

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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