A Perfect Circle, The Hollow

Run desire run
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 it's 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