

Drug Addicted



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With this cup, I take a sip of your love potion
Allow me to place a flame under your spoon
My virgin blood to that needle of love
Sniff its residue down to the last grain and drink it to its lees
Watch me walk in a daze with my mind loosely fitted
The ends of my mouth aim high
The curtains of my eyes are drawn to a dim
Flat on my back on cloud nine
But back on earth the concrete floor has never felt softer
Is this how love is supposed to feel?