



"There's a little devil inside all of us."

Beneath their manufactured perception - their artificial reality - is a writhing, twisted mess of dread. Loathing. Judgment. Elitism. Self-doubt. All thrashing to escape the feeble hold of their host, seeping through every little crevice they can find. Into their willpower, starving them of all motivation and desire. Into their stomach, forcing them to drown their guilt in comfort food. Or into a newly-opened gash in their skin, hidden only by the sleeves of a cute new shirt.

Such a deplorable, tangled mass is already present in every single one of them. That's why I choose not to blame myself for their actions.