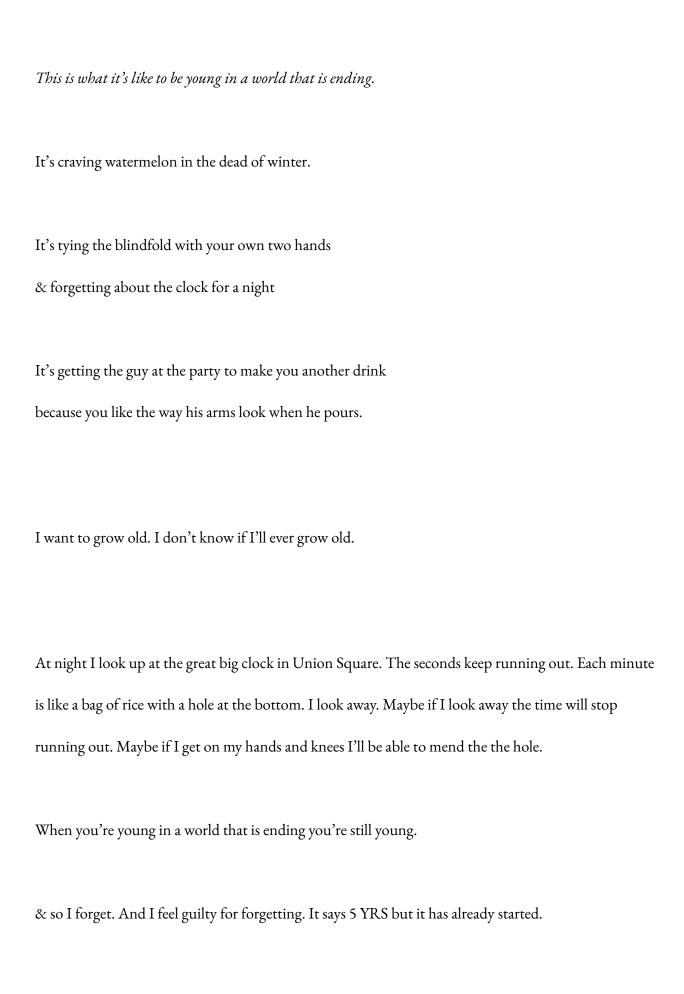
The world is ending, it's always ending.



It's not about us but it's all about us. If a tree falls in the woods, it still makes a sound even if no one is
around to hear it. Poetry doesn't mean a damn thing if no one is around to read it.
The world is what we make of it.
& maybe the world is better off without us. Maybe we ought to be expelled like a mean cold, coughed
and sweated out.
Dear Future, I hope you understand why I don't want to believe this.