

# The Will To Overcome Will

As I carefully readjust my body in my chair, I take advance into typing this little piece of text in a faint attempt to try to engage myself to reckon my old memories to have access for the information I need in order to write my philosophical suicide over the contradictory existence of biological inequality and the equality of consciousness.

For the while, the incurrent phenomena that occurs when trying to have access to these memories is instead an oblivious remark on what led me to this strayed path and this self-destructive ideal that is nothing more than the extreme rationalization of what entails life.

Maybe all this research into the truth of reality is just a poor justification for the failure that my biological machine reached upon. Am I just trying to find an excuse to the utter failure and hopelessness of the situation I find myself now? Throughout the moment I wrote those 5 words before the question mark, I suppressed a strong feeling for the necessity to cry, which answered the question by itself when I finished the phrase.

My objective rationalization over life is a by-product of the subjective will to justify my inadequacy as a biological being. I am unable to fulfill my biological desires that are driven by pleasure rewarding mechanics that ultimately should guide me to achieve my biological goals for the perpetuation of my DNA.

What I brace myself over is that now after I discovered that the most important question is whether there is an important question, then how should I weight my biological machine and the twirl of emotions that are ultimately meaningless? Aren't they affecting me nonetheless? Is my objective view over life enough to achieve happiness with the knowledge that my subjective feelings are nonetheless meaningless in a strict rationalization over myself and my emotions?

I can't conclude that I am rather satisfied by the pleasure that this knowledge gives to me. That may be probably influenced by my current saddening emotions that are affecting my thoughts as I wrote that sentence. Going back to a more humane and subjective self, the will to cry at this given moment is really making through.

My suffering is the result of the deprivation of pleasure I've been experiencing these last years, as David Benatar put on it, deprivation of pleasure is painful and the inability to achieve one's desires is a painful mechanism that encounters itself in a catch-22 for at the same time being a motivator to pursue it, it constantly inflicts emotional pain to make the given person to move and achieve the desired goal to find relief from the uncomfortable emotional pain.

I am too skeptical to give up on my desires, because I know that giving up on one's desires isn't the ideal to be pursued in life, having one's desires unfulfilled and getting rid of the unfulfilled desires to achieve happiness are just as bad.

My extreme rationalization and deconstruction over life is a response to the extreme mental suffering that I've been through. My subjective emotional suffering seeks an objective conclusion that tries to justify that whatever miseries that happens upon my life is ultimately meaningless and I can find relief as being a biological failure.

But why tears are finding it's way down my face right now?

Because I am still unable to overrun objectivity over subjectivity.

I need to consistently apply and will to outrun, overrun and outpace the life instinct that dwells within me.

If I cannot conquer life, I need to conquer death!

It's the last thing I can do! And it's the last thing I will do!

And I will prove the world I am still right in my claims, and above all else, I will prove that both morally and hedonistically, non-existence is superior to existence.

It's the very last thing I can do before my demise.