

Cadaver Dog

Oh Sees

One is pursuant of other men's themes
One is the slaver of scenes
One is the ruin of other men's dreams
So grab your heads, axe has appeal

One is the maker of ulcers of life
You don't always you get what you need
I hear a whistle, it comes from the sky
So run and hide your family

We've intercepted your message to God
There is no help on the wing
Your request sticks to the ceiling, a dream
And now it's dust on the floor

So, all of you young ones, you sniff the debris
And catalog disaster and grief
Put it all in Athenaeum of woe
Please, don't follow but lead