

## 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  
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