

# Dr. Seuss Is Dead

## Acid Bath

A cloud of flies obscure the sun  
A stone is dropped the dream undone  
Ripples grow and ride the tide  
The dead thing crawls from deep inside  
With its dying sour breath  
The burning smell of insect flesh  
Hungry things in circles crowd  
Around TV's turned up to loud  
We are the dead next door  
Where the dirty needles shine and litter the floor  
Taste the light inject the lord  
I cut myself again because I'm so fuckin' bored  
The dream is swirling, I'm alone  
Where the streets are paved with bone  
Buildings with a hundred eyes  
Watch me thru the swarming flies  
Behind shades pulled down tight  
Things are growing without light  
Hungry things in circles crowd  
Around TV's turned up to loud  
The dream sea has been poisoned  
The stop light splashes me red  
Innocence suffocated in its sleep  
Dr. Seuss is dead

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