

PS

The Books

Her heart
Her heart bleeds
Her heart
Her heart bleeds It 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 more More 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 cares If they saw
What those eyes seen
If they saw
What those eyes seen Oh, 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 seen It 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 time Begging to be set free
From what we're meant to be
Begging to be set free
From what we're meant to be It'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 be And 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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