



Thoughts of a Dreamer

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January 2005

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Jan. 27th, 2005 @ 09:37 am



So fucking naive man, so fucking naive.

Always expecting change when I know nothing ever changes.

I've seen mothers choose their man over their own flesh and blood, I've seen others choose alocohol over friendship.

I sacrifice no more for others, part of me has fucking died and I hate this shit.

I'm living every mans nightmare and that single fact alone is kicking my ass, I really must be fucking worthless. This place never changes, it never will. Fuck it all.

Jan. 4th, 2005 @ 06:39 pm



The instrument of my resurrection was supposed to be freedom. But there isn't an open sky or endless field to be found where I reside, nor is there light or salvation to be discovered.



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Right about now I feel as low as I ever have.

I don't think it's a big secret why, really.

My biggest disappointment and downfall came from what was supposed to be the one thing to lift me from the grave I'm continually digging for myself.

Nah, never. Only the worthy are saved, y'know.

I don't know, but what I do know is I'm a retarded fuck for ever believing things would change for me. I'm starting to regret sticking around, I should've taken the razor blade express last time around... Well, whatever, man. Maybe they've got another shuttle comin' around sometime soon?

Ciao.

Current Mood: 😞 drained

Current Music: Strawberry Fields Forever - John Lennon

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**Welcome to
Salvation.**

**Dec. 14th, 2004 @ 01:18
pm**



Out with the old, and in with the new.

As I sit here typing up my musings I listen to Cheech & Chong Up in Smoke, the movie. Occasionally shifting my eyes from screen to screen, trying to balance out typing and observing.

This is my new journal, in which I will put my thoughts down to words. My view on the days past events and whatnot, my two cents on the world in general. This is my new introductory post - all the spelling and grammatical errors are by-products of the new Me.

Blah.

That sounds so egotistical. Whilst you're here, you might as well check out the message board for the band I'm in:
<http://6sik6.proboards25.com/>

Ciao.

Current Mood:

accomplished

Current Music: Johnny

Cash - When The Man

Comes Around



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