**Kurt Cobain Poem/Song lyrics:**

**http://www.elyrics.net/read/n/nirvana-lyrics/come-as-you-are-lyrics.html**

**Song: Come As You Are by Nirvana**

Come as you are, as you were  
As I want you to be  
As a friend, as a friend  
As an old enemy  
  
Take your time, hurry up  
The choice is yours, don't be late  
Take a rest as a friend  
As an old  
  
Memoria, memoria  
Memoria, memoria  
  
Come doused in mud, soaked in bleach  
As I want you to be  
As a trend, as a friend  
As an old  
  
Memoria, memoria  
Memoria, memoria  
  
And I swear that I don't have a gun  
No I don't have a gun  
No I don't have a gun  
  
Memoria, memoria  
Memoria, memoria  
(No I don't have a gun)  
  
And I swear that I don't have a gun  
No I don't have a gun  
No I don't have a gun  
No I don't have a gun  
No I don't have a gun  
  
Memoria, memoria

**Kurt Cobain Diary Entries as cited from a MTV article based on a book of his diaries.**

[**http://www.mtv.com/news/articles/1458248/20021021/nirvana.jhtml**](http://www.mtv.com/news/articles/1458248/20021021/nirvana.jhtml)

"I like punk rock. I like girls with weird eyes. I like drugs. (But my body and mind won't allow me to take them). I like passion. I like playing my cards wrong. I like vinyl. I like to feel guilty for being a white, American male. I love to sleep. I like to taunt small, barking dogs in parked cars. I like to make people feel happy and superior in their reaction towards my appearance. I like to have strong opinions with nothing to back them up with besides my primal sincerity. I like sincerity. I lack sincerity."

"I've read so many pathetic second rate, Freudian evaluations from interviews from my childhood up until the present state of my personality and how I'm a notoriously f---ed up heroin addict, alcoholic, self destructive, yet overtly sensitive, frail, fragile, soft spoken, narcoleptic, neurotic, little pissant who at any minute is going to O.D. jump off a roof wig out blow my head off or all 3 at once. Oh Pleez Gawd, I can't handle the success! The success! And I feel so incredibly guilty! For abandoning my true comrades who were the ones who are devoted who were into us a few years ago. And in 10 years when Nirvana becomes as memorable as Kajagoogoo, that same very small percent will come to see us at reunion gigs sponsored by Depends diapers, bald fat still trying to RAWK at amusement parks. Saturdays: puppet show, rollercoaster & Nirvana."

"If we were going to be ghettoized, I'd rather be in the same slum as bands that are good like Mudhoney, Jesus Lizard, the Melvins and Beat Happening rather than being a tenant of the corporate landlords regime ... There are a lot of bands who claim to be alternative and they're nothing but stripped down, ex sunset strip hair farming bands of a few years ago. I would love to be erased from our association with Pearl Jam or the Nymphs and other first time offenders."

"Within the months between October 1991 through December 92, I have had four notebooks filled with two years worth of poetry and personal writing ... The most violating thing I've felt this year is not the media exaggerations or the catty gossip, but the rape of my personal thoughts. Ripped out of pages from my stay in hospitals and airplane rides hotel stays etc. I feel compelled to say f--- you F--- you to those of you who have absolutely no regard for me as a person. You have raped me harder than you'll ever know."

**Kurt Cobain Essay: Suicide Note**

[**http://kurtcobainssuicidenote.com/kurt\_cobains\_suicide\_note.html**](http://kurtcobainssuicidenote.com/kurt_cobains_suicide_note.html)

To Boddah

Speaking from the tongue of an experienced simpleton who obviously would rather be an emasculated, infantile complain-ee. This note should be pretty easy to understand.

All the warnings from the punk rock 101 courses over the years, since my first introduction to the, shall we say, ethics involved with independence and the embracement of your community has proven to be very true. I haven't felt the excitement of listening to as well as creating music along with reading and writing for too many years now. I feel guity beyond words about these things.

For example when we're back stage and the lights go out and the manic roar of the crowds begins., it doesn't affect me the way in which it did for Freddie Mercury, who seemed to love, relish in the the love and adoration from the crowd which is something I totally admire and envy. The fact is, I can't fool you, any one of you. It simply isn't fair to you or me. The worst crime I can think of would be to rip people off by faking it and pretending as if I'm having 100% fun. Sometimes I feel as if I should have a punch-in time clock before I walk out on stage. I've tried everything within my power to appreciate it (and I do,God, believe me I do, but it's not enough). I appreciate the fact that I and we have affected and entertained a lot of people. It must be one of those narcissists who only appreciate things when they're gone. I'm too sensitive. I need to be slightly numb in order to regain the enthusiasms I once had as a child.

On our last 3 tours, I've had a much better appreciation for all the people I've known personally, and as fans of our music, but I still can't get over the frustration, the guilt and empathy I have for everyone. There's good in all of us and I think I simply love people too much, so much that it makes me feel too fucking sad. The sad little, sensitive, unappreciative, Pisces, Jesus man. Why don't you just enjoy it? I don't know!

I have a goddess of a wife who sweats ambition and empathy and a daughter who reminds me too much of what i used to be, full of love and joy, kissing every person she meets because everyone is good and will do her no harm. And that terrifies me to the point to where I can barely function. I can't stand the thought of Frances becoming the miserable, self-destructive, death rocker that I've become.

I have it good, very good, and I'm grateful, but since the age of seven, I've become hateful towards all humans in general. Only because it seems so easy for people to get along that have empathy. Only because I love and feel sorry for people too much I guess.

Thank you all from the pit of my burning, nauseous stomach for your letters and concern during the past years. I'm too much of an erratic, moody baby! I don't have the passion anymore, and so remember, it's better to burn out than to fade away.

Peace, love, empathy.  
Kurt Cobain

Frances and Courtney, I'll be at your alter.  
Please keep going Courtney, for Frances.  
For her life, which will be so much happier without me.

I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU!