

Passing Over

Brian Eno

Passing over
All the dark blades
All the dark blades
Of the forewords
In the forewords
Just a low sound
Such a low sound
Passing over

Drawing closer
Sheer horizon
Flame horizon
Haze of morning
Magnets drawing
Over the forewords
Now entangle
All tomorrow

Gone.
Gone.
Through crumbled fingers gone.
Can never be recollected.

All pastness gone
To the crumbled dogma-ing past.
Can never be recollected.

Passing over...
All the dark blades....