

Andrenochrome Dreams

Otep

I had this dream where I woke up to a grand commotion
And um, I jumped from the blankets
And whipped the door from its lock
And rushed 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, robe less 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 sudden ripped ski masks with slobber from their clenching jaws
And some had burlap masks sown together
So they looked like they were made of human skin Each one held a weapon, large mallets, crudely fashioned axes
And large clubs, pipes, but I wasn't compelled to retreat, no I was forced to move between them
Past their swinging weapons
The clubs, the bats, the slicing tools, the shovels
The large and small axes, big 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 cost And next I stumbled into a, this strange marshy world
Where I was, I was oddly drowning
In squirrels and other large starving rodents Then from above out on the treetops
Several dolls fell from the branches
Where they were hanging
With nooses made of human hair They all, uh, 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 covered all in dead shrouds 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 a paste
And smear them inside their mouths And as I, 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 then she turned to glass
And suddenly cracked

And then exploded into a 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
Neutrinos, exploding atoms and binding molecules
I was suddenly in the moon again
Frightened, aching and alone
And that's what I remember most
The ache, I can't escape

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