

Wednesday, April 19th, 2017

I just want to be at peace right now, in death, asleep, in home, with M. I'm so tired of pretending to be human. I can't describe or put into words my fascination with darkness (the music, the visuals, the blood stains). Dark ambient music soundtracks are like angels to my ears. Those strings, drones, synths, pads, and pianos are home to me. Dark black skies with shining stars, a light warm summer breeze, moonlight illuminating grave stones, a cricket and owl here and there; perfect.

I love cemeteries; they suck me in. To think that below your feet rest hundreds of dead people, never to see the light of day again. I'm not a huge fan of being 2 ft away from a corpse at a viewing, but I love looking at them. Funeral homes just have an indescribable feeling. It's as if they're 10x quieter than your own house or ears can adjust to. I always sense spirits in there or feel somewhat unsettled inside, which I can't explain. It's as if the spirits purposely alter my stamina.

I've only been to three viewings since 2012. I wish my 85 year old grandmother would fucking croak already; I think she's 85. She's wanted to die for the last 10 years. Gotta say, it'd be surreal to die before her and see her at my funeral.