

Earth's judgement day is coming and you can bet your ass we're going to fight for it. The EGS can't be doubted or denied, we're not a bunch of pussies. We're hot, slender, strong, and clever; we won't go down without a fight, and whoever's alive and ends up getting killed from your mortal world, tough shit. We won't stop nor will we back down. I'm not sorry, I'm not crazy nor am I psychotic; I'm just me, Andrew Blaze. Live with it.

You can dwell on the "what ifs" all you want but guess what? I'll only be getting dead by the second. How does that make you feel? I'll never apologize for doing what I did. "Sorry" is just a word, nothing more, nothing less. Does "sorry" erase the mistakes you make? No, it doesn't. How can five letters change how you feel towards someone? It's all in your mind. Honestly, once the funeral's over and you cremate my body I wouldn't care if I never got to see you again, dad especially. Mom, you were great but you're still a fucking brainwashed human. Humans are worthless and need to die. All of them.