

Exquisite Corpse

Bauhaus

Life is but a dream
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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
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