

It's indescribable to explain how I feel; It's as if another entity is telling me it's time to go, like it just hits you inside. I don't even know what state of mind you could classify me as right now. It's as if the ghost squad is calling me back, telling me to get out of here. As each night passes I grow more and more desensitized to dying and only embrace it more and more. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't any form of "nervous", but for once in my 24 1/2 years of life, it's very minimal. You know the stages: 1) Denial 2) Anger 3) Bargaining 4) Fear 5) Acceptance

At least that's what it was on the Simpsons.

I could sit here and go "what if?" for hours but I won't do that. Everything came together at the proper times and when it was destined to. Either way, it eventually ended up bringing me to the person I am today. People can dwell on my decision all they want but it won't change anything. It was destined to happen from the very instant I started breathing back in 1992. Some of you may even die in the same fashion.

All I care about for my fans is that I made a difference in your lives from 2008-2017. I could care less if you hate my guts, I did what I had to do and unfortunately for you, you got left behind.

-AB