was brought to the next night: where the light is bright! The bright path, flying in the endless night, trying to find a bright path, but unable to reject the hunger and thirst, and was brought into the food: food! food! I don't know who took off my shoes, walked barefoot on the gravel road, the pain was unbearable, I couldn't get the pain of suffering from the food, and I was dragged into the next nightmare, so tired! rest! rest! The glass slag on the ground broke my skin, and the soles of the feet were scarred. I wanted to heal the wounds, but I couldn't get rid of the pain of the scars. Then I was kicked off the cliff, so scary! too horrible! pain! it hurts! The charcoal in the ground burned my soles, and the burning pain at my feet felt the pain of the arrow-like heart. I wanted the cold water, the hot charcoal, but I couldnýýt smooth the scars and was pushed down again. The salty salt water is pouring into my nose and mouth, so uncomfortable! Uncomfortable! Powerless! The endless sea water filled my mouth and nose, slowly sinking into the sea, suffering from the pressure, the body like a dough, the lifebuoy? Let me float to the surface! However, it was unable to solve the pressure on the whole body. Once again, it was pushed down and the face was sore, and my cheeks were licking my cheeks. Finally, I couldnyyt get rid of the feeling that the ribs Cheap Cigarettes, calves, skulls and shoulder blades were broken. Finally, itýýs over. In front of me, I found these jungles, dark nights, hunger and thirst, stone glass slag, fire carbon, sea water, and abyss. Isn't that my desire? Gradually numb in the endless desires, lost self, lost self, and finally lost in desire, forget the original intention. If a person's desire can be less, the jungle can become a park, the night can become a day Marlboro Gold, the stone can become a jade, the glass slag can become a candy, the fire carbon can become a grass, and the abyss can become a beautiful family?

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