

## We Dream Like Lions

Otep

We dream like lions  
Warm in the frost  
Fresh from the kill  
Tiny teeth and claws  
We dream like lions

Deep beneath the loam  
The windows of his soul  
Ash on the watery glass  
Broken but still whole

A halo of barbwire  
A frozen night of fire  
Oh, so cold

We dream like lions  
Below and above  
The wooly little lambs  
That look a lot like us  
We dream like lions

The dark poles of the weeping trees cradle him close in the heavy breeze. Crumbs for the crows, slow empire of worms. We sing the cry of countless broken souls, "the world is made of razorblades, they choke on the words they'll never say, I wish it could change, but it will always be this way."

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