

I, Avarice

Raunchy

A desirous heart with a scavenger's eye
Fixated only on your possession
With the will of a thousand hunters,
Starved and in pursuit
And the mastery of an artist
Perceptively in tune
He extends a steady hand
And you think nothing of it
When gathering his demands
And surrendering them to him

I will be the keeper of everything that they hold dear
I will take pleasure in making it all disappear

Such a smooth deceiver
Grinning as he leaves them
Empty handed and broken
Feeling like givers not victims

So graciously fooled in that moment
Where even your heart you'd have thought
A relief to unburden into him
Had he shown the appetite
Heavy steps carry his departure
Pockets filled with victories
The most satisfying of pleasures
This wicked sense of glory

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