

## 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!