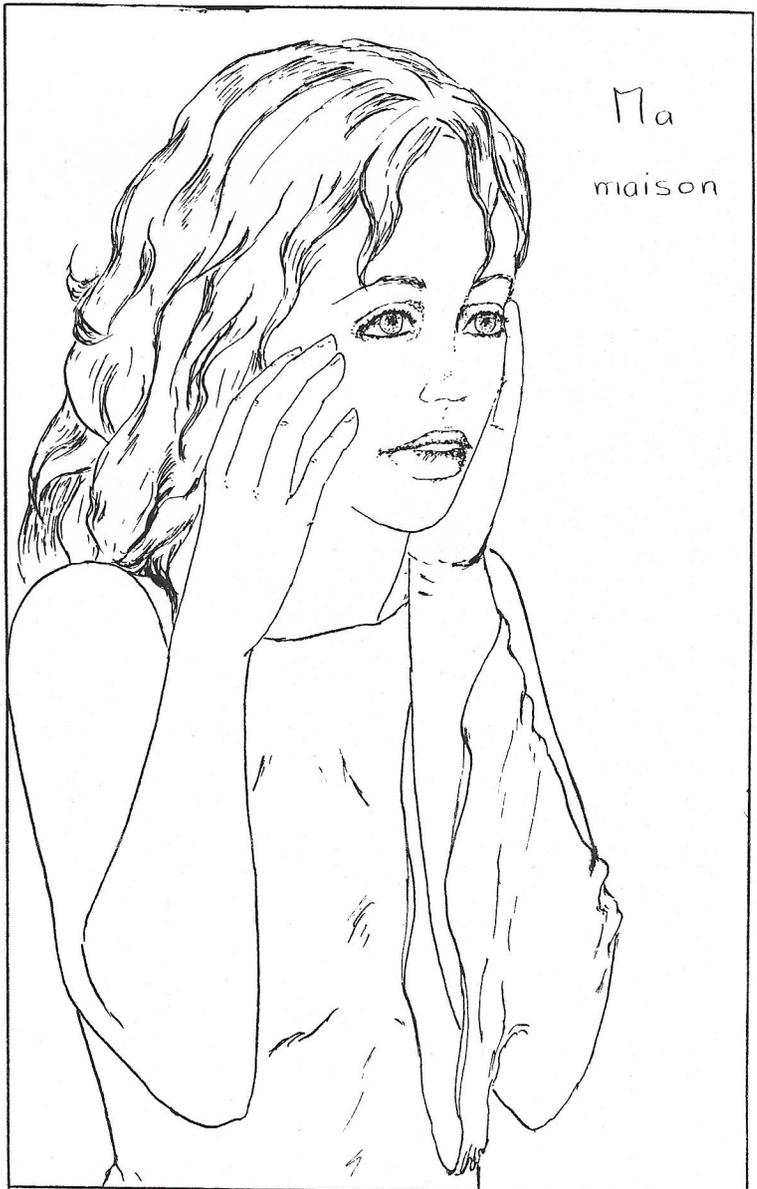
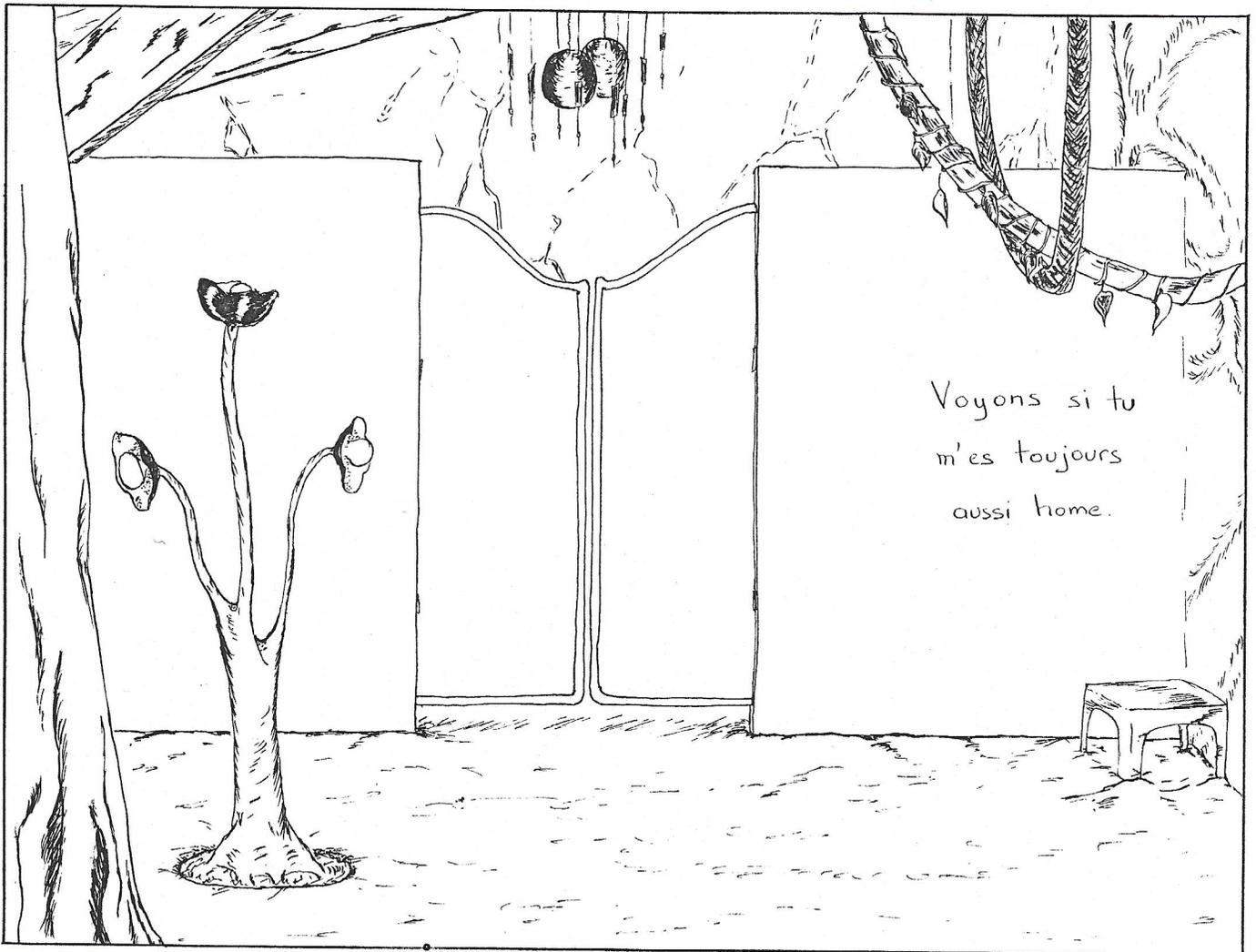
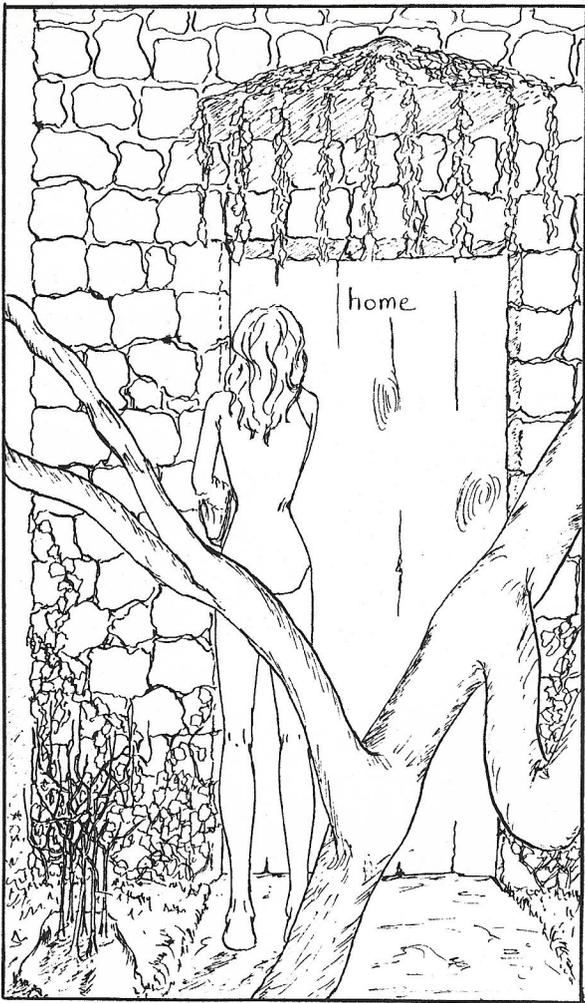
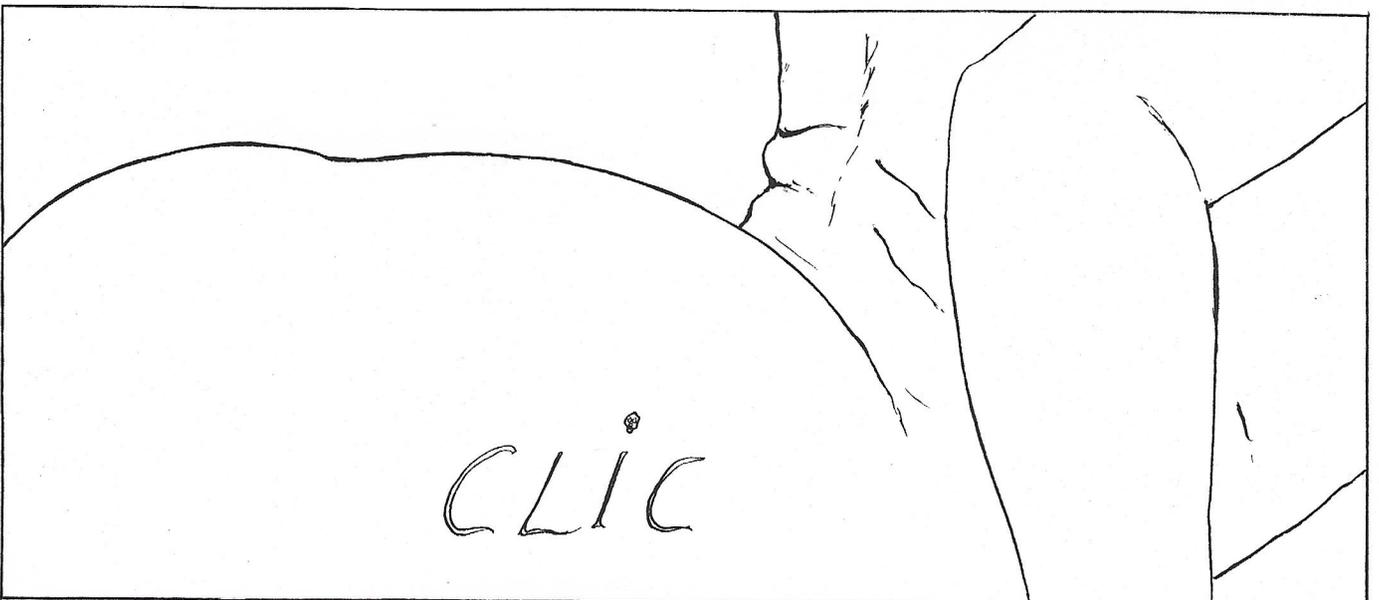
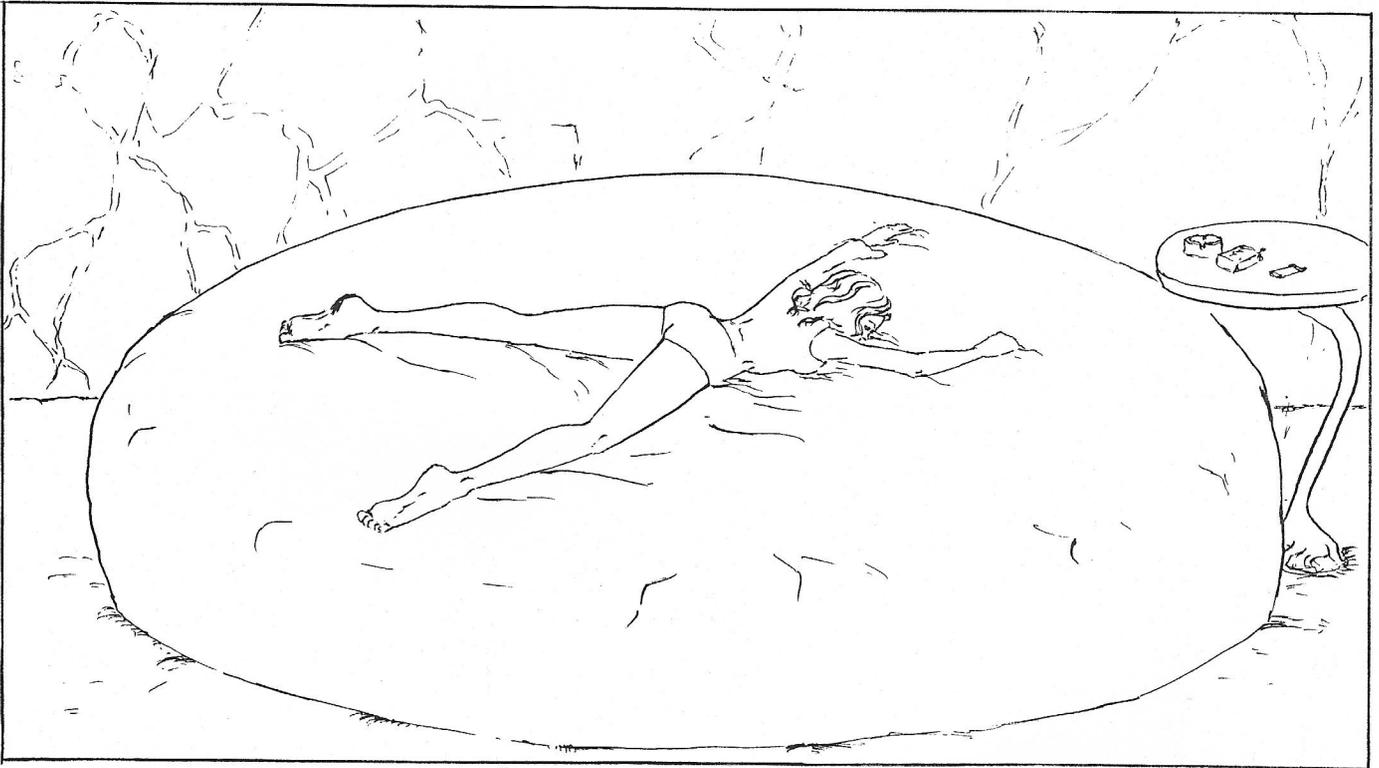
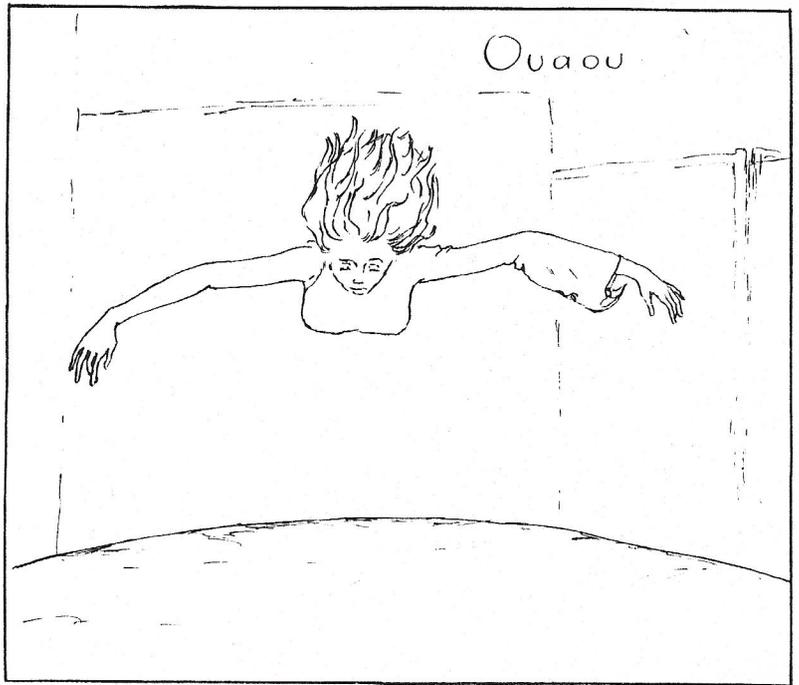
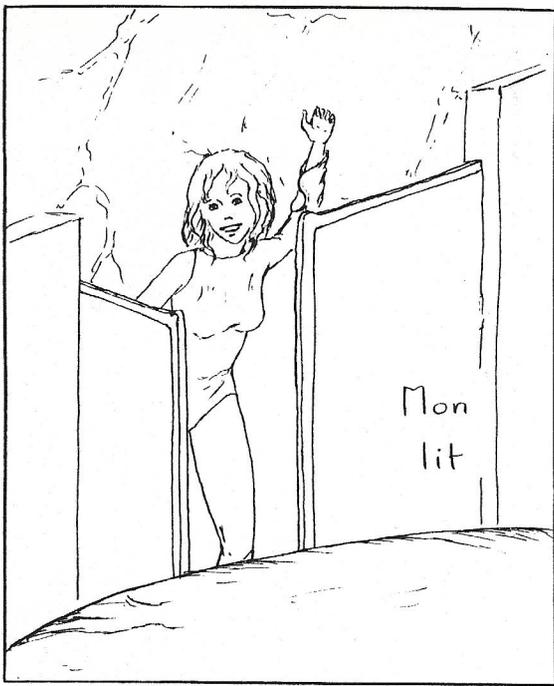
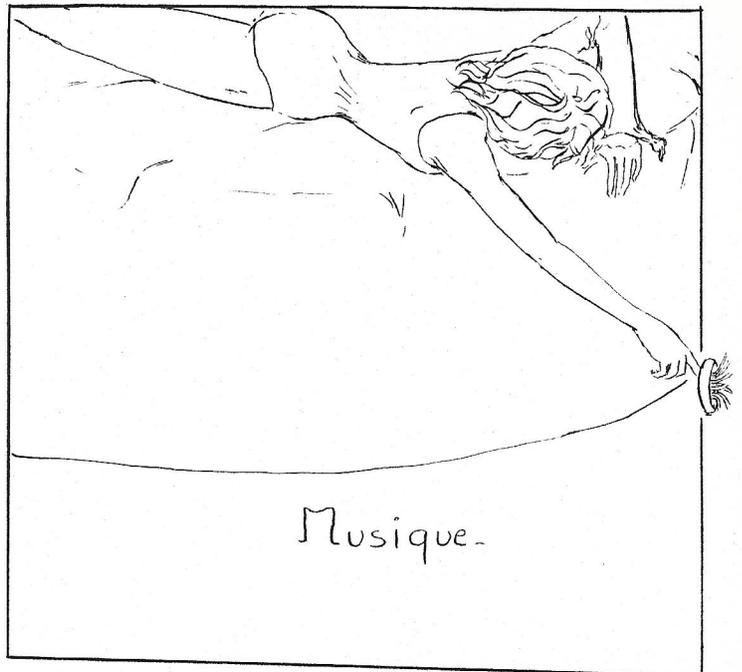


Que le chemin est long avant
que de te parvenir, ô ma m.

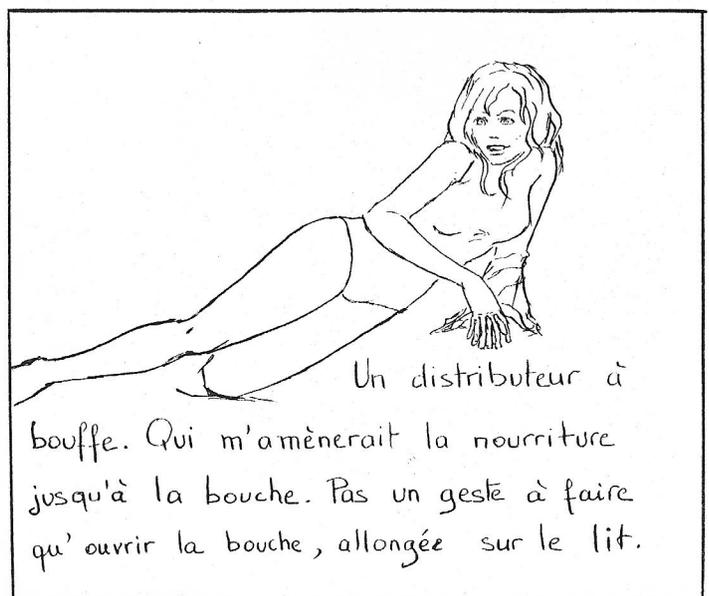
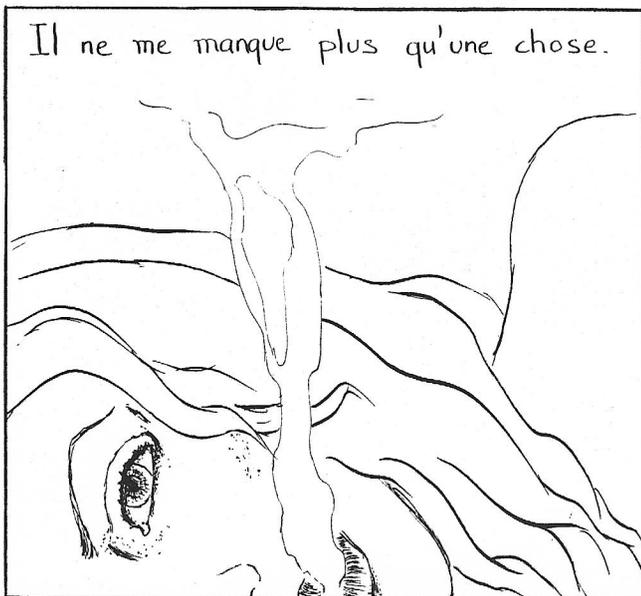
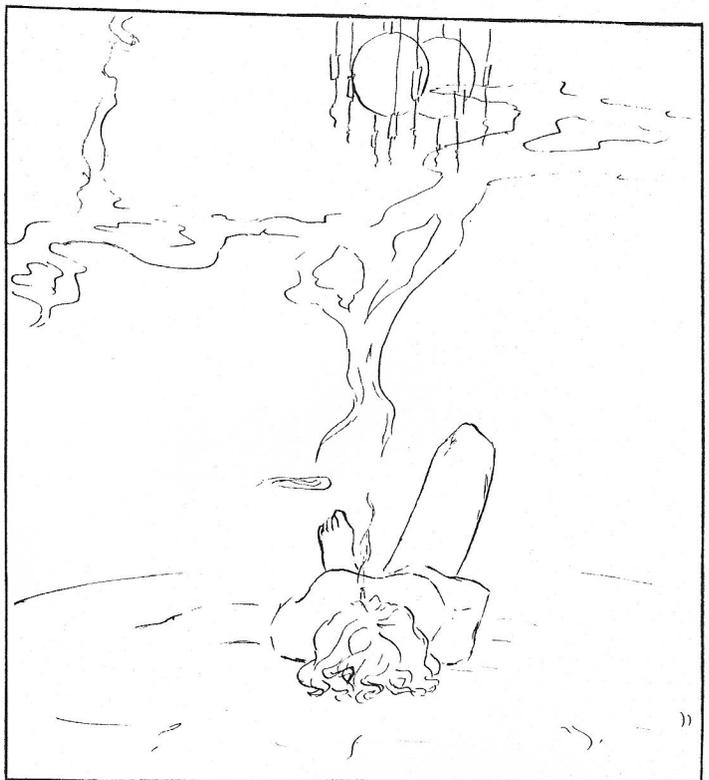


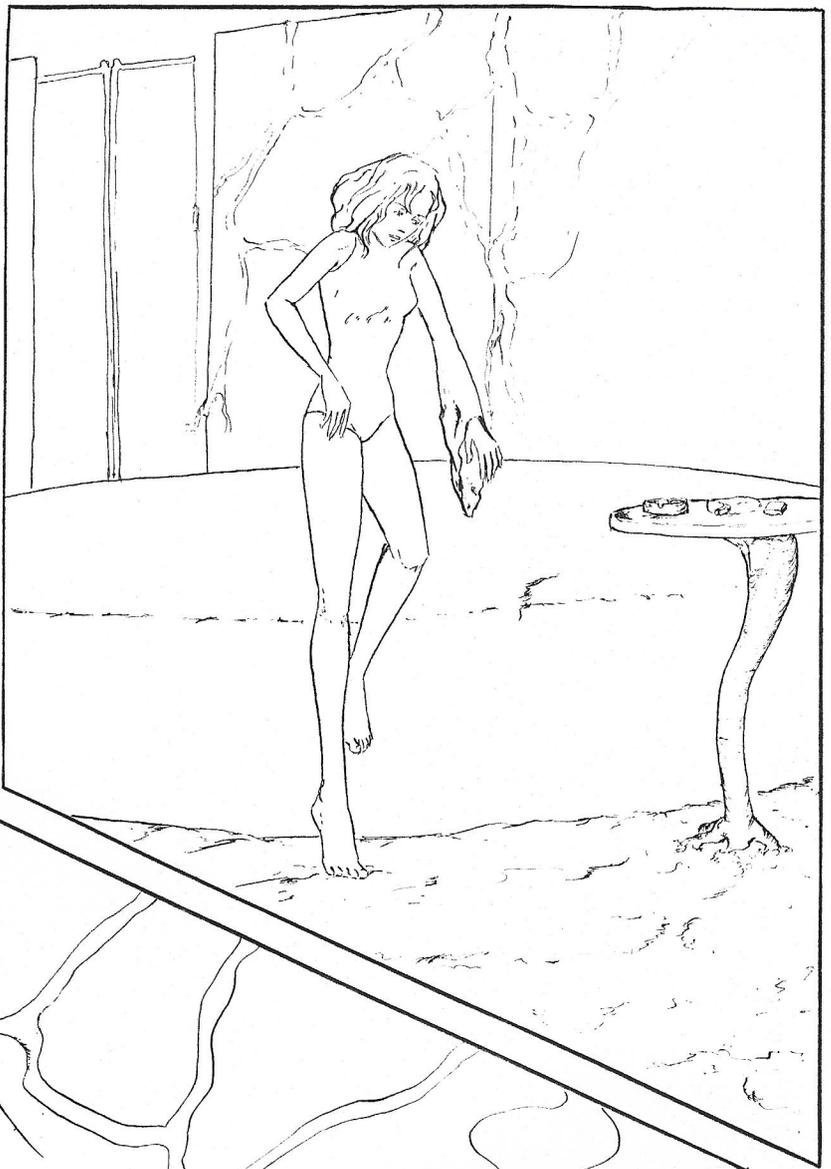
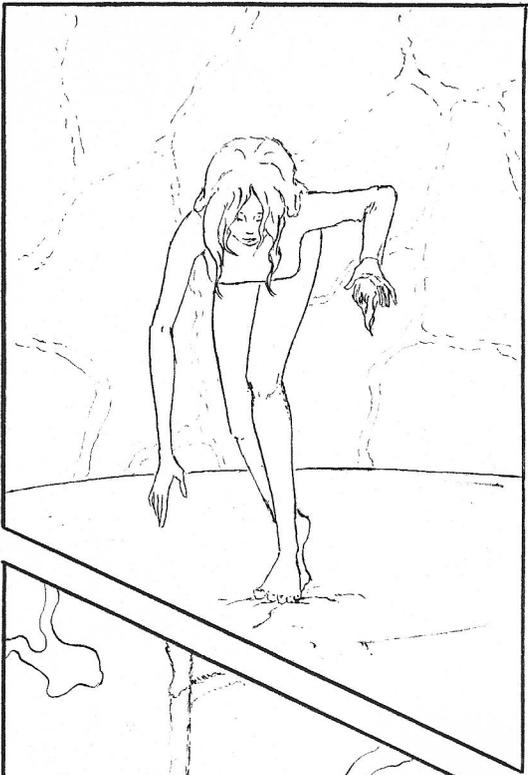




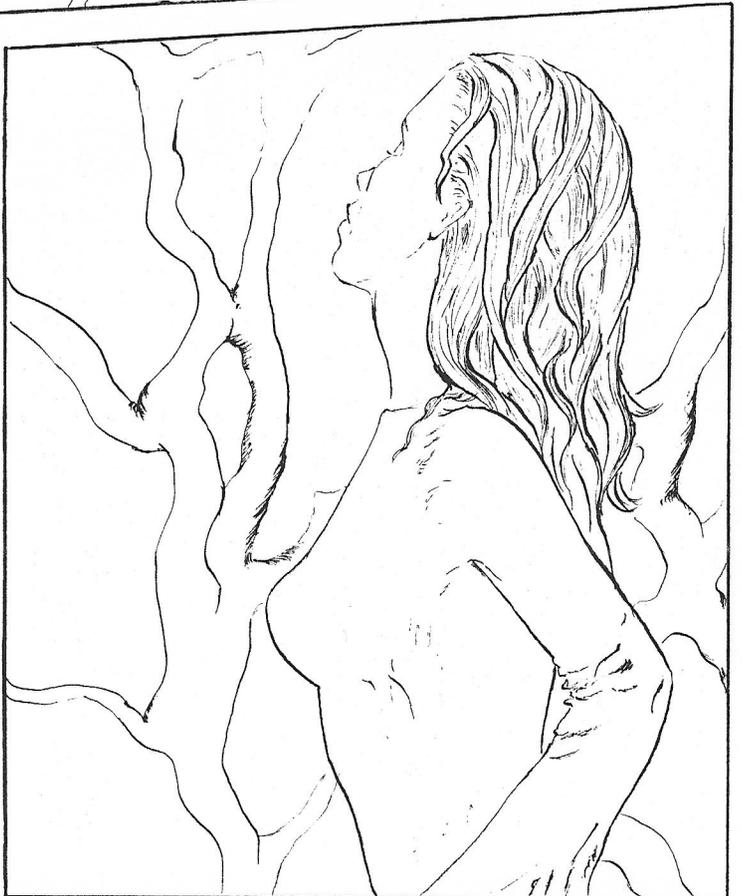


Musique.

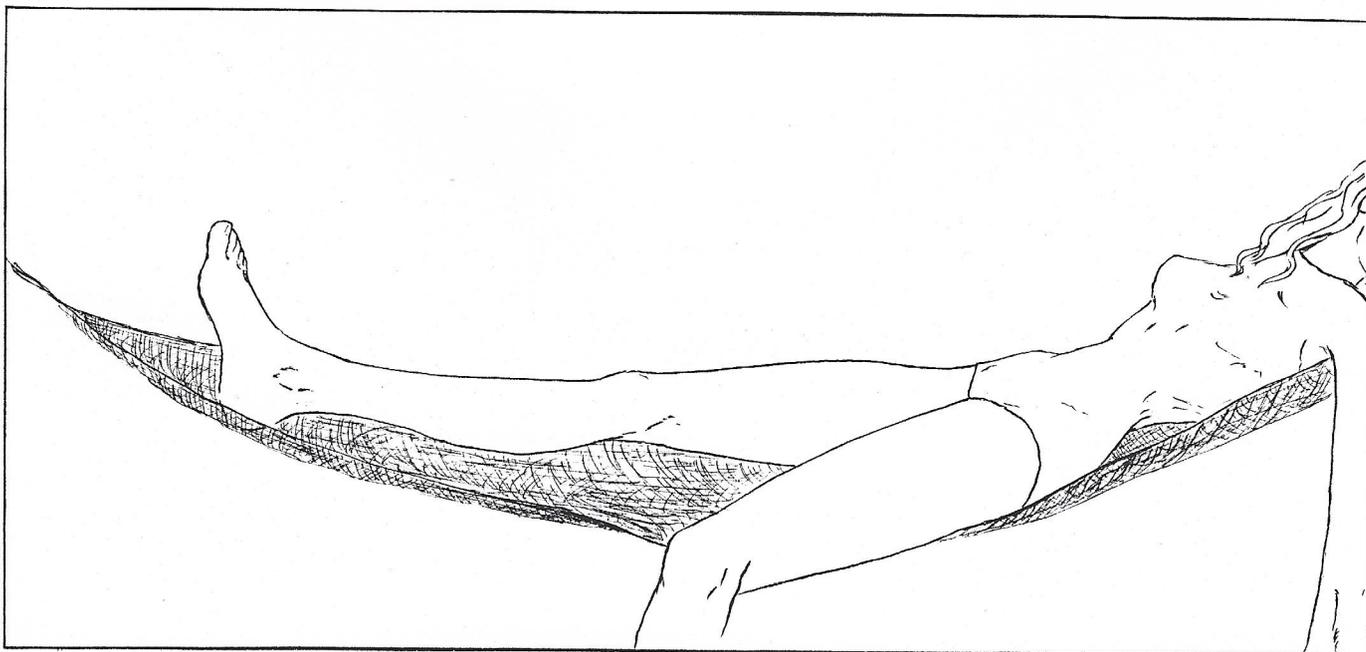
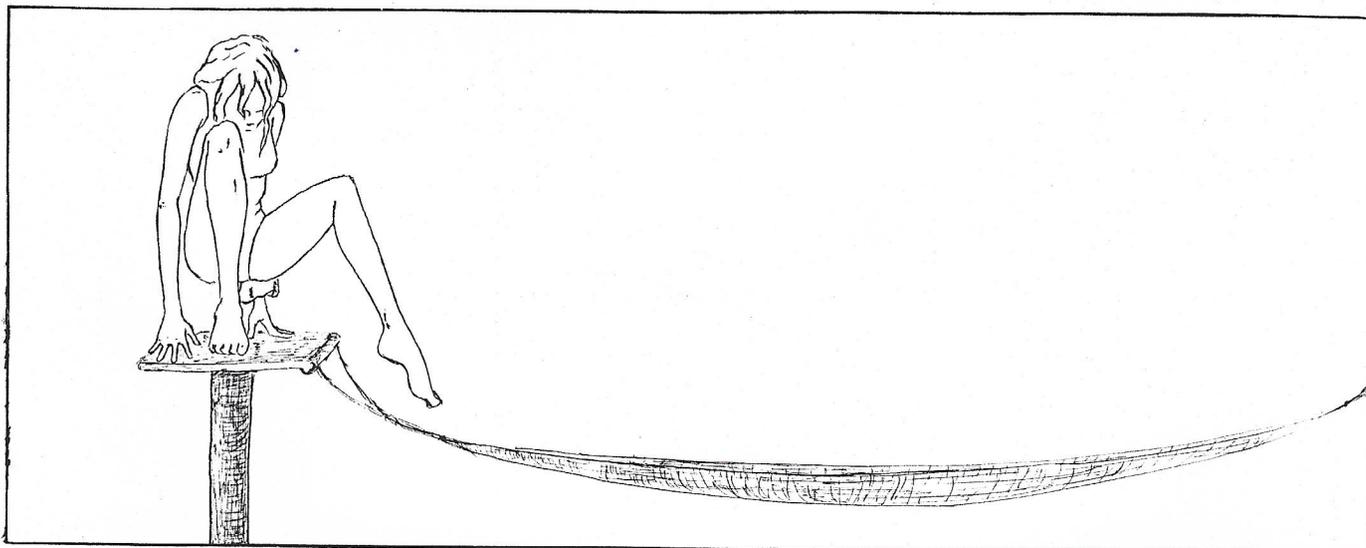
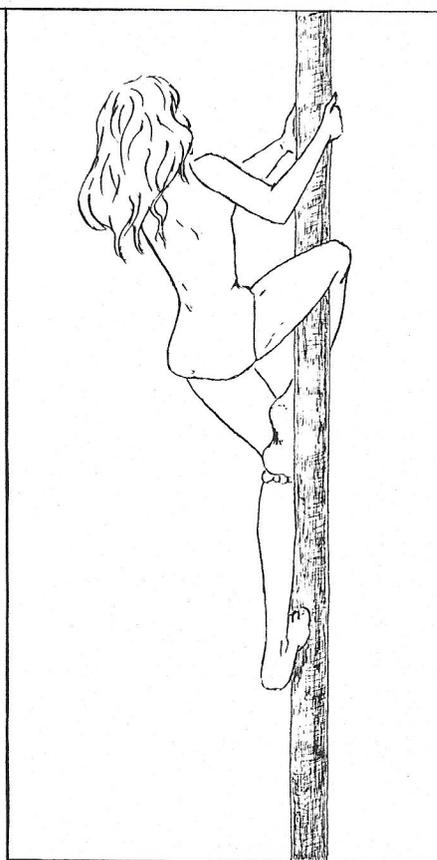
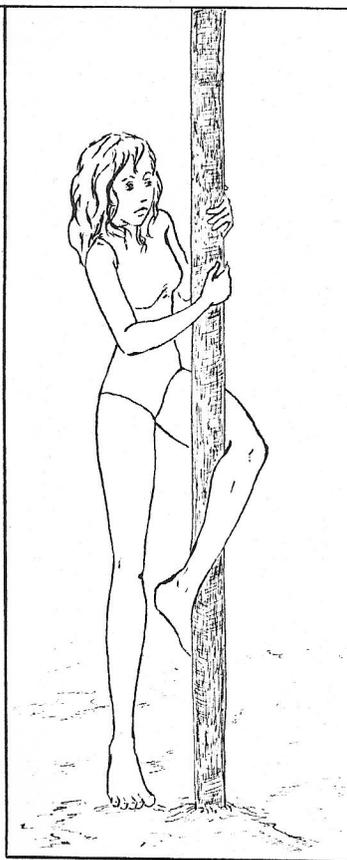
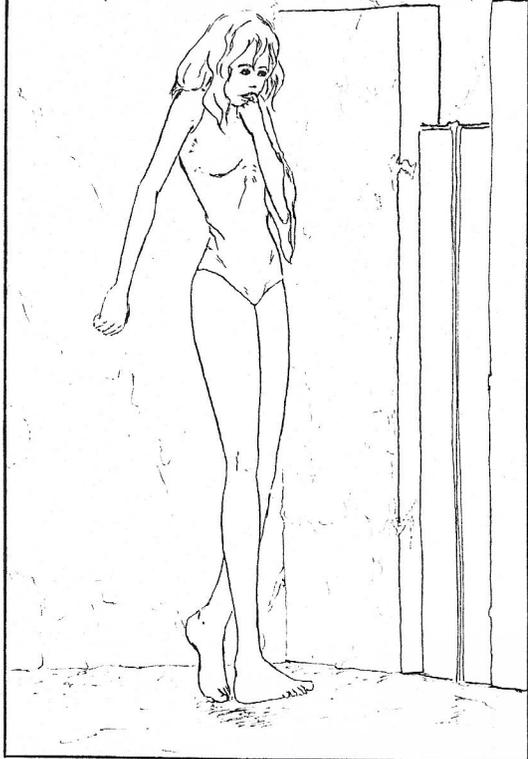




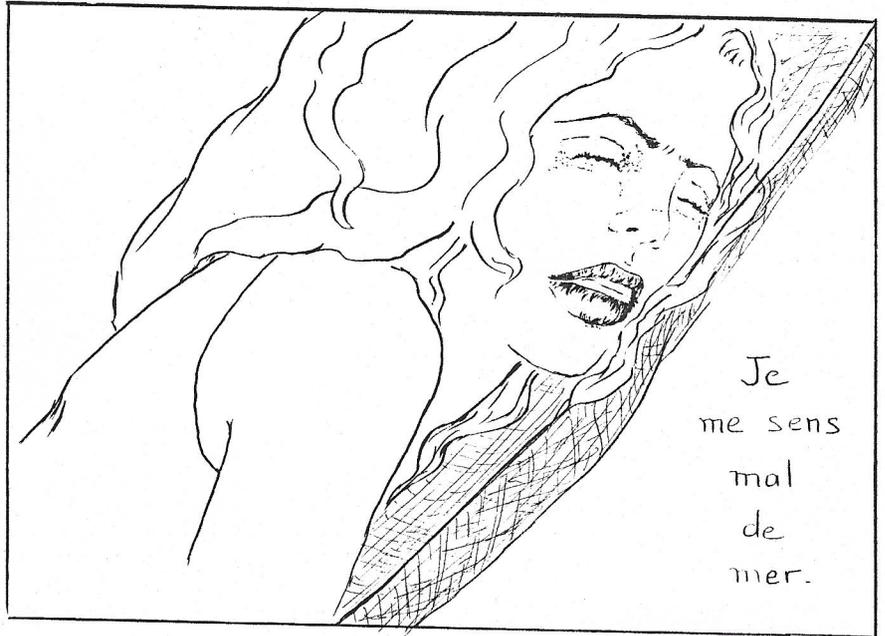
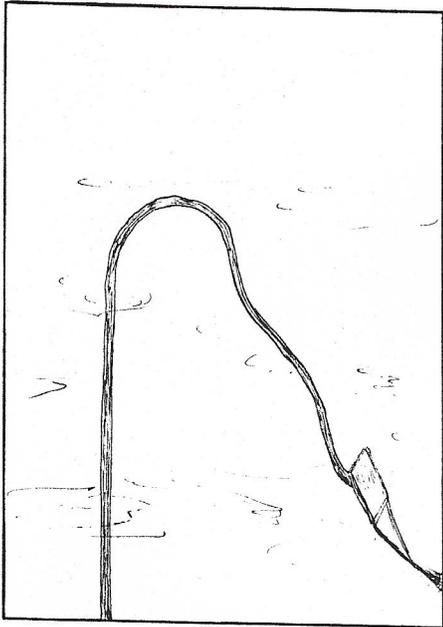
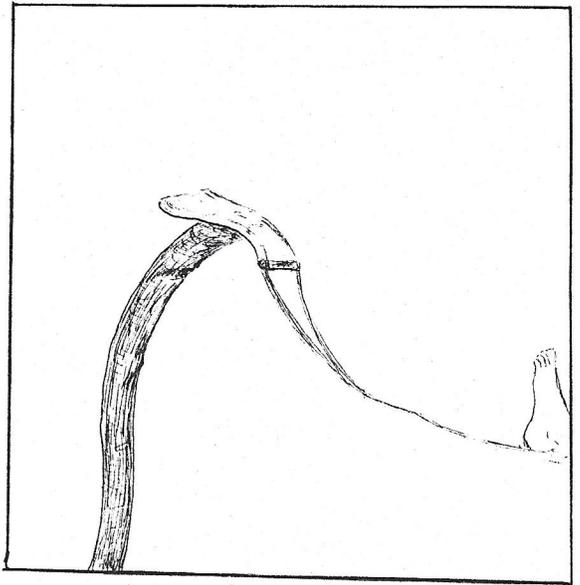
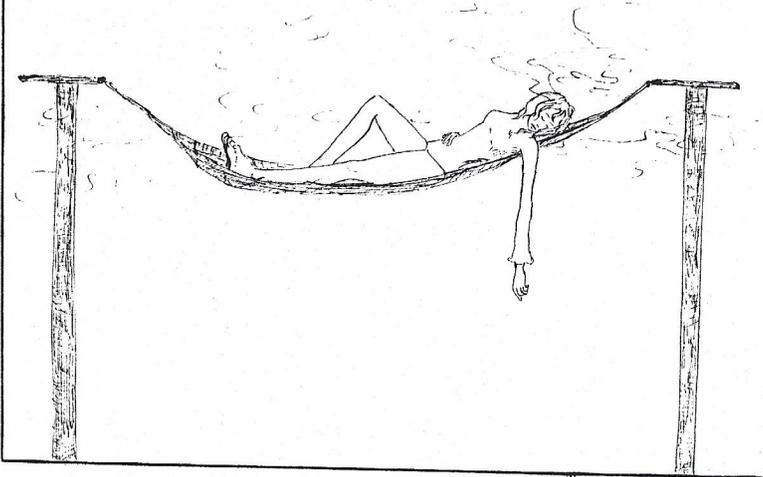
Les murs murs
sont les
meilleurs.



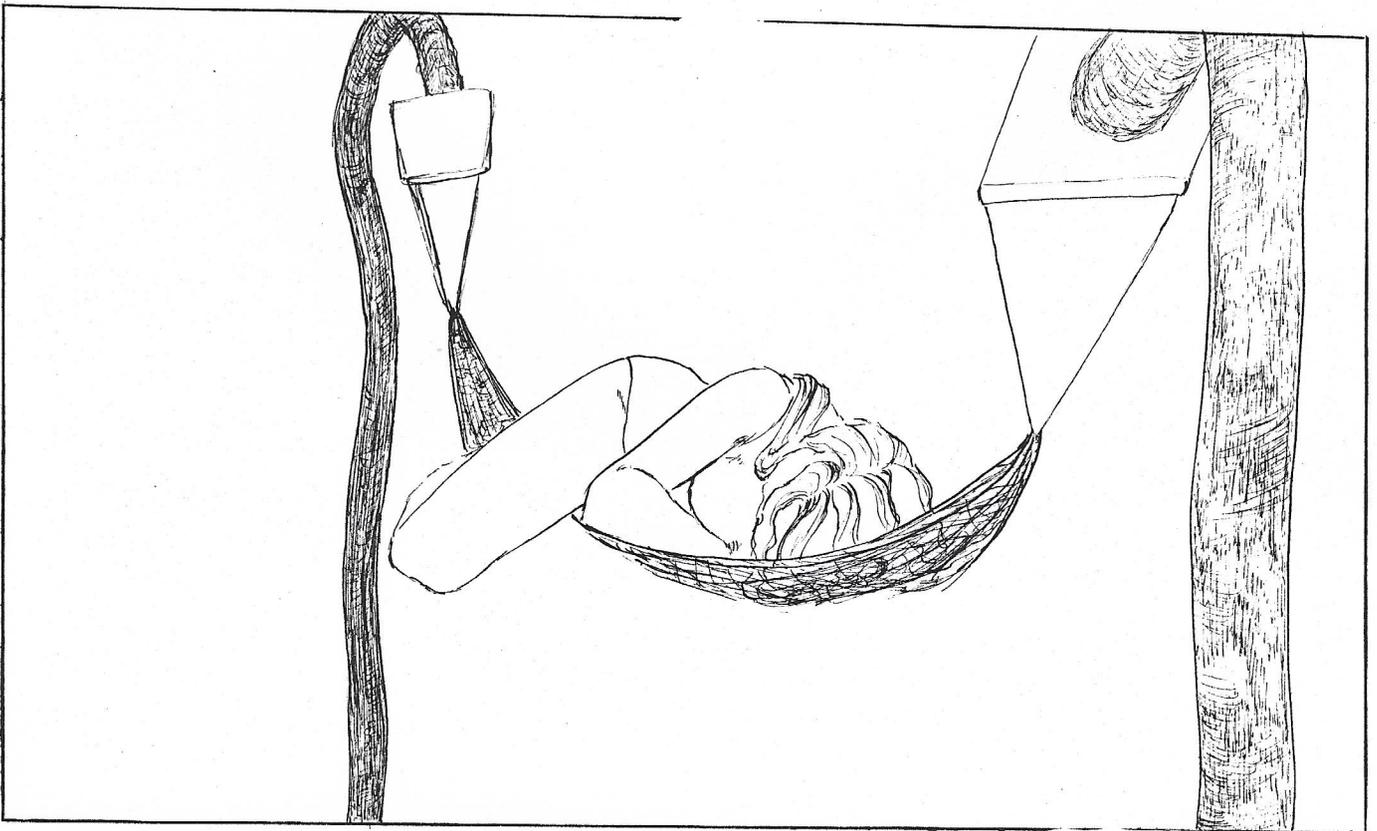
Je vais aller planer
un peu.

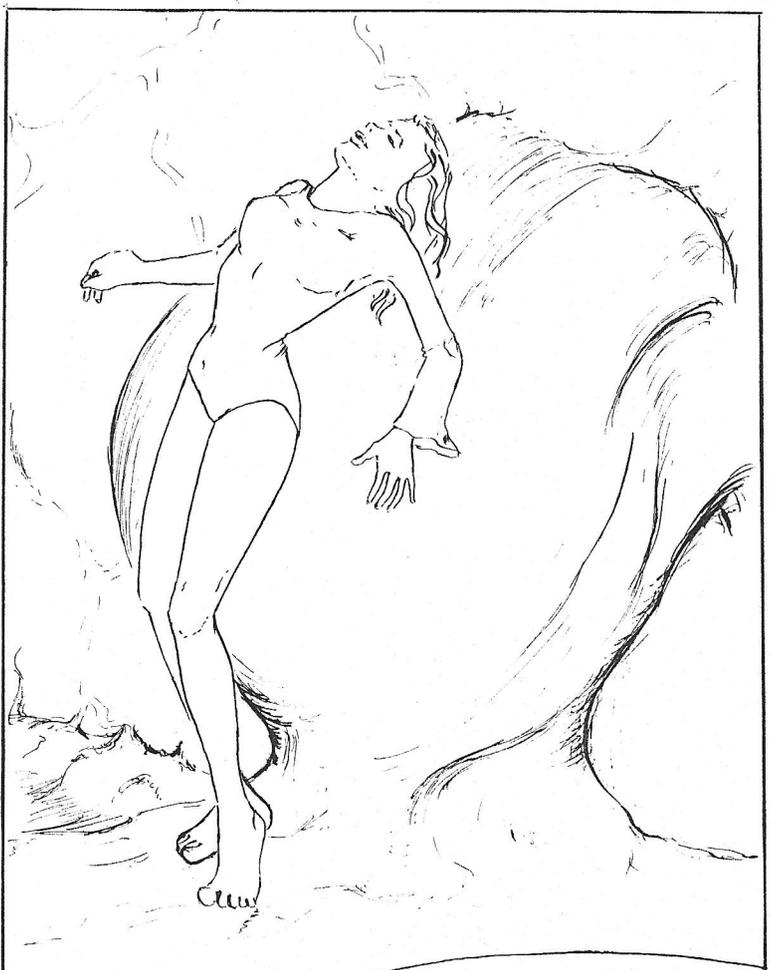
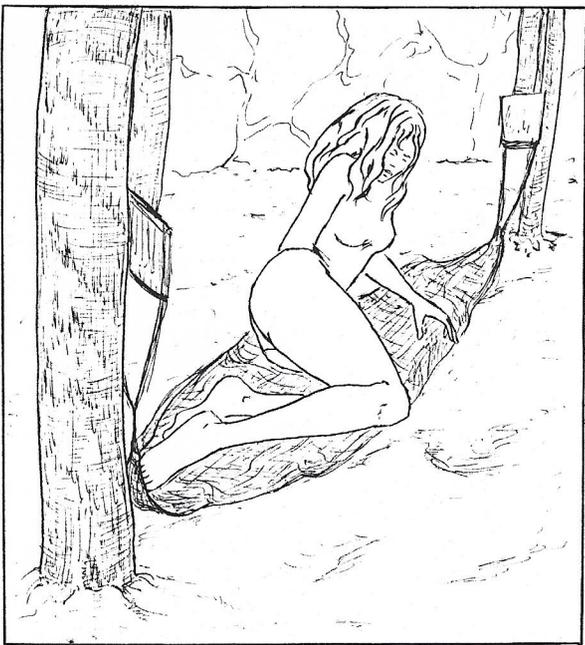


Ouah. Comme c'est bon aujourd'hui.



Je
me sens
mal
de
mer.

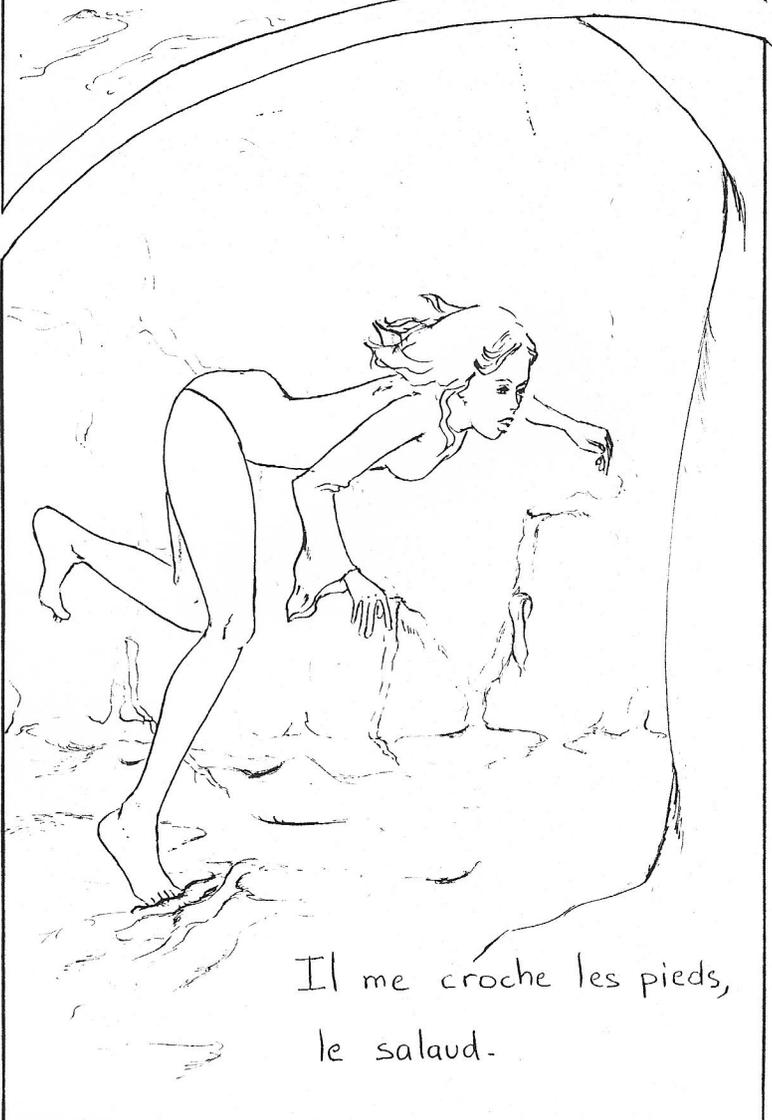




Mais ça va pas du tout
chez moi. Je ne
comprends rien.



Là, là, sol.
Ne veux-tu
plus me porter? Ne
sommes nous plus
accordés?



Il me croche les pieds,
le salaud.



Maison.
Tu ne
m'aimes
plus ?



