Letter to someone with doubt

Whats the fucking point in doing anything if you know at some point you will crash and burn. Even when I feel happy I know that very soon darkness will come upon me. Like a swarm of bloodsucking insects the rage of evil and disgust will consume my soul so I will be thrown in a pit of hell. All my ideas are a bunch of shit and I know that I am pretending to be something I am not. Samuel thinks he can change the world with his "special" creation, but everyone know when I do is a bunch of crazy sounding noise. Even if for some reason I may seem like my life has some meaning, it always is made clear to me by my peers that what I do is not solid. In my isolation I play make believe that I am a scientist onto something breakthrough, but all I am doing is throwing a fucking tea party/
You are right; I am wasting my time and thinking that creating my noise and ambience will get me somewhere. When you know I am just a sinking ship and I don't blame you from separating yourself from me. Don't call me or talk to me, because we both know now that we can't to do anything useful for each other because I will never be perfect. I was just some one less tolerable and that's why we hang out. Just leave me alone and let me rot away. I hope you forget about me and my useless world. And maybe once you admit you are wrong than perhaps these things will change. Friends are supposed to have fun and share ideas, not constantly criticize each other. One day maybe I will be as wise and all knowing as you. Good luck with your art and music.