





A cry piercing the night

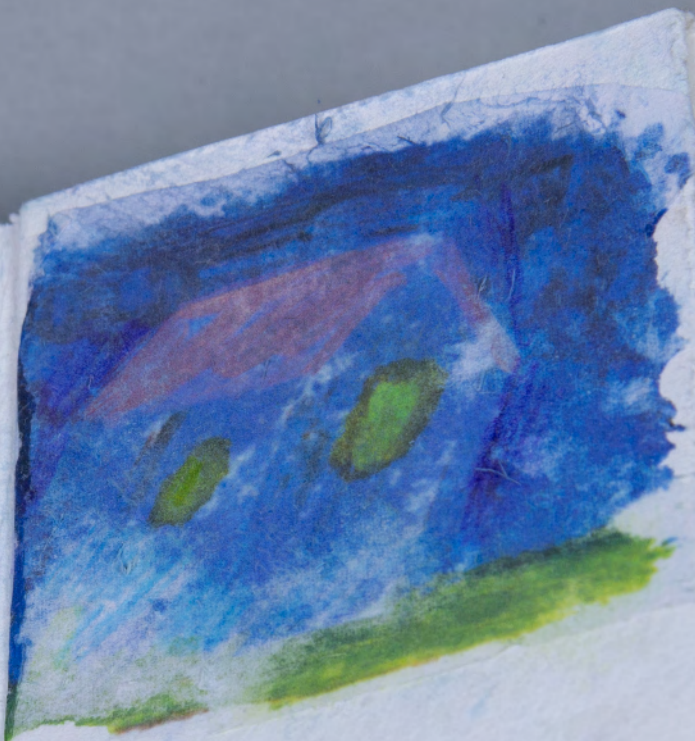


Strangers



gathering in cheers

A cry pierces



What do I call thee?





Little lamb

bed of cotton



Gone tomorrow morn.

Borne in the wolves maw





Snip.

My last tie to life

