

Mirror Remains

Bauhaus

We put the clocks forward
We put the clocks back
The mirror is never fooled
It remains slow moving liquid cool
As we speed headlong into the berzahJinn stone of Indians
Narkik and faded stars
The temperature is cold as clay
Ash on birthday cake a wine blushing bride
Stupefied our bad side's in decayStupefied our bad side's in decay

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