

# Acid Bath, Dr Seuss is Dead

Why do you love to lick my wounds  
Why do you love to twist my pain  
Why do you love to suck! my life  
Why do you look so dead  
Kill me I'm a dope fiend  
Do not touch me for I am unclean  
Kill your television, do it for God  
Kill the corpse holding the credit card  
Screaming insects hail the queen welcome the killer home  
Hold me close to your dead heart and let the rapist roam  
Put your bloody hands on me whisper in my ear  
Burning bodies keep us warm and have for a million years  
Yeah motherfucker I'm high  
And I'm thankful just to be alive