

**oftentimes, to win us to our harm, The instruments of darkness tell us truths**

**For mine own good, All causes shall give way. I am in blood Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more**

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**She should have died hereafter. There would have been a time for such a word. Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow, Creeps in this petty pace from day to day**

**I have almost forgot the taste of fears**