

## 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!