

Sanatorium, Postmortal Gorephobia

I like blood very much
but it must flow from a living body
I was quenched by my own blood,
the sooniest
I was inducing pleasure to myself

I tortured mute animals later on,
their pain was more beautiful than mine
but it still didn't meet my terms
until I tormented the small boy
from the neighbourhood

I am afraid of the dead ones
their blood is different

The new horizons have opened for me
and it unleashed my fear at the same time