

Lit Me Up

Brand New

This tape recounts a dream which occurred close to the termination of approximately 400 hours of intensive, individual therapy. Now, the patient recounts her dream

I had this dream earlier this morning and I wrote it down. The dream is that I'm in some sort of a... and I'm in a hotel I'm at... I'm like at a convention or something. And I feel sort of almost like there's too much going on. There are all different kinds of meetings going on. Stuff on experimental psych and therapy, chemical aspects. All of it

But, I'm... while I don't mind having all this going on inside of me. It's sort of... I think I'm going to be relieved when it's over. When I can sort of settle back down

It's where you live, but you don't know how it's been
If we're just dust, then it doesn't matter who you kill
Don't cut me up and tell me that it's ok
Just turn it off 'cause I don't care anyway

It lit me up
It lit me up
It lit me up
It lit me up

Something's stirring in a deep Atlantic trench
Doesn't forget the thousand years before it slipped
It's the beast, it's my heart, it's so brave
Dive down into its unit in its head

It lit me up
It lit me up
It lit me up
It lit me up

It lit me up like a torch on a pitch black night
Like the nimble little needles of a dried up pine
Lit me up and I burn from the inside out
Yeah, I burn like a witch in a Puritan town
It lit me
It lit me

When I grow up I want to be a heretic
I want to climb over the walls, I'm not on the list
I want to put my hands to work until the work's done
I want to open up my heart like the ocean

It lit me up
It lit me up
It lit me up
It lit me up

It lit me up like a rag soaked in gasoline
The neck of the bottle breaking right at my feet
It lit me up and I burned from the inside out
Yeah, I burned like a witch in a Puritan town
It lit me
It was a good dream