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The Life of a User

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By Alexandra McLeod

The Life of a User

Another so desperate for a hit
Using dirty needles- whatever it takes to get lit

Fingers melted to the bone
Can this life even be called home?

Stealing to provide the feeling
Why is this Devil so appealing?

Scars on your face to mark the choice
Long ago you lost your voice

No sleep, no food
Why does this no longer feel good?

All you crave is a chemical bliss
Your family and friends you no longer miss

A bottomless pit of sorrow and pain
This is no longer just a game

What seemed like fun has turned into a nightmare
You want to stop, but once again you return to the Devil's Lair

Your addiction and yourself you want to kill
You've only created your own hell

The Devil has you and you will never be whole
Pathetic and lifeless you've sold your soul

