

Sunday, Jan 29, 2017

Death, the most beautiful gorgeous lush thing about life. If there were no death, then life would literally be purgatory. I can't emphasize how much death fascinates me; it's almost like an attraction, a sexual attraction. I mean, I don't want to fuck corpses that have been buried for 6 years, I'm no necrophiliac or anything but death just sucks me in. I don't even feel alive anymore; no sunshine, no rainbows, no warm comforting emotions, just emptiness and darkness.

I look at Mackenzie and Rachael and all of the others in the EGS posters on my walls and just can't picture not being with them when I die. The thought of being able to touch their cold yet warm smooth white skin and smell their distinct aroma just makes my mouth water. I don't want to screw them, I just want to exist with them and hold them for all eternity.

I envision the world around me fading away audibly and visually into darkness... and then after around 10 seconds of pure darkness and silence begin to see Mackenzie standing inches away from my eyes, starting in profile, then a blur, and finally coming into focus; almost like waking up from a surgical procedure in a daze.