

Verbatim

The world died in an instant of mediocrity. The world died and I ran to the bottle and hid. But my emotions swept over my state, and ate hungrily at my soul.

There are two important times in the life of a man: The Moment, and The Resolution. I don't recall the moment that

doubt

began, but the resolution was marked in pain and streams of useless tears.

And so I ask myself,

what am i to do now ?

The only thing I was is gone.

Who am I?

Not only am I a BAd actor,

unable to reach my dreams but,

I am an actor devoid of a concept of self.

I Was Just MurDered of everything I was

and am now left to build myself,

sans motivation to do so.

The mind floats to suicide, the final escape. The death of everything that used to keep my mind on, somehow, carrying on. but now I have experienced the state of death.

Save me from a slow, metallic death. You are all I live for
Anna.

I Hate all else.

Friends are good but they fail to fulfill my reason for
continued life. You are my only, my Savior. I can't live,
oh so horribly literally, without you.