

# Kurt Cobain's Suicide Note

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*On April 8, 1994, Kurt Cobain's body was discovered at his Lake Washington home by an electrician who had arrived to install a security system. Apart from a minor amount of blood coming out of Cobain's ear, the electrician reported seeing no visible signs of trauma, and initially believed that Cobain was asleep until he saw the shotgun pointing at his chin. A high concentration of heroin and traces of diazepam were also found in his body. Cobain's body had been lying there for days; the coroner's report estimated Cobain to have died on April 5, 1994. A note was found, an edited edition here:*

"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 embracement of your community, it's proven to be very true. "I haven't felt the excitement of listening to as well as creating music, along with really writing something, for too many years now. I feel guilty beyond words about these things -- for example, when we're backstage and the light go out and the roar of the crowd begins, it doesn't affect me the way in which it did for Freddie Mercury, who seemed to love and relish the love and adoration of the crowd. Which is something I totally admire and envy. The fact that I can't fool you, any one of you, it simply isn't fair to you or to me. The worst crime I could think of would be to pull people off by faking it, pretending as if I'm having 100% fun"

Sometimes I feel as 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 effected and entertained a lot of people. I must be one of those narcissists who only appreciate things when they're alone. I'm too sensitive. I need to be slightly numb in order to regain the enthusiasm I once had as a child. On our last 3 tours I've had a much better appreciation of all the people I know personally, and as fans of our music, but I still can't get out the frustration to gather the empathy I have for everybody. There's good in all of us and I simply love people too much. So much that it makes me feel just too fucking sad. Sad little sensitive unappreciative Pieces --"

*He goes on to personal comments, then...*

"I had a good marriage, and for that I'm grateful. But since the age of seven, I've become hateful toward all humans in general only because it seems so easy for people to get along that have empathy."

Empathy? "Only because I love and feel for people too much I guess Thank you all from the pit of my burning nauseous stomach for your letters and concern during the last years. I'm pretty much of an erratic moody person and I don't have the passion anymore. Peace, Love, Empathy, Kurt Cobain."