

Between The Buried And Me, Mordecai

[Day one] Asleep mid-sentence- the words fell apart. No one is listening anyway. This day will soon turn black and my "wants and needs" will spill on my burning ashes. I learned to be selfish today...I learned to be alive. These things I care for are for my personal gain and my person happiness only. Why should I sit in your chairs and satisfy your standards. I've done it all before and I've confused myself a thousand times. The tragic day that I call morality just doesn't do it for me anymore. No more choices, just standing in the cold. The day will turn black and I will have either lived or died. Asleep mid-sentence- my words fall to the ground. Swept into this dreamland. Economic satisfaction, never succeed. But happiness has its place. Justice will not lie in your corner. New day towards death, only compassion for my own needs make my need necessary.

[Day two] Throw myself in the corner; I have nothing to complain about here. A tragic day seems too peaceful to most, spoiled ambitious turned my heart to black. I'm figuring out this realization process- the process to never look upon bitter ground. Living dreams, loving dreams, awakening to what I've always dreamt of. The familiar sound of lovely love from the love of my life will keep the notes coming. From the reciting of the show, from the plip and the shevanel, from the grind that annoys, and the season they hate...forever I worship. I'll kill, love, and hate for all of you. Thank you for the best part of my life.