

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

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