

## 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 berzah

Jinn 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 decay

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