

Otep "Art Saves"

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erv asat
serv asat
serv asat
serv asat

to exterminate the plague
soiling my brain

i put the pen to the pad
until the madness drains

cuz words are colossal
aggressive not docile

infectious like a brothel
no need to get hostile

calling all apostles
united we stand

they bleeding out they nostrils
i'm wicked with hands

throwing vicious combinations
witness devastation

i just fucked your soul
annihilation

feel the sensation
tickle & grow

spreading over your mind
& taking control

a noble savage on a rampage
war is all that i know

feeding hungry heads
defeating all your heros

art saves

make the pain
a weapon you can use

art saves
make the pain
a weapon you can use

from the moment i wake
it rains grenades

so i scribble on the page
& reality fades

i walk the scottish moors
with pagans on forest floors

test the sacraments
& conjure up thunderstorms

i hunt with Cernunnos
& dance with satyrs

conquer Rome in a day
& battle armored invaders
infested with ticks
this existence is shit

all these traitors in the trees
while the napalms drips

words burn their lips
like old roach clips

holy as i
infected by this

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serv
asat

i liberate the devils in my head
through the paragraphs crafted by my pen

these demons drip on the page

my blind, multi-eyed children of rage

i coulda took a bat to the back of his head
or dropped a napalm bomb on the bed as she slept

but i split
& wrote it down instead

at least now you know
who you're fucking with

i'm sick
but i'm free

you're weak
& i'm built for the siege

[burn]

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