

I could totally pull it off but dying in there would be lame. I'd rather die surrounded by what I love and at my own pace, not having to be up against the clock knowing cops are coming. But man... I want blood to spill in that facility... TERRIBLY... Someone needs to shoot up that and the Dallas store. I'd do it but people would take me out, guarantee it.

I can at least fantasize about it... but damn... the urge gets stronger by the night... It'd be a gimme; no one could stop me on night shifts. No one would even see it coming. FUCK... I want to do it so bad! There's virtually no way I can shoot my co-workers, run to the car, get home, and die on my bedroom floor... It's not "impossible" but I'm not risking it. I should just take the sure thing; plus it'd be easier. I can dream...

Holding that shotgun in my hands feels so fucking amazing. My brother says "guns are stupid"; let's see how stupid they are when you're staring at a barrel an inch away from your face.