

## 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 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