**Halls of Self**

*November 5, 2013*

While wandering in The Halls Of Self.

I chanced to Glance Into The Mirror.

Catch Glimpse Of Power Fame And Wealth.

False Gods We hold so Dear.

Power smiled and bowed with Arrogance.

Fame curtsied a Curtain Call.

Wealth counted out Shillings and Pence.

Three Imposters.

Guilded Idols.

With Clay Feet.

We Still Worship.

Hold in Awe.

Say Have You slept in Powers Arms.

Fed Loves Hunger with Fames Sustenance.

Drawn Solance From Wealths Caress and Charms.

If So Alas.It be Perchance.

Thee Dance To Siren Song.

Lye Abed. Consort.

With Harlots Of Mirage.

Desciples of Lotus Seed.

Heed Prophets Of The Carnival.

Covort. Indeed.

With Jesters Of The Will O Wisp.

Thy Soul Bartered For A Bowl.

Of Pottage Long Grown Cold.

Alas Illusion. Sparse Phantom Shell Of Being Left.

Mere Masquerade Instead.

Thy Spirit Of All Life Bereft.

Fini. Morte. Dead.