PS

Stricken City

Her heart
Her heart bleeds
Her heart
Her heart bleedsIt is a basis for your heartfelt hunger so gaze
At the page at the faces of nameless
You're alone again and this distortion
Is an apt replacement for
An unquenchable desire for moreMore pages strewn
Across this sickening floor
I can't look at this
I can't look at you
I can't look at me, who caresIf they saw
What those eyes seen
If they saw
What those eyes seenOh, how her heart it would bleed
If she only knew those abusive roots
And how the children would weep
If they only saw what those eyes have seenIt always keeps us longer than we wanted to stay
It always takes us further
Than we wanted to go, go, go, go
But you don't mind
No you don't at the timeBegging to be set free
From what we're meant to be
Begging to be set free
From what we're meant to beIt's inside you and your soul is longing
Yearning, pleading to be set free
Within your eyes, within my eyes, within our eyes
There could never be a more complete
Perversion of what we were meant to beAnd with all that is in me I hate this
As we're sinking inside, this ever feeding illness
We are all quite silent, sitting still
Sitting still, sitting still, sitting still
Sitting still, sitting still, sitting still

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