

Something today reminded me of that one thing in my brain i can never chase out. Sadness. That im never good enough for anyone. It seems wherever i go no one supports my journey of life. They all hate me. God wants me when he wants me. When i die. I die. But i wont try to any time soon. I just have to sit and bare the endless flame of hatred and bullying when i cry out for help. They say i should kill myself and to stop venting. I am the problem. Its me. Its all my fault. Im gonna die alone, arent i?