

# Questions

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*It was midnight, I was sleep deprived, and I wrote this.*

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**Chapter 1 - Untitled**

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Do you really die when you are dead? Do not the gates of Hell open ready to take in all the mongrels who threw their lives away? But then do not the gates of Heaven also open to save those very mongrels? Do any of you realize just how mindsplicing this is to take all you know and throw it away? Not caring for anything but the blind mass that is you? Do you not know that the dogs that bark in your mind's eye only hemorrhage the memories of past tenses? But then why do moons not circle cynically like those who live doubtful lives of red? Do you know the sum of the black marks on the record? Is a black number so large possible to decimate with one gold? Are there really those who doubt the reality of truth? That the world has no hope simply because those who believe what they want are right? But then why do brainwashers nag at the core of innocence to ultimately incinerate the projection? Why do you believe you can be saved from death by calculating statistics that don't have products? Do you really understand that silver marks the end of proper usage of syntax? That molars of valuable recourses measure up to everything? Must one be dependent on the by-product of cameo appearances that they forget the nature of life itself? Why must all this go on whilst we waste away into the dark hole? Do you really except the fact that garbage means more than your mangled corpse lying in the ditch? Must the good really be decapitated by your hands because you disagree with their views of life after death? With all this being said, I have one more question: Do you really die when you are dead?