

## 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