

A Perfect Circle, The Hollow (Take 1)

Run, desire, run sexual being
Run him like a blade to and through the heart
No conscience, one motive...
To cater to the hollow
Screaming
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
'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, fill me up again
Temporarily pacifying
Feed me, fill me up again
Temporarily pacifying