

Tantalised In This Labyrinth

Deinonychus

As in a cellar;
I look upon four dark walls.
While the sun smiles to others, but me.
Waterdrops penetrate the ceiling;
giving back to me,
the semblance I used to have.
Madness... Dream or truth?
Fascinating it was;
yet I was given another impression.
Unlike this one.
Please give me a hand, because it was damnation who brought me
here.
The bricks turn to dirt, as the ceiling seems to be a bed of ho
lculus
lanatus.
You are stale...
Have you buried what we have sworn to each other?
I'm your blood.
And you, yes you... You are my thought!
Come and free me from this garden of pain.
Grab a shovel and dig me out!
Don't leave me here...