what a day my love, today all my thoughts was about my dam mistake, like always, thinking in things that i cant change, thinking in my mistakes in my stupidity in my error, thinking and thinking how bad im was, i cant do it anymore, i want to kill myself i want to take my live, i cant handle anymorye, i need my dope, love, i need my weed, to survive, if not how, i just think in my error, i wake up and think in my mistakes think and think always my think there it is present, i cant handle anymore, i cant i cant, maybe if i kill myself, another live will be better, but i know that i cant die forever, i just want to disappear from here, i want to get our of this place, i want to kill my self i want to take my life, i see everybody and see how they judge and how cannot ? im scoria, im just a peace of shit, in a beautifull world, i cant handle i need to kill myselft maybe, tomorrow, maybe some day maybe one day, but it will be, the mistake are taking over me, the bad things, the bad feellings, my heart is beating so hard, and to desesperate, i cant i cant, what a problem, whit no solution, how it can be, how im was so stupid, so brainless, just a thing i need to know how every body can comunicate their ideas, how every body can share their life, how they can share their emotion their imagination with someone else, thats the real meaning of life, thats how life works, thats how the life can exists, thats how life can be, thats how life can exists whit our of doubt, if you can share your fellings your mind, your imagination with someone else, you can know the meaning of life, if you can share your reality with someone else, thats the real meaning of all of this, i just need my dope, i just need my cannabis, i need to enter in the meaning of live, i need the real thing of myself, use drugs to forget all my badthings and be just fine, know that every body make me this, know that every body put things in my head, whit their metaphors, whit the hablitiy of them of making myself thinking in bad things, in negative things, things that make my reality to sad, why, why they do that to me, i was someone happy i was someone who want teach and learn, and today i just cant, i feel hate for every one, my day is a battle in my head, my day is a fucking shit, i pass all of it reading and watching post on instangram because i cant handle bymyself, i fell like a shit, and how cant i was misspending all my beutifull young time, i was watching porn since i was a child, when a cousin leave his phone in my house an a internet tab was open, i was 7 or 6 when i saw the firts shit, then always was a dam downfall i saw, my classmate partners show me how to search, my street friend, show me games about it, and i never talk to this shit whit anyone, i just pretend that everything was allright how i can life whit i life that everytime i see my memories i see pain and wasting time, and overall i feel that everything could have been different, onliest if my parents would have told me the truth obout their habilities, i didnt want money, i didnt want friends, i just want to be in a place, feel part of something, feel that i can connect with someone, feel that i can match my thought with someone, feel that words are nothing, feel that real thing is mental matching, but all is my fault, for no believe in myself, for no searching, all is my error, all of this shit was my mistake, for no seek knowledge for been a stupid, for made to many mistakes, for no question myself, and specially for been a fool.

your mom always have been programing you, to be a fool with her teaching, with her deficiency of sharing her wisdom