Intronaut, Rise to the Midden

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