

# Clairvaux Prison

## French Style Furs

it is a year of strategy, the bureaucrats,  
wiping the blood off their fingers  
in the gates of the temple of reason,  
have voted to poison the enemy's well  
they know their danger,  
they need to throw some dead thing  
into the living waters  
that were once Clairvaux,  
and kill the too clean image in the heart of such a spring  
you know, it was once Clairvaux nine or a dozen murderers,  
and a hundred others  
with the grime of knavery upon them  
go colonize the ancient cloister  
on the morrow of the constitution:  
and in the shadows of the broken church,  
each dead soul starts to blossom  
in his sepulcher  
cursing the comfortable sun  
heaven, with a strange impassivity,  
show no particular horror for this grim cartoon:  
let's each new sphinx crouch in his iron hermitage  
musing the means to end  
this leprous noviceship  
and no fire falls, no brimstone buries  
these absinthial silences  
or purifies the poisoned sanctuary to a pile of ash  
god is holding you as evidence, Clairvaux; your faithful glass,  
patient of all the grime and blood of the late centuries  
suffers the face of the new liberty,  
frames out the new fraternity  
for all to contemplate:  
receives equality and holds it fast  
with a firm hug of locks,  
that those who have never forgotten  
the days of Bernard and the first cistercians  
may read the terror of those messages  
and fly to keep their freedom  
in the servitude of grace

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