

Everything done daily becomes a nuisance.

Unconsciousness is paradise; in religion, paradise is considered to be an infinite orgasm.

My whole life I've always felt this indescribable horror lurking in the shadows just watching waiting.

If even my own mother was set to be executed I'd just want it over and done with, if I was set to be executed, I'd attempt anything to stop it.

Existence itself is a prison, my body is the main vessel of this imprisonment that feels suffocating, others seem to be blissfully ignorant of their non-freedom, the walls of this prison are illusory structures and the void of death offering the only respite from this torment.

You're already in hell; all you can do is try to climb - there are pieces of heaven along the walls.

I've never met anyone whose company I didn't resent on some level.

Everyone's the hero of their own story.

Anything's better than being on the absolute bottom rung of society - the further down in the hierarchy you are, the more you'll be kicked by everyone else.

I'd rather talk with a psychopathic serial killer that can hold a decent conversation than some annoying hippy that never shuts the fuck up.

The best stories are the ones never told.

It's depressing knowing I'm just as evil as everyone else.

Almost nobody commits fully to living or dying despite it being preferable to commit completely to either extreme.

All memories are painful.

Time and freedom are such powerful concepts humans will never be able to comprehend them.

Boredom and silence are dangerous tools.

Be grateful to your enemies, they illuminate the worst parts of you.

How many years is reasonably long to wait to see if life will turn itself around, for a rational suicide?

The most human act is to make a mistake based on emotion.

We are all biased hypocrites.

Art is both easy and impossible to create.

Humans are a cancer on earth.

Everything in life is predetermined - free will is an illusion.

Whenever someone rebels against us, our first instinct is violence or to restrict their freedom.

Every victory in life boils down to luck.

We are a product of our parents - no wonder everyone's so fucked up.

And how could I ever forgive my parents for having me?

Could you imagine how much worse everything would be if things made sense?

Everyone suffers; everything suffers.

I'm grateful and disgusted at being alive.

A strange game, the only winning move is to not play.

The indifference of the stars and ocean calm the soul.

And how could I judge anyone for anything they've ever done?

Life marches on no matter how absurd or painful.

Aging is like a burning cigarette.

There's no limit to human cruelty or suffering.

Better to exist as a lower level of consciousness and it's best to have never existed; it's a wonder then, that we assume higher levels of consciousness would be a utopia.

Being alive is to exist in a perpetual state of drowning.

We act the worst to each other in a mob and the best while cooperating.

Everyday is the same but worse.

I truly know nothing about myself or the world

My parents are the root cause of all my problems.

Loyalty is a weakness.

The moment the weather cools and the days begin to slow down, my thoughts drive themselves to opioids' warm blanket.

Life is a transient illusion.

Every man is a scared little boy hidden under varying levels of masculinity and madness.

I cannot think of a better example of Plato's cave than screens.

It is impossible to predict the future or remember the past since it is always different from how we imagined.

Nothing is truly owned, everything's borrowed because we all die.

We are both filthy and we die filthy - true cleanliness isn't attainable by mortals.

Every act of aggression tolerated evolves into something more sinister.

Everything you experience and perceive is just an incredibly vivid hallucination based on very sparse and broadly interpreted data from our own senses.

Night-time gatherings with strangers consuming meaningless art.

Retardation and brilliance, 2 sides of the same coin.

To think how boring it must be in paradise.

God never talks or listens, but he does see.

Life is infinitely fucking boring and painful.

Confidence is repeated success.

People lost in addiction will keep to fight it, and the human spirit is so powerful it can learn to tolerate any misery, especially one as incrementally insidious as addiction.

How beautiful the world looks after being confined.

Dying is easy, everyone does it at some point in their lives.

Impossible to pass up that night-time serenity for an insomniac.

I was a people person before people ruined it.

Almost everyone wanted to make the world a better place; almost everyone makes it worse.

Depression is a vicious neverending cycle.

Anger, bargaining, depression, resentment, regret - the 5 stages of every day.

The quiet tranquility of the suburbs at night.

The more I learn about the world, the more I hate it.

Every charitable act is selfish at its core.

Everyone is tortured by insanity.

Existence is infinitely complex.

Everyone's trying to run from who they are.

Even a physical one's scars are not so painful as mental ones.

We're just ants that are sentient but still follow obvious non yielding patterns.

Life is a circus and we're all on stage, unwilling participants playing our part in the game.

There's always a "time to die" but never a "time to live".

Self esteem can be thought of as a form of currency.

I feel destined to waste my life.

I feel so gut wrenched at not being a teenager anymore.

Born to observe, not to experience.

Everything I do, I hate.

I once found a moment of relief - I've been cursing myself since.

The good are rarely remembered.

It's human nature to remain unsatisfied.

To those of us that dare venture into the unknown, will feel only soul crushing dread.

The demons you'll fight in this life are simply your competitors.

I seem like a monster sometimes, even to myself.

I only pretend to be human; I can only guess everyone else does too.

Only a retard could be a optimist.

As long as man should have to endure pain, he shall have the right to rid himself of it.

Nostalgia is a painful drug.

The insane almost never feel remorse, and when they do, I couldn't even imagine what they've done.

To be a nervous system controlled, flesh automaton driven by instinct and fear.

Everyone is a library of knowledge, ideas, and feelings bound by the prison of their body.

The cold isolating bitter feeling of death haunts me at night.

I've always hated hurting others, it hurts me inside to cause pain to anyone - probably the most glaring reason I'm not really human.

The most neutral state of thought is to think about how much better being dead is.

One day it will all be over, no matter what you've achieved or haven't achieved.

This world is nothing but shadows and light.

A death in the cold would be beautiful.

People disgust me and I fear them.

The infinite mercy of everything being destined to be forgotten.

Hell is cold.

The surest way to corrupt someone is to give them power.

It's harder to sympathize with someone I'm competing against.

I feel simultaneously as a 13 year old and a 60 year old man.

The sands of time conquer all.

The mountainous regret I feel in my chest is killing me constantly.

Power is never distributed evenly and the powerful are blinded while the powerless are silenced.

Reality will always be more horrifying than fiction.

Impossible to truly empathize.

If I was an animal suffering, I should have been put down years ago.
Existence is a limbo comprised entirely of boredom and pain.
I've never felt human.
The longer I live, the more convinced I am that I'm in hell.
The best way to help someone is to ignore them.
Nothing will ever happen except decay.
I don't feel like I'm living. All I feel is pain and regret.
It's always better to be alone.
Reality is an illusion.
I've never felt a deeper connection with anyone.
I fucking hate happy people.
There are monsters in the unseen.
Nobody deserves to exist.
Only the stars will understand you.
The only thing that scares me more than the demons is the evil that people are capable of.
it hurts to breathe from the loneliness.
Sex is such a disgusting act on every level; I hate anyone that's had sex.
Happy people disgust me.
Guilt and regret are the unavoidable byproduct of any life style.
Lying down listening to my heart beat because I have nothing else to do.
I feel ill from existing, I'll just passively consume and wander until my body collapses.
Being alive was a giant waste of time.
A horrible end is better than endless horror.
The more entertainment I have, the less I'm actually entertained.
A death in the snow would complete my soul.
Nothing is more satirical than reality.
World full of broken people.
Life is a painful illusory experience.
Nothing to ever fundamentally do besides survive.
Being alive is posion.
The elderly all possess some level of insanity.

Hell exists, heaven doesn't.

You only hate the game that you lose at.

All activities devolve into monotony.

Apathy and depression erode the soul; loneliness devours the soul.

Sanity is a spectrum.

Night-time is where the monsters live.

Being alive is so painful, it's impossible to criticize anyone for their vices.

Alcohol is one of the most insidious vices, it being socially accepted is a testament to how horrible being alive is; we'd go crazy without it, like the religious fanatics.

The truth is usually very ugly.

How can a man spend a lifetime trying to succeed and still fail?

Loneliness and regret haunt me at night.

Every day I find another reason to never have kids.

I fucking hate retarded violent people so much. I hate how everyone's subservient to them because they're capable of uncompassionate violence. There's so many evil people around me every time I go outside.

I feel physically ill from myself sometimes.

No adult can be innocent.

Food tastes different when you're depressed.

Every tragic victory leads to an inevitable defeat.

Sleep is the tether that stops us from slipping into insanity.

Everyone believes their life was the worst from their own perspective.

Have I even met myself?

Life has no real inherent value.

Everyone here is fighting for their lives facing all kinds of darkness.

Nothing to live for, nothing to die for.

Been searching all my life for the words to express myself.

Modern life is poisonous, especially to the soul.

Writing is painful, like mental hemorrhoids.

To explain life's complexity is to cage the wind with words - what lives in motion resists being held.

You can feel the pain and loneliness of the world in certain places, in hospitals, train stations, lonely deserted streets; everyone dies alone.

I love my child so much that I'll never bring them into this world.

Suicidal thoughts aren't about yearning for death, but rather about wanting to relinquish life. Life can change, but death is permanent.

Why do I even feel feelings? I wish I was a cold, emotionless, calculating robot; none of my feelings have ever served me well.

The corrupted are tortured by their loss of innocence, while the innocent live contently in their naievity.

Nobody can hurt the dead, strange then that it's considered inappropriate to treat them badly.

I've always been apathetic about life; sometimes suicidal, I never found a real reason to exist, just a fear of dying.

Anytime I am engulfed by loneliness, I remind myself how dangerous, disgusting and unpredictable people are and this usually calms me down.

I sometimes obsess about my future enemies and my previous friends.

I've never truly hated someone because of their ugliness or weakness, only disgust; this disgust always made me want to avoid them rather than victimize them - why should I feel any emotions from my enemies besides rage while beating them?

I am tortured by my own mind, maybe everyone is.

Houses are similar to prison cells.

I come back from work and I just do nothing, my life is completely empty and hollow like a cancerous void in my soul only temporarily replaced with drugs.

Children can be thought of as a parasite.

I feel so lonely I could burst into tears at night.

An average or terrible life isn't worth living, only a perfect life is.

Regret is inevitable.

Everything I see is fake, I see other people and wonder if their thinking resembles that of a tortured animal aswell, I'm grateful to the walls of this prison, but I'm dying from being here.

The universe is always watching.

I can feel myself in the darkness.

Life is just a scream into the void.

Simplicity is good for the soul.

Whom the gods destroy, they first drive mad.

Strange as I am, I will try while I can.

My soul is freezing.

Loneliness feels like an animal slowly devouring you.

Maybe all this is just a dream, a very long bad dream.

Optimism and depression are like an anaesthetic during a surgery - life would become unbearable without it.

Life is like being handcuffed to a hospital bed in a room, just watching and waiting while I slowly decay.

You were awoken upon birth and back to sleep is where you'll go.

Night-time is sacred.

When it's dark, and quiet, and your thoughts start turning on you, you feel helpless against the all-consuming void, like a newborn in a dark forest.

If I wasn't numb, I'd be sobbing constantly.

We should seek to return to the most simple form of life, single celled organisms.

Those who are free from judgement are blessed.

The greatest pleasure in life, (sex) leads to the greatest tragedy. (birth)

There's a certain pleasure in going insane.

The feeling of nostalgia and regret feels like hugging barbed wire.

The moral high ground is where the worst atrocities lay.

Easy to spend your life pondering how unfair and cruel the world is.

Everything good decays faster.

The abyss lurks in the shadows.

Everything will be ok only because we all die.