

## Sanatorium

# "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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