

## **A Perfect Circle "The Hollow"**

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Run, desire, run  
A 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 hunger that's so cruel

Libido throw  
Dominoes of indiscretions down  
Falling all around in cycles, in circles  
Constantly consuming, conquering, devour.

'cause it's time to bring the fire down  
Throttle 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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