

Extreme Self Help: Be Your Own Exorcist

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"Now let the thought flow. There are no restrictions here. Rather freedom with hints of debauchery.

Let that pen roll! It matters little, it matters little how or why you have come to this.

Pull your hair. Strong. That helps. But... No, God, no, another palpitation. So we have agreed that... Is this the devil? The signs are there.

I can't keep ignoring them. They catch me, they push me...

But who the hell can reason with this tachycardia? Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom! BOOM!!

Maybe this is one of those things you call the ER about. But no, I have to fight. And pull my hair again, yes, that helps.

Oh my God! I need your help, I need your guidance. I need to defeat this evil.

Because something happens, dammit, you can see that...

Another fucking gag! Vomit or digest? I chewed more than I could swallow and swallowed too much for my poor stomach.

Or is it the spirit?

That must be. Of course, everything is matter... Who said that? Back down!

If I keep seeking within me, I'm going to find... Is the answer in me?

Was it that hard to say?"

(Just another page. Just another page written in blood while God butts his head for you and the devil, if there is one, looks down on you because he's sick of being blamed for what men did with the freedom God gave them).