

The Empress And The Ukraine King

Can

The empress and the Ukraine king,
The from the house to float on in,
She breaked in banana corches in
From the seasons after spring.
The empress had a killer on his chest,
Faced the east for the morning sunset,
Silent certain time, skin and goat,
Lots of golden hair, took a fruit.

But then he smiled, banana king,
Sitting on a golden ring,
Every's fur, lightning touch,
Stuck on the pettery, feed meets stubs,
Record players, speeding king,
Set the news for his chilling.
Good moments pass for his domain,
Put the stickers for the Ukraine,
Silver dog eyes blast,
Records twisting, tree smoke clashed,
Overfloating window sill,
Passing goes off the will.

Somebody's name for some grave's day,
The purest's purest, now cuts first aid.
I said the king to call his jester,
Friend called above the curvy tester.
Sit down to see yesterday
Passing to the secret grey,
We decerish tasting trees,
The chocolate is Spanish treats.

From the neckish peabush grip,
From the velvet ivory slipped,
When we carry in the bed
The speakers all outside her head
Can't put away the cruellest card
When though the congressmen could snart.
The Ukraine king is conquered vice
Turning off his mowing light.
Trap the killer with his make-ons
Suiting up before his light,
Ray our equal liberty poised,
Ask the Indian to turn out the noise.

Bring me a coded traffic cream,
Give me some to stop the screen.
I woke from many circling king,
I just saw this conquering.
From many days they have time,
The ukraine king is, can't describe,
I wrote every passing lie,
The Ukraine king had every spy.