

A Perfect Circle "Hollow"

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run, desire, run
this sexual being
run him like a blade
to and through the heart,
no conscience
one motive:
cater to the hollow

screaming feed me here
fill me up again
temporarily pacify this hungering

so grow,
libido throw
dominoes of indiscretions down
falling all around in cycles,
in circles
constantly consuming,
conquer and devour.

'cause its time to bring the fire down
bridle all this indiscretion
long enough to edify
and permanently fill this hollow

screaming feed me here
fill me up again
temporarily pacifying
feed me here
fill me up again
temporarily pacifying

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