

# The Hollow

## A Perfect Circle

Run desire run  
Sexual being  
Run him like a blade  
To and through the hollow  
No conscience  
One motive  
Cater to the hollow  
Screaming feed me here  
Fill me up again  
Temporarily pacify this hungering  
So grow  
Libido throw  
Dominoes of indiscretions down  
Falling all around  
In cycles  
In circles  
Constantly consuming  
Conquer and devour Cause it's time to bring the fire down  
Bridle 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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