

## Krallice

### "In The House Of Distorted Mirrors"

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...and so begins regeneration, our essence as molted wings.  
"Where there prevails the stench of affluenza, one finds delusion a Contagion, and thereby any given society itself transforms into an ossuary for The infected;  
"Yet it's not the structure itself, but the partakers escaping themselves  
While every second is one more step in the forward-marching cortege of Experience."  
Programmed to believe that we remain imperfect, then sold a pack of lies -  
The modus operandi of charlatans and religion.  
"You must not become possessed by your possessions. For centuries, Humankind Has sought in vain for itself, ever attentive outside it's source, yet we will Never discover one another in this house of distorted mirrors."  
Exhume my mind from debris, remove all but that which I need, send to the Charnel house all that may cloud me - perfection is clarity and Self-understanding.  
"Know thyself."  
I cast off my shell and, through the rigors of psychological metamorphosis,  
I will become what I am.

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