

# Bauhaus, Of lillies and remains

In the marbled reception hall  
i received a three band gold ring, from mark. a token of esteem.  
running through ghost closet locker rooms,  
to hide from peter, who has fallen to the old cold stone  
wheezing and emitting a seemingly endless flow of ectoplasmic white  
goo from ears and mouth.  
a wind rushes through the hall,  
whistles as it breezes through the narrow slits  
in the green locked doors  
i hide in one of these, number thirteen.  
Barely concealed but hopeful  
Blackout  
Blackout!  
I will climb this high wall, In remembrance of clancy  
To regain or re-earn my life  
As i died just a flicker of an eyelid ago  
The wall has many holes  
And many foot pieces to fasten to  
The wall is dangerous, and this is my penance  
My penance and my task  
I did it once and they wondered  
Yet i need to go, once more around  
Up breathtakingly across rigidly  
Down easily - and foolishly  
I endeavoured again to climb the wall in vain  
And capture back my chain of lillies and remains  
Of lillies and remains  
Lillies and remains