

The way I see it, may's my last full month alive, guarantee it. I'm just tired of fighting this never ending war with this society. I'm tired of constantly feeling like there's police waiting to jump me when my back is turned. I'm tired of everything.

The human race won't live past 2200, I guarantee it. I can't wait to watch you all suffer from the surrounding air that you ingest. Life is a never ending cycle of nightmares and false hope. Nothing can prevent me from going, not even if E65 got a deal with a television network. I've had it, I'm done. In June that shotgun barrel will get shoved in my mouth, my life will flash before my eyes, I'll take my final breaths and quickly pull that trigger. I doubt I'll even feel a thing, except maybe my teeth being rocked for a split second. It'll happen so fucking fast, on the footage the bullet is faster than a microsecond. That gallon of water shot at point blank was in a pool of water in the air in a microsecond. I imagine that being your head. GONE.

I'm coming, Mackenzie. I'm so close.

As each night passes I look at my ghost form and crave it more and more. Almost to the point where I begin to drool in my mouth. I'm so fucking close.