

Otep "Thots"

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Nothings changed
The Senates still corrupt
and the Emporer remains insane

And everyday
Is a new strain of slaughter

Supply lines are less protected
Evil on all sides

I can smell the death on your flesh
Creeping in

Trapped within the twisting fingers of fear
And all I see is you
And all I see is you

That face
Those eyes

Burning like leprosy

I can see you there
Poisoning the air

Prostituting Nationalism

And I want to attack
To rip out your heart and lay your flat on your back

And vomit a world of agony and truth
Into your throbbing illness of memory

And hate guides our way
and hate guides our way

I long for the icy slap of a belt across my back
For the acceptance of death and blind cave war

The giving sleep of depression
The sweet elucidation of savage, meaningless
aggression

Chiseled in the meaty forearms of Mother Jupiter
And his slave disciples

In the harem tents - outside
Just beyond the edges - eye ride

A cycloptic mare in the fires of imagination

Feeding my disease
Feeding my disease
A river of plagues

I need something to remind me I'm still sinning
That pain is important
That words matter
That healing is possible

That I am not alone ... in this

Guard the houses
Triple the watch
Maidens, dig up your sorcery
Sirens, sharpen your rocks

You will eat my pain again

Whatever you need
Whatever you need
Whatever you need

Unite, Messiah, ME!

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