

# I Remember

## Otep

Who's there?  
Who's there? And I remember flashes of laughter  
And lunatics lost in your soul  
Seductive propaganda scrolling across my mind  
Like guerrilla cinemaBelts and, and wooden spoons  
Flies in the afterbirth  
Shadows across my mindSmiling but dead, smiling but dead  
Smiling but dead, smiling but dead  
Smiling but dead, smiling but deadCrawling on linoleum kitchens  
TV streaming death  
And corporate consciousness into my brain  
Cracked porcelain sinks  
Covered with insects and dirty dishesThe early morning anxiety of, of grade school  
Dark stockings to hide the bruises  
The secret friends, festive holidays  
And everyone in their, in their Sunday best  
Pretending to like each otherGenerations and generations  
Of loneliness, sad mistakes  
Stealing away in the dead of night  
To escape stiff jawed henchmen  
In, in the hungry trucks of an angry slumlord  
Miles and miles awayPatience and understanding  
Waking on the side of the road  
Hissing radiator, hoses cracked like, like burned skin  
And days so hot  
A nuclear holocaust would've felt like  
A cyclonian blizzardI remember the first time  
I felt it alive inside me, turning  
But the dead weight moving  
Within the folds of its winged embraceOpening and sliding those black feathers  
Inches at a time  
Its beak, its, its feet  
Pushing and pushing and, and pushing  
And digging into the membraneAnd I remember going numb  
And listening to it hum  
I'm feeling it move in its mysteries  
Exploring me with powerI remember this  
And I know I never had a chance  
There was never any escaping it

Amen

Guns and God

Amen

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