"I get lonely sometimes, and it's more than just something that I feel. When I was a kid, we had this game we played in school — you know, where you'd make a wish and then count down from 10 while putting your fingers on the other person's hands. You know how it goes: "1-2-3-4-5 … 10! What do you want to wish for? ____ How long will these feelings last? ____." Sometimes when I'm on the verge of falling asleep at night after coming home from work or school, or waking up in the morning before my alarm goes off for work or school, it feels like I'm not really here. Like I'm not real, or I have no purpose in life. But what it comes down to is that I can't remember my working day very well, because I tend to pass out when the fatigue creeps up on me. Sometimes this is in the form of a panic attack when my mind enters its own little world and it's in there that all the bad things start happening. It feels like when you're asleep, but when you wake up you can't remember what happened before your sleep state. This happens to me daily when the moments are too long for me to stay asleep, which are enjoyable enjoyable moments. It's true what they say... "Don't let your pain become your enemy. Let your pain guide you." ~Thom Yorke on "Ichor" from "The Eraser" It's been a peaceful day, but I feel like I can't get to sleep. Maybe it's because of the rain outside. It's been raining on and off all night, and it feels nice outside. But when I wake up from a nap or a nap that lasts longer than 15 minutes, my arms and legs are always sore. Like I did something best that I know for sure is bad for me. I want to scream it out, but I don't because I know that I'm just making things worse. I'm not looking for much anymore. I'm at the point where I don't even know if life is worth living anymore. What's the point of getting up in the morning? "Hey baby, wanna go to work?" Today has been a bit of an ordeal. It was supposed to be nice outside today, but instead it's raining like crazy outside. But it's still beautiful, so what's the problem? The problem is that you can see your breath coming out of your mouth when you walk outside. No wonder I can't sleep at night, because I work at night. It's not like I'm bad at my job or anything, but sometimes it just gets to me. Much like the song "I'm A Cuckoo" by Bjork, I think that it's just me being paranoid about things that have nothing to do with the way that I feel. A lot of these emotions are based off of things that I've read on the internet, or some things that people have said to me over the years. Maybe my mind is some kind of weird paradox or something? For instance, some people have told me before that they don't understand why some people are so angry all the time.

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