

Exquisite Corpse

Bauhaus

Life is but a dream
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I 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 love's pinions
Beset his appearance
Beset his appearance
No king could replenish his state
Now browning, sinking, dying
A thousand deaths
A thousand deaths
A thousand deaths

Terry sat up
And hugged the green army surplus bag
Around his skinny waist
It was cold
And the person beside him had faded badly
Legs apart his eyes lit up
The sky's gone out
The sky, the sky
The sky's gone out

Ooooooh
The sky's gone out
The sky's gone out
The sky's gone out
The sky's gone out
The sky's gone out
The sky's gone out
The sky's gone out
The sky's gone out
The sky's gone out
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