

Upon reflecting my own ignorance

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Telling the born murderer that the blood on his hands is not his nature, forces the man to conceive of his actions as being his own. Yet he will deny his misdemeanors. Masquerade himself, for his is a nature far too distinct from the deeds committed by his own hands. He tells himself he knows not what he is doing. But he knows himself so very well.

Our own narcissism consists of our failure to realize the discrepancy between our nature and actions based upon a false depiction of ourselves. We are not unlike murderers and we know it.

However, our reality presents us with a constant stream of conforming images, repeatedly feeding the conviction that our self-conception is true. It is ever so easy to mislead us.

We are but slaves to our own failing perceptions, lacking the will to realize our tremendous mistakes. We put trust in the ideal of an objective reality, fearfully crucifying the truth that there is none.

And just as the murderer; we continue the killing. We rape the earth and all its' habitants like it is our birth right. Stuck in the conviction that happiness solely depends on actions directed towards our own.

Ours is luxury, and the strive thereof, that forms the expression of the before-mentioned untruth. We stand not by ourselves.

Surrounded by so much silver screens, we built a reality thereof that makes happiness seem further away than the truth. It seems as if it's not ours to conduct morality.

But it is.

We have honestly to live for. And truth to realize.

We are but criminals.