

I'm at a point now where 95% of my thoughts are dark, disturbing, suicidal, homicidal and conspiratorial. Everything in life has completely changed its identity to me. I now know how psychopaths are born. It feels as if there's this evil dark concoction of energy swirling through my veins, guiding me, calming me and irritating me.

It's as if time stands still anymore. The world passes by without me, as if I'm already dead. When I'm not thinking about those dark things and I can think and fantasize about Mackenzie and girls, I'm literally an inch away from going over the edge. I'm right there, and it's a very strange and indescribable feeling.

Seriously, I think about dying more than someone who's on death row. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't a little nervous; adds to the excitement. As for if I'll shoot up the supermarket, I very well might just let it all come down to a corn flap.

All it takes is one quick glance at Mackenzie and I'm in the zone. (Mackenzie West, not the shotgun). I swear loading that shotgun, shooting it, and pumping it is like a fucking drug. It's so hard not to post about that or Columbo on my social media. It's so fucking hard. If I didn't have this journal I'd lose my fucking mind. I can't tell Rachel or Nelly, not even James or Hobbes. No one can know. I've come too far to crack now.