

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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