

Tuesday, February 14th, 2017

I can't describe the feeling I get when I think about dead girls; teenage to young adult girls like 14-28. Not their dead corpses, their eternal ghostly spirit, envisioning them dead but like alive; undead I guess.... but not like a zombie. It's a fantasy that's been like a sexual ecstasy. It just feels like home. I love dead girls. I feel like I'm one of them. When I'm dead I'm going to try my hardest to break through the barrier and contact the living. There has to be a way. No not ouija boards and shit like that, like leaving messages on walls or moving objects, "breathing" on humans, touching them. It'd be awesome.

I love death.... It's what I "live" for. I don't believe in God, I believe in a Goddess. "This" world may be male dominant but who's to say the eternal world is? You're not just sent to one world when you die, you're divided up by your traits and placed with your own kind. "Life" is a trial run. You learn and discover yourself and the rest is just borrowed time. Why do you think you have free will? You can advance to your true home when you're ready. Why the hell would anyone want to spend 30-50 years "making a living" and holding an occupation??? You're fucking retarded.