

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 cinema

Belts and, and wooden spoons
Flies in the afterbirth
Shadows across my mind

Smiling but dead, smiling but dead
Smiling but dead, smiling but dead
Smiling but dead, smiling but dead

Crawling on linoleum kitchens
TV streaming death
And corporate consciousness into my brain
Cracked porcelain sinks
Covered with insects and dirty dishes

The 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 other

Generations 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 away

Patience 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 blizzard

I remember the first time
I felt it alive inside me, turning
But the dead weight moving
Within the folds of its winged embrace

Opening and sliding those black feathers
Inches at a time
Its beak, its, its feet
Pushing and pushing and, and pushing
And digging into the membrane

And I remember going numb
And listening to it hum
I'm feeling it move in its mysteries
Exploring me with power

I remember this
And I know I never had a chance
There was never any escaping it
Amen

Guns and God
Guns and God
Amen