Just another jazzy day on the road to the nowhere I spend 1/3 of my life. 🎵Livin' la vida loca 🎤
I DON'T really care about life, but I'm too afraid to die so... here I am.

Sitting behind 2,000 pounds of steel that's moving 70 miles per hour, not fully awake because ambien makes me drowsy...

The bumps on the road keep me awake. They don't want me to die.
I've never really believed in God or Science, history, literature... Especially not math. Maybe I have trust issues, but there's always been a tightness in my gut that we're all being lied to. I think people are extraordinary and should believe in themselves or each other before the bigotry, outdated expectations enforced on them by those with wealth, connections, power, and empty, greedy nothingness it takes to exploit an entire species' ability to be remarkably unique, yet translucently uniform in perceptive consciousness.

Our own perceptions and emotions are the strongest attributes in our quest to reach a higher state of existence, but they're being dulled by our society, manipulated by our overlords, rejected by the people we live to die for, and all the while someone is making money every time we take a breath. We're the cattle, we're the rats. We are our own enemy and it's tragically beautiful to be a human...
Tell me again why we can't tell them they're all just slaves?

Because if they knew who the real enemy was, then they wouldn't kill themselves or each other.
Yeah, they sure do love killing each other...

I just wish I didn't have to exist anymore. I want to be space dust again. An ameoba. A tapeworm... anything but this.
Are You Afraid?
No.
Imagine, or try to
at least, 3 places where
you feel that you could never
be harmed.

Are You There
???

Good. Now count
ten, then open up
your eyes.

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