

Odourless Alliance

Deinonychus

Mothers orteria uterina, a foreseen tomb.
Agony awaits me.
With my eyelids closed, a darkened vault welcomes me.
A torturous garden unfolded, to the end of time.
I have learn to walk it, until I have grown immemorial.
Chained in this body, I'm gasping for air.
All that I'm breathing now, is the malodour of poisoned...dishe
artenment.
The nails in my heart; an invitation of pain.
It will make me fall apart, like a puzzle beyond repair!