

Obsession

Obsession Obsession
become my possession
Obsession, Obsession
must make this confession
You are a brew
too great to be true
1 part real, 1 part fantasy
and with time, this obsession,
brewed and stirred,
boiled and toiled,
you become
baked in my mind.
A mixture of time.
Parts real, parts desire, parts fantasy
and there you rise from
the vapors of my stew
a fantastic image of desire's blue
To feast my hungry heart on
Hungry eyes, hungry hands, hungry mouth.

Licking at the vapors of obsession's wounds
swallowing deep the heated fantasy's store
coming up flamed and hungrier than before.

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I find I'm distressed
I am starving from the vapors alone

sick with hallucinations and dreams
afraid to leave the den
afraid to leave the dream
afraid to face the sunlight, in my sickly way
Afraid to go and search
Afraid to go and find,
this strange profound obsession and
attempt to make it mine.

Lyrics by Léah Kline Oct 2004