

Diary of a Suicidal Man

Based on and Inspired by the Amigo the Devil Album Born Against

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We All Need Love

Your Life Will Pass Before Your Eyes

Diary entries for each track of the album

Born Against by Amigo the Devil

Played on Shuffle

Track 2 - Quiet as a Rat

Days like today tell me that there are a few days left in me. That sooner than later I won't take this shit anymore. I always find it hard to exist in a world where mankind thinks he has exceeded God, but on days like today I realize that those people are the ones that will push me to leave this world.

I woke up from a nightmare this morning. I've wrote about it a thousand times. It's an old memory from elementary where some bullies beat the shit out of me. And no matter how much I don't remember I always have this dream where I see the aftermath from my mother's point of view. I feel her trying to take her unconscious blood riddled son to an ER.

When I was younger it was just about the visual, but as I've aged it is about the rest of her life as well. The things that were put on hold because of that event. A day that shaped my life and my psyche put in the context of what she missed out on because she had to tend to me. I think that was the day one of her students died at the bar. Hands full of pills. Hands full of pills. Hands full of pills. At least her final moments sitting in one of those five-minute photo booths suggested.

But my tragic event where I was too weak to survive made her miss other tragedy and carry that weight forever. No, it wasn't my weakness. It

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was this bastard world that thinks they are better than God. It was those assholes that thought they could fix God's imperfection by bludgeoning me out of existence.

These are the days I realize that I don't have much left in me. My thoughts and dreams are too much, and I can't keep going on living. Why must my dreams be so fucked up. Why am I so fucked up? Why must I think this way.

Track 1 – Small Stone

I gave in tonight. I keep telling myself that I am done, that there is no more drinking, no more smoking up, but I am weak. I spent the night at the bar like I always do.

I can go back and look in this journal from yesterday and I know... I know that I said there would be no more nights at the bar. I set the damn goal. I spoke to the fucking God that keeps pulling me back. But last night when I was praying by my bed like some five-year-old with a life ahead of him I believed it. I truly thought that I would reach that unreachable goal.

But no. I am back home again after a night out. After a night of trying to be social, of trying to be like everyone else, after a night of looking like an average joe. But no matter what I tried it was just me. It was just me hoping that I could find that semblance of normalcy.

Why do I try? Why do I want to be normal and live a life that anyone would be happy with? The pain is just too much. As much as I want to be normal, I know my thoughts aren't those of the normal man.

Track 7 – Another Man’s Grave

I thought that I would fit in again. I thought I had changed. But, going to the club tonight it was all the same. My thoughts were still filled with torture and hatred. I continued to be that guy. To be the guy who didn’t respect my fellow man.

After another night of drinking. Another night of giving in. I watched as countless people mingled in desperation to find that trophy that they could take home for the night. They all tried to convince themselves that they had not failed again and weren’t going home to an empty bed. Hopefully we would be able to find some peace in the dreamworld tonight. Of course that wouldn’t be me.

I drank and drank and drank and now the room spins like Pat Sajak is right there with me. But this was just another failure. Why don’t I just do it. Why don’t I just blow my fucking brains across the room. Because I know I couldn’t turn off the safety.

Why don’t I just swallow my medicine cabinet. Because I know that I will just vomit it all up. I know this isn’t life. But I am the fucking loser that chose this. I am my own executioner who just won’t pull the lever. I am destined to hate life and hate dreams; I can’t stand sleeping and I can’t stand waking up.

I think I was hoping that I would meet that angel. That girl who fell from heaven or was plucked from the depths of a hell she was thrown into by

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that fucking asshole. I just wanted that baby girl to explain to me why this world is so fucked up, so cold, so lost and lonely.

But I am so pathetic. I will just continue to live in fear of death. Because I won't pull the trigger and instead, I will just end up being remembered as someone else.

Track 5 – Better Ways to Fry a Fish

The things I should have done. Let me count the ways...

I wonder if I don't deserve to live because of the things I should have done to that man. I didn't even think to bring a nail and a hammer. I never even purchased the barbed wire or the PVC pipe to route through.

Maybe I would if I would feel less of a failure if I had done these things, but instead I just put him out and moved on.

Track 6 – Different Anymore

Today was again the day. I figured I would be kissing a pistol by the end of the night, but there was a homeless man that changed my mind today.

I spoke to him about who I am and what I do. That I constantly tear myself to pieces trying to understand why I am the way I am. I put myself on a platter and the world ignores the utensils and just devours me whole.

I said to the man that I have these dreams and thoughts that are evil. They are not the ideas of a sane man, of an innocent man, of someone who should continue to live.

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I told him that I don't know if I am entertaining the world or if the world is entertaining me, but I am tired of being trapped in a depressing movie. Why must I be the main character while everyone else gets to be in the background.

The homeless man looked at me and said "I don't either man. I don't want to be different anymore."

I realized that he and I are the same. It is circumstance that has left us as pariahs. So I've decided, I've changed.

Track 3 – Murder at the Bingo Hall

I don't know why I allow these fantasies to keep me going. I planned last night to go out in a blaze of glory at Bingo. I didn't have a drink, so I guess I can celebrate that one. But I did snort five grams of cocaine and chew up a handful of Adderall.

I saw it in my head. It would be a massacre. I would wait until the I was losing grasp of the real world. As the vision of life started to split in half and run along with my wall-eyed body, I would pull out my pistol and start unloading into my face.

I think they saw it when I got there. I had the emptiness of death behind my eyes. I sat in the back where I could watch them turn their bodies to check out their fear sitting in the back obviously ready to unload on the world.

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But those fucking numbers. I sat there trying to let all my anger and all my disappointment in the world fester, but they kept calling numbers. Numbers I had. Numbers that made a line.

“Bingo!” I screamed. And it was the first of many. I almost felt my need for alcohol drain away while binged on bingo.

I won three games out of the first five. I could still feel everyone’s unease with me around, so I thought I’d break the tension.

In between numbers I stood up raising my dabber and cards to the air and screamed out what I knew they were all thinking, “Someone call the cops!”

The room stood still. Everyone’s breath paused as they turned back expecting to see me turn into their assassin. So I finished my sentence, “Because I’m killing it”

I guess this wasn’t the night for me to go. Praise be to Bingo.

Track 8 – 24K Casket

It hit me today. After another dream. It was the nicest dream I have had in a long time.

I dreamed the world ended and I sat in a crater falling to the center of the Earth with a handful of people. And all those people had done some bad things. All those people thought they were bad people. They all suicide on their minds and they shouldn’t do it.

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They all know life is shitting on them. They all know that they aren't the perfect citizens, but they have their own life to be proud of.

I now understand that I don't want to try and hide behind the perfect person that I am not. I am going to scream it from the mountaintops of who I am. Let my life be a sack of shit, at least it is my life, and I am not going to lose what I have!

Track 9 – Shadow

I understood that I had made some mistakes. That I carried around my own weight that I created for myself, but I recently thought it wouldn't drag me down. I did some things differently. I wasn't the man others wanted me to be.

I was stood by my passions and owned my awkwardness. I knew that I didn't like people and that was ok. I accepted these things and I understood them. But that bastard that took my daughter, has taken my life now.

My shadow has risen from below and caught the attention of the cops. It is over.

Track 10 – Letter From Death Row

All the years I spent trying to convince myself to keep on going. All the time I spent trying to make myself believe that my life is worth living. Now the world has made that decision for me, and it tells me I was wrong all this time.

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I should have listened to myself. If I had killed myself years ago you would never have been taken away from me. And I know that I won't be there with you in heaven. I know that I have my own place in hell, but the thought of you growing old in your afterlife will be what I go to the grave with.

This is my final entry because at midnight the state pulls the lever. I will cease to exist... finally...

Track 4 – Drop for every hour

Tonight defined my life. I have never wanted anything more than to be a father. But thanks to an OB/GYN that life is no more. He said it was just a procedure. He said it was a choice. But I now am missing a daughter that should have been born.

I walked into that clinic tonight and he was wearing his fear. It was all over him. He didn't know who I was. I had to reference the letter he had given my baby mama. How she may not be saintly for doing this, but her life will be better because of it.

As I said those words, I think he understood his wouldn't. He understood that my face was going to be the last thing he saw. I don't know when that was. Bloodletting is a slower death than I expected, but even watching that last drop I was still enraged. My daughter was still taken from me.

So I burned his fucking clinic to the ground