



The Voice Of Addiction

Carrie Roush

Well, it's nice to finally meet you.
I've been waiting for your call.
I've noticed you've been crying,
And I've watched you pace the halls.

Whatever has been hurting you,
I can make it disappear.
You know you have nothing to lose,
Nothing to live for, nothing to fear.

Thank you for your invention.
I'll be sure not to leave your side.
We'll become very fast acquainted.
My naive child, there's no use trying to hide.

I should probably introduce myself.
I am your very own addiction.
But you cannot be angry with me.
I am your own self-conviction.

I bet you feel rather stupid,
Falling right into my lap.
I'm a master at manipulation.
You'll never escape my trap.

How does it feel to dance with the Devil?
For he and I are one in the same.
God has completely abandoned you,
So you might as well stay in the game.



Are you honestly going to try and beat me?
A useless battle if you want to know.
Go ahead and make an attempt.
Besides, I'm in the mood for a good show.

I guess you think you're special.
But your sobriety has only lasted a year.
I'm still around every corner,
In the back of your mind.
I'm your greatest fear.

I'll always be your dirty little secret.
I won't disappear over time.
Twenty years from now you may falter,
And I'll be the first thing that comes to mind.

A vicious cycle, that's what you're thinking,
But I'm only speaking the truth.
I'm Satan's weapon of mass destruction.
The silent killer of America's youth.

It's genius when you think of it.
Everyone's looking for some Armageddon war.
But what the fools don't realize
Is every day Armageddon walks through their front door.

Source: <https://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poem/the-voice-of-addiction>