

Dear Ms. Leading

The Dear Hunter

Dear Ms. Leading I hate to tell you that I no longer need your services

A bitter fabricating manufacturer of lust

You have been presented as

It doesn't do a thing for me, I now know your identity

A black widow who tempts the gray with promises of love

If ignorance is bliss, wish I were blissfully ignorant

But I'm not, I'm enlightened now light has been presented to me

In spite of you...

You know Ms. Leading I regret to inform you

I've fallen out of lust

It must be so hard to understand

Hell no I don't think so, hell no I don't think so

Did you really think me a fool enough to play along?

And make believing everything you said was true

Push your battering lips on another unsuspecting men

Hell no I don't think so, hell no I don't think so

Dear Ms. Leading in response to your response

I'm simply unavailable

I hope you got the message in the message that I sent

Shame on me for falling for someone so dense

In different times I'd might of fooled around for something warm, something with security

As fleeting as the momentary rapture and the pleasure of collapsing in arms

So welcoming to others just like me

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