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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