

CYRUS: High...sweet, sweet high. Beautiful, tempting and deadly. She's what drives me...the only thing that drives me. Motivates me, pushes me. She's all I think of and dream of...that next high. That next escape. Nothing else matters...not life, not death. Just her. I will do anything to be with her. Lie, cheat, steal...whatever it takes to spend one more second wrapped in her arms. She tried to kill me once. A few more minutes with her would have turned me into veggie or fertilizer. She left me lying in my own vomit on the floor, convulsing...but still I can't break her hold on me. I tried to stay away, really I did. But she's calls to me, all day and all night – even in my dreams...my nightmares - begging me...pleading with me to come back and I always do. Why stay away? It's so much easier to be with her, than to be me.