

Miasma

Intronaut

Dark movements in broad daylight
Ramparts crumble, a sign to all who enter this place:
Through cracks in this visceral wall, sometimes more than truth
escapes

How weak we become, it leads us astray

Our own reflection often takes the biggest toll,
Scarring us the most
An orderly exchange of guilt

No conscience cleared
No final word
As bright lights in dark sky's promise to take me away