

Project Pf, Choose Life

Choose life. Choose a job. Choose a career. Choose a family.
Choose a fucking big television, choose washing machines,
cars, compact disc players and electrical tin openers.
Choose good health, low cholesterol and dental insurance.
Choose fixed-interest mortgage repayments. Choose a starter
home. Choose your friends.

Choose leisurewear and matching luggage.

Choose a three-piece suite on hire purchase in a range of fucking fabrics.

Choose DIY and wondering who the fuck you are on a Sunday morning.

Choose sitting on that couch watching mind-numbing,
spirit-crushing game shows, stuffing fucking junk food into your mouth.

Choose rotting away at the end of it all,

pissing your last in a miserable home,

nothing more than an embarrassment to the selfish, fucked-up brats you have spawned to replace

Choose your future. Choose life.

But why would I want to do a thing like that?

I chose not to choose life: I chose something else. And the reasons? There are no reasons.

Who needs reasons when you've got Heroin?