

# The Hollow

## A Perfect Circle

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  
And 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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