

# Exquisite Corpse

**John Cameron Mitchell**

Life is but a dream  
Life is but a dream  
Life is but a dreamLife is but a dream  
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Life is but a dream  
Life is but a dreamI make the air fall apart  
Around me  
Now as the petals are no more  
A corroding, shrinking stalk remains  
Bereft of his blooms  
And the ultimate cruelty of loves pinionsBeset his appearance, beset his appearance  
No king could replenish his state  
Now browning, sinking, dying  
A thousand deaths  
A thousand deaths  
A thousand deathsTerry sat up and hugged  
The green army surplus bag  
Around his skinny waist  
It was cold and the person  
Beside him had faded badlyLegs apart, his eyes lit up  
The skys gone out, the sky, the sky  
The skys gone outThe skys gone out, the skys gone out  
The skys gone out, the skys gone out  
The skys gone out, the skys gone out  
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