

A Perfect Circle, The Hollow (The Bunk Mix)

Run, desire run
The sexual being
Run him like a blade
To and through the heart
No conscience
One motive
To cater to the hollow

Feed me
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

It's time to bring the fire down
Bridle all this indiscretion
Long enough to edify
And permanently fill this hollow

This hollow (x3)

Feed me
Fill me up again
Temporarily pacify this hungering

Feed me
Fill me up again
Temporarily pacify