

## 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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