

The Belldog

Brian Eno

Most of the day
We were at the machinery
In the dark sheds
That the seasons ignore
I held the levers that guided the signals to the radio
But the words I receive, random code, broken fragments from before.
Out in the trees
My reason deserting me
All the dark stars
Cluster over the bay.
Then in a certain moment
I lose control and at last I am part of the machinery.
(The belldog) Where are you?
And the light disappears
As the world makes its circle through the sky.