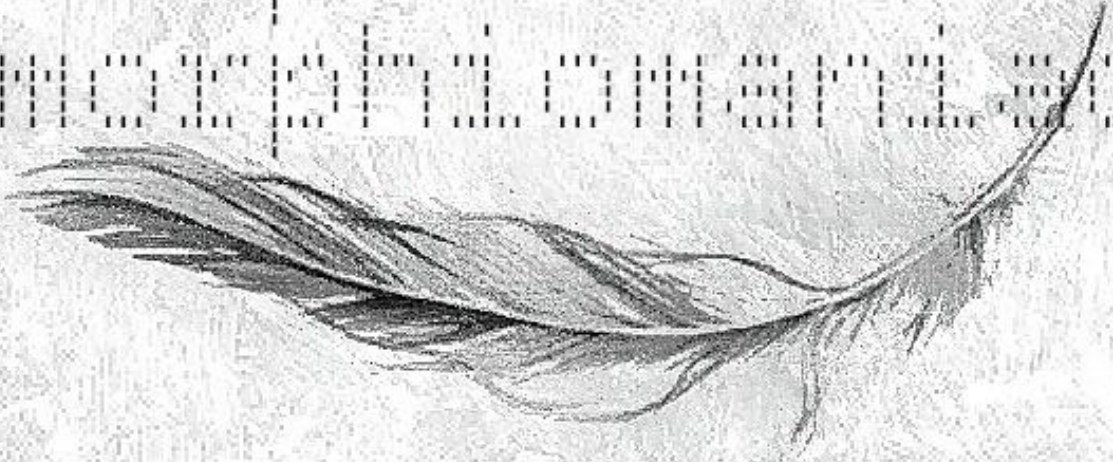


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## Morphomaniac

The time is never enough  
Your presence is never fulfilling  
And when you leave  
The yearning starts all over again

My desires for you are an accomplice  
Preying on my emotions  
I am without  
Defeated by your lack thereof

It is as if the surrounding air leaves the room with you  
If only my eyes could see through the bricks and mortar  
Maybe then your absence would be delayed if only for a little

My dependence is a sickness  
The Achilles heel to an otherwise impenetrable heart  
The skeleton key to my dwelling of reflection  
I am not myself when I'm without you  
Nor am I reflective of my individuality in your company

Addicted

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