

Intronaut

"Rise To The Midden"

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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

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