

# Intronaut, Fragments of Character

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