

The Dying

Cataract

We mostly feel like better not thinking too much about what each day may offer us.

If there is sun outside we hate it.

If it rains we feel good and when there is snow we feel cosy.

In general we are forced to be part of what we never chose to be part of.

We are all trapped in between relations, caught by words and stuck between positive and negative.

It's not a matter of intelligence, social appearance or money.

It's inherited.

Things that seem to be true turn out to be the biggest lies ever.

Everyday I wake up I feel so much pressure on me.

I often feel that daily life is a too big burden nevertheless I want to keep up the fight.

Every life was created on a storyboard.

But who owns the board, who writes it?

The only thing I know is that pain leaves scars and they help me write my storyboard in a certain way. If somebody ever tells me life is simple I kick his ass. If somebody tells me life is complex I would laugh at him.

In both manners there is pain involved even though there is a different thought behind it.

Through human evolution pain evolved to one of the most creative sources in life.

The focus on destroying basic ideas of harmony and peace, causing pain, seems to be the essence of life.

I enjoy it.