

# 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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