

# Otep

## "I Remember"

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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

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