

Skirt Chaser

Y e s e n i a L u n a

You find your next victim to prey on,
and place false hope into their hearts.
Proud of the damage caused,
you stroll on to the next.
Love is a foreign language to you,
yet you manipulate its mechanisms like a pro.
Those three words recited over and over
I - Love - you.
With a fake smile,
you armor your selfish, arrogant heart.
The way your fingers glide,
leave your prey weak and submissive.
Your gentle tongue knowing exactly what to do.
The devil is a trickster,
even he would fall for you.