It doesn't hurt me,
Do you want to feel how it feels?
Do you want to know, know that it doesn't hurt me?

The sharp intake of that cherry ended cancer stick as soon as that beat up zippo ignited, casting a light in the dark room around him. The flame flickerin' around, causin' those shadows to dance as he put it to the end of his cigarette. The taste didn't do a damn thing for him, it just brought up false moments of comfort as he sat there alone without a goddamn person around him, without so much as a single soul interrupting his solace. It was the way he knew it was going to happen, the way he manufactured it to happen. The way that he felt it had to, because good men died with dignity, right? They acted like good dogs did, they went off to die without being a final burden to those around him.

"Mr. Fontenot, are you listening to me? Did you hear a word I said?"
"Yeah, I heard you."
"It's.. the prognosis isn't good."
"S'pose it isn't, Doc."
"What you're experiencing right now is sh--"
"Non. Ain't shock I'm feelin'."

Do you want to hear about the deal that I'm making?
You, it's you and me.

What had he been feeling? The ringing in his ears that so closely resembled tinnitus as it fucking blasted its way into his skull like a bombshell going off, the tightness in his chest, the burning that hit him like bad fucking whiskey. He'd known. Part of him had, anyways. Part of him knew deep fucking down what he'd felt long before some doctor had told him. What was he going to do? Reach out to the family that he'd pushed away that.. didn't want him anyways? Tch, he'd let them play that game, but he'd known the damned score from reaching out to protect them time and time again.

The friends he didn't have? He put that cigarette out. The best friends he had were in a box beneath his bed, the syringe, the tubing, the lighter, spoon, and baggie of China White, because just regular heroin didn't cut it without the fentanyl surprise, did it? A calloused hand rubbed at his face, taking a strange sort of comfort in the feel of his own hand cupping his cheek before he pulled it away in disgust at the feel of his own weakness.

Weakness.

You don't want to hurt me,
but see how deep the bullet lies...
Unaware I'm tearing you asunder.
Ooh, there is thunder in our hearts

For a moment, he wanted to take that gun in his bedside drawer and deepthroat the fuckin' barrel, just eat what came out of it for breakfast, and yet he didn't do any such fuckin' thing. He sat there, and he smoked the cigarette, he sucked the smoke right out the filtered end of that fuckin' minute-by-minute death sentence before he finally just put it out, wasting the goddamn thing.

Is there so much hate for the ones we love?
Tell me, we both matter, don't we?
You, it's you and me.
It's you and me, won't be unhappy.

Was it the cigarette he took his aggression out on? Was it the fuckin' dust from the goddamn rounds fired above them in the mountains of Aghanistan? Was it nine hundred other fucking bullshit things that'd happened in his life? He didn't fuckin' know. He told himself that he didn't particularly care, but he did, he guessed. You told yourself a lot of things at the end to make you feel better. That you meant everything, that you regretted nothing, and at the moment he felt like it was the exact goddamn opposite and it was blinding for him.

"Well. Guess this fuckin' sucks." Was all the man said before snorting at his own misfortune.

"But boy, I guess I had this shit comin', didn't I?"