

## The Obscure Process Of Metamorphous

Deinonychus

Everyday... everywhere, I see lifeless, soulless corpses walking  
down cold lonely streets, the methamphetamine dreams distort focus,  
their tongues; the serpent speaks, obsidian. A grey funeral hearse  
passes by, with the scent of lotus flowers burning, a still mourners  
winters sky. Dark nebula creeping up upon my spine, it is like  
breathing liquid... with death's passion, tasting like crimson wine.  
Bruised lips. A heartless kiss. And a wave goodbye.