

ADDICTED AMEN

BY CAROLANNE MILJAVAC

I'm drunk, stoned, and stuffed.
It's not enough.
It's not enough.
And it never will be.
There will never be enough to satisfy me.
Because the problem is, I'm not hungry.
My soul is thirsty.
I've had the realization
That my spirit suffers from dehydration.
Thirsty for love.
Thirsty for peace.
My flesh won't set me free.
I need You, Lord.
I'm starving.
There's only regret after the party.
The hole in my heart just gets bigger. Even
when he says I'm sorry.
I shouldn't be so careless with my body.
I didn't realize I was worthy.
I cry myself to sleep.
The absence of her presence cuts so deep.
What can I take to escape the grief?
It's not enough.
Take it. Take this from me.
I'm so sorry.

I know You love me.
I believe it's not just a story.
I'll give You the glory.
Restore me.
Make me new.
Let me see myself from Your point of view.
Fill me with Your Word.
The way, the life, the truth.
I'm addicted to You, Lord.
Take my chains. Give me fruit.
I'm sober.
I'm satisfied.
I'm full.
I'm running to You, Lord.
I can't believe I'm running.
It used to be a nur.
But now I'm chasing after something.
Something I can see.
Something I can feel.
You brought my pain up to the surface. I
had to deal so I could heal.
Now it has a purpose.
Life is good.
Despite the struggles.
I can smile in the face of trouble.
I got my laughter back.
She laughs.

I'm without fear when I'm attacked.
I keep on moving.
Forward motion.
You have my full devotion.
It doesn't matter where I've been.
Value isn't found in the opinions of men.
My worth left marks within your skin.
You won't let me stay hidden.
It's Your love, Lord.
I'm addicted, amen.