

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
Guns and God
Amen

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