

Words cannot remotely describe fucking  
pen died, THANKS ASSHOLE! Eh, this ones  
better anyway. Words cannot remotely  
describe how much anger and hatred exists  
in my soul. You're not born into the world this  
way, your soul is born that way. This  
world doesn't make you who you are, you've  
been yourself all along (in another dimension;  
your true home). Life on Earth is a mission  
and a punishment. When you're sent here  
(to Earth) your mind is wiped clean. As of  
right now I still can't remember the dimension's  
name where the EGS exist; 24 1/4 years  
and I can't remember yet.... nor will I  
probably ever until I die at year's end.

Everyone on Earth is either A) From an  
eternal squad here on a mission B) Randomly  
generated "fake" humans who just take  
up space, or C) Normal people who will  
never be recruited to eternal squads  
and will completely vanish from existence  
after death, seeing blackness for all of  
eternity unaware that they lived and died  
and no longer exist.