

Samuel is nothing

Expressing exploding energy of love burning hot red coals of sub atomic catastrophic dimension absorbent infinity destruction with my ambitious forgetful fuck up square in a tesseract of a quantum hole that never fits and sits in this over driven machine head of an engine combusting nonsense for no one. Hope is always there and gets ripped apart and shit on while all the angry faces laugh and point and stare at this poor soul in the center of an arena so the world my conger up a million reasons and ways why Samuel is a loser and pathetic among all aspects of how a human could possibly exist. Samuel is living a delusion that thinks he is special and does things different because of his love for the universe but people talk and say to him that he sucks while the pound on him with happy Hollywood faces with there static TV's and commercials playing and electricity shocks and bounds his body to wretched ground. Dogs come by to piss on his rotting lifeless corpse while all the rats eat what's left of this sorry human of a man. Living his life in a dream, he trucks forward working hard on his randomness and nonsense thinking that maybe it will give something else to the cruel world that rips his hopes and dreams everyday. "My art and music is wonderful and amazing!" he says while his own friends gossip and elaborate in great detail how crazy and useless he is to everyone and his simple society he thinks needs enlightenment. Samuel needs to be enlightened and needs to wake up out of this synthetic fake world he built around his ungodly stench of existence. "have a wonderful everything!" he says again while everyone rolls there eyes and turn there backs while they load the rifles to put this ill being back to another hell in another place so he can reincarnate as something as less than this earthling person that thinks he is some kind of rare drug. Kill his pointless ideas with your normal routine super powers and ignite your 9-5 flint torches to burn Samuel out of his biological format that he never disserved to have. Kills this peace of shit and rid his despicable disgusting embarrassing effort to try to make this world a little more interesting. Grab your razor blades, knives, scalps, needles, hammers, and any other tool to dismember this particular Thing called "Sams sad world". Dynamite and any other weapon or military kitchen supply will do fine, while we gather and sacrifice Samuel to the gods of black voided pain into the abyss of foul despair.

It just does not seem like its worth it sometimes. My passion and hope is always strong and most of the time gets crushed by this agonizing disappointment. Someone told me once that you should hope for the best and

expect the worst, but I think that is just idealistic. We really can't help how we feel. There are so many people online that I feel compelled to talk to and meet. Ever since I was young I loved to be around anyone new. Somehow I always managed to get spit on or made fun of regardless how much I continued to push my love for everything. To this very day I have so much love and I don't ever know where to put it. Pathetically I spend hours scanning Myspace to find someone local that I can share with. Maybe another artist that will have some of the same points of views will notice me. Many wonderful letters I will write and countless pieces of art I will make for these random girls in hope that someone will notice my ambition for abstract complication and intense emotion. Here and there I will find a person or two who might catch a glimpse at my driving burning force, but I always end up alone and in pain. Even though I realize how cliché this all must sound, but I don't really care because my writing, music and art is all I have to vent these unsettling emotions that make me want to go to Wal-Mart and buy a shotgun to put me out of my misery. If my family did not love me so much, I would have took myself out a long time ago. Here is a list of videos of my poor attempt to make a new friend.