

Rise To The Midden

Intronaut

Derange the scale of trust
With this animated prevarication
That once passed for happiness
Degenerate into character

The clearest of all intentions
Words drawn out
Unfiltered

A perception
Untainted by logic

We are such low things
With null for a name
And while we quietly become
Imperceptible...

We are such low things
With null for a name
The inner monologue exposed
But this curtain is drawn closed