

Project Pf "Choose Life"

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Choose life. Choose a job. Choose a career. Choose a family.
Choose a fucking big television, choose washing machines,
cars, compact disc players and electrical tin openers.
Choose good health, low cholesterol and dental insurance.
Choose fixed-interest mortgage repayments. Choose a starter
home. Choose your friends.
Choose leisurewear and matching luggage.
Choose a three-piece suite on hire purchase in a range
of fucking fabrics.
Choose DIY and wondering who the fuck you are on a
Sunday morning.
Choose sitting on that couch watching mind-numbing,
spirit-crushing game shows, stuffing fucking junk food
into your mouth.
Choose rotting away at the end of it all,
pishing your last in a miserable home,
nothing more than an embarrassment to the selfish,
fucked-up brats you have spawned to replace yourself.
Choose your future. Choose life.
But why would I want to do a thing like that?
I chose not to choose life: I chose something else. And
the reasons? There are no reasons.
Who needs reasons when you've got Heroin?

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