

Your second self. Within the incoherence, the dysfunction, hallucinations. fight with the realm of reality. motionless, you broadcast your thoughts and ideals. you exist on display. unsatisfied, your emptiness, your escape, with limited rules and consequences. your definition of efficiency: the minimal loss of time, the maximum grant of pleasure. but you remain dry. your disregard and lost interest in the simplest and genuine life delights. they lose their sweetness within your new found life. keep digging in the bottomless barrel of your illusions, with the certainty you can be anyone you want. you wear your new identities as if it was better fitted for you. isn't easier to erase than face your failures. this short term relief will leave you with a heavy social void. each moment spent is taking you further from an end, from me and everyone else. yet you can't stop? didn't you question yourself twice before making it your priority, your obsession. yet you can't stop? with the lapse of time it grew to be the leading portion of your life. isolated, negligent, you can't recollect the amount of hours lost. feeding lies to conceal what you actually do with your time. you barely sleep, and spend all your waken moments obsessing over your fiction. with all these hours lost, that you threw away you could have accomplished great things. what have you gained ? there is no double life, just one on decline.