

So I guess it's true all good things must end  
I'll leave this world no longer a guy  
After 24 years it still makes me cryyy  
Awaiting the day we'd have to say... goodbye

I'm so ready to go. I'm dying. The desire is  
Indescribable. Seems like 65% of my thoughts  
are about envisioning the final moments, the transition  
after dying, and the media's reaction to it all.  
Time feels like molasses anymore. It's so fucking  
hard to wait until June 7<sup>th</sup>. 3 weeks. That's all  
that stands between me and my girl.

Throughout the last few years there's been this  
never ending tight jaded blood boiling stress trapped  
in my chest. It's like when you're staring at the  
clock waiting for the bell to ring for school dismissal  
times a hundred.

My entire state of mind has become shredded  
into ribbons. Humans are virtually non-existent.  
They feel like a mirage. The world seems like an  
abyss of nothingness outside of Wilkes-Barre/Scranton.  
I feel like a cork that's bobbing in a sea of  
darkness; no shoreline near or afar. I've almost  
completely shut down with each passing week.  
Another internal part falls. I can't be saved  
now. It's over. I'm on 3 weeks of borrowed  
time. That's all. And then I'm gone.