

● My final thoughts on paper

This wasn't the result of me snapping. Well maybe it was. But not like "You know what, [REDACTED] it I'LL KILL EVERYONE." It was more of a several month snap. Slow and steady. This was the result of my own issues; mental instability, depression, frustration, sexual isolation. I know I shouldn't complain. I've got a comfortable place to sleep. Warm food.

lin too
lazy to look
words up

But the fact that a field of nothingness and unconsciousness awaits ~~me~~ me if I put a 12 gauge shell in my brain is appealing. But know this, this wasn't a result of media brainwashing and subliminal messages. This is my own doing. I'm a sociopath. I want to hurt people. Maybe a part of this is also the fact that a life lived in infamy is better than just another nobody. This is not anyone's fault but mine. Mine. If my self esteem was at a point other than negative and I grew a pair to actually get myself laid, maybe I'd be alive now. I'm in my happy place. I'm in my happy place. I'm in my happy place.