



"WE DON'T DO QUOTES"















念學飛母業



The Tyger

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or seas,
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand, dare seize, the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp,
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water-drops fell from their ears;
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?







REDEMPTION











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SAVAGE



SWEETHEART



LOOK
ME
IN
THE
EYE

STR









THIS IS COUNTERCULTURE
his is counterculture



THIS IS COUNTERCULTURE



THIS IS COUNTERCULTURE