

# Andrenochrome Dreams

## Otep

I had this dream...  
Where I woke up  
To a grand commotion  
And um... I just jumped from the blankets  
And whipped the door from its lock,  
And rush blindly into the blackness of the hallway  
But there, on all sides  
Lying next to each other  
Were rows and rows of executioners...Some were shirtless  
And throbbing with anticipation.  
Sweat delicately sneaking through their body hair  
All were hooded  
Some like seventeenth century guillotine henchmen  
Others had crudely made hoods  
Like scarecrows or ripped ski masks  
With slobber from their clenching jaws  
And some had burlap masks that looked like they were made of human skin.Each one held a weapon.  
Large mallets  
Crudely fashioned axes  
And large clubs  
PipesBut I wasn't compelled to retreat.NoI was forced to move between them.  
Past their swinging weapons  
The clubs  
The bats  
The slicing tools  
The shovels  
The large and small axes  
Boards with nails, staples and razorblades embedded in them  
Taking the beating,  
Falling down,  
Getting up,  
Again and again and again and again  
Driven to make it out...At any costAnd next,  
I stumbled into a... this strange marshy world  
Where I was oddly drowning in squirrels and other large, starving rodents.  
From above, out on the treetops,  
Several dolls fell from the branches  
And they were hanging  
With nooses made of human hair

They started biting and sucking and trying to feed from me...  
Trying to enter my belly and some pushed large needles into my veins and...  
And as I looked back, some had nails through their hands, torsos and throats. I was froze  
Dead eyes...  
Carbonized...  
As I kicked them away  
I could see all around me...  
Of piles and piles of dead sea life  
Large fish, smelly crustaceans and their soulless empty bodies whispered  
A secret language I couldn't decipher but somehow understood. And their cries were  
"Feed me... Feed me..." They wanted me to devour those around them  
Chew them up into pieces  
And smear them inside their mouths  
And as I turned around  
I could see the shape of a woman  
Perfect...  
Perfectly erotic  
Squatting over a pile of these dead things...  
And as I ran to her and said "what the fuck are you doing?!" And she had no face  
And she turned to glass  
And suddenly cracked  
And then exploded into 1000 pieces at my feet and just as I took a quick breath,  
This world was shoved and decimated  
But an intruding tidal wave  
Of microorganisms, exploding atoms... And suddenly moon rose...  
Frightened, aching, and alone...  
And that's what I remember most..... The ache I can't escape  
The ache.....

Songwriters

Otep Shamaya Published by

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