

Where the River Ends

Otep

I will let you see with my words
I will let you burn and observe
But where I go you can only follow
So close your eyes, open your mind and seeSomewhere out in the dark
A car pulls up and parks
And the passenger shifts nervously in her seat
And the butterflies flutter in her bellyAnd the driver shuts off the engine, moves a little close
She giggles a little as he unbuttons her blouse
She pushes him away and he whispers
Baby, don't be that wayI took you out, I treated you right
Now, don't put up a fight
Come on, I only wanna put the tip in
Don't fight, don't fight, come onThis is all your fault, you know
Just relax, just let me do what I gotta d
I'll let ya go, don't you love me?
Don't you love me? Don't you love me?Breathe in deep, a sea of desperate dreams
I have no mouth and I must scream
Breathe in deep, a sea of desperate dreams
I have no mouthAnd somewhere in a normal neighborhood
In a normal house, a normal family is falling apart
And down the hall the little ones hide
Frozen as fossils as their mother criesListening now that the others have gone silent
The walls blister as sister rises in defiance
Here in the depths of the labyrinth she will make her mark
She travels the cavern searching for the minotaurAnd she finds him asleep in the heat of his triumphs
And a sparkle of flame flickers in her eye
She nudges him softly and says
Daddy, wanna give me a try?And he rumbles a roar
You must lick honey from a thorn
If you are to survive this night
And she says no, I'd rather a pick a fightAnd he reaches out and she's on the attack
And he's face down and she straddles his back
And as the moonlight fades from his eyes
She sighs, come on, what's the matter?
Don't you love me? Don't you love me?
Don't you love me?Breathe in deep, a sea of desperate dreams
I have no mouth and I must scream
Breathe in deep, a sea of desperate dreams
I have no mouth and I must screamWhat we are you too will become

Liberated children of a blood hungry God
Sedition They used to hang women like me, strange fruit on the poplar tree
They used to own women like me, necessary accessories
They used to burn women like me to quell the fires of liberty
In the blessed fertile crescent, they still stone women like me
And one day you will say just look at her now And as everything fades to black
And as the jackals laugh in the aftermath
I'm not yours anymore

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