

## A God in an Alcove

Bauhaus

Go and look for the dejected once proud  
Idol remembered in stone aloud  
Then on coins his face was mirrored  
Take a look it soon hath slithered  
To a fractured marble slab, renunciation clad  
His nourishment extract from his subjects  
That mass production profile.

He's a God in in an alcove.

Once he spread the rain  
So they dreamt in vain  
Once he spread the wheat  
Had made garlands for his feet  
Until the lily poet of our times  
Horizoned on the line  
Love became the in theme then  
Opposing fakers thrice by ten  
Don't perceive his empty plea  
That redundant effigy.

He's a God in in an alcove.

Take in view his empty stool  
What's left is satin cool  
Clawing adornment for his crimes  
They saw they had to draw the line  
So they sent him far away  
So they sent him far away  
To a little alcove  
To a little alcove  
All alone.

He's a God, a God.

Now I am silly  
Now I am silly  
Silly, silly, silly, silly,  
Silly.