What the Heart Wants

The heart wants what the heart wants, it spins a web of deceit

The heart wants what the heart wants, it’s a game of defeat

The smell of sex and despair, the smell of sex in her hair

You wonder what you’re doing there, then you wonder why you would care

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Dark halls lead to dark doors which lead to dark rooms and dark whores

And dark thoughts you want fulfilled, dark voids you want to fill

In the corner of the bar, in the back of the car

On your nightly crawl, in a bathroom stall

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She’s young but somehow older than you and she’s seen every trick that you do

You say you want to make her feel good and she says that she wishes you could

And the heart wants what the heart wants, it spins a web of deceit

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Yeah the heart wants what the heart wants, it spins a web of deceit

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Her eyes are dead she barely looks at you, but she does what you want to do

The smell of sex and despair, the smell of sex everywhere

And you can’t look at her anymore, so you just stare at the floor

And you wonder what you’re doing there, and then you wonder why you would care

In the back of your throat, in the back of your mind

On your nightly crawl, on your nightly fall

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And dark thoughts you want fulfilled, dark voices you want to still

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