

A God in an Alcove

Bauhaus

Go and look for the dejected
Once proud idol remembered in stone aloud
Then on coins his face was mirrored
Take a look, it soon hath slithered To a fractured marble slab
Renunciation clad
His nourishment extract from his subjects
That mass production profile He's a God in an alcove Once he spread the rain
So they dreamt in vain
Once he spread the wheat
Had made some garlands for his feet
Until the lily poet of our times Horized on the line
Love became the in theme then
Opposing fakers thrice by ten
Don't perceive his empty plea
That redundant effigy He's a God in an alcove Take in view his empty stool
What's left is satin cool
Clawing adornment for his crimes
They saw they had to draw the line So they sent him far away
So they sent him far away
To a little alcove
To a little alcove all alone He's a God, a God Now I am silly
Now I am silly
So silly, silly
Silly, silly, silly, silly
Silly, silly

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