

Sanalejo

"Postmortal Goreaphobia"

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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

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