

Fragments Of Character

Intronaut

Deprived of one's consciousness, all is distorted
Deluded forever, so long with this contortion
A manipulative grip keeps us mentally confined
Fragments of character mold confusion
Enticing words fall out of decaying mouths
This deceiving visage is a slap in the face
Yearning for a piece of mind, all senses are re-
Vealed, bleeding color and shape
Torturous windings of thought remain
A surge of uncertainty pierces flesh
Left with this vision of clarity that will not be
Reached