

So tired  
Soul searching  
I followed the sounds to a cathedral  
Imagine my surprise to find that they were produce by Brian Eno

Past the gates  
Quite stark  
The roses trimmed and the windows dark  
I see the walls through a limestone crack  
Not red not blue not yellow but black  
And all the space left for you  
If the sky was synthesized you'd probably know

He taught me many things  
The wisdom of o bleak stratagems  
The prophet of a sapphire soul  
Presented through creative freedoms  
And everything i say is true  
Cuz if i was telling lies it'd probably show

I can tell that he's kind of smiling  
But what does he know?  
We're always one step behind him, he's Brian Eno  
Brian Eno

When I was stuck he'd make me memorize elaborate curses  
Tinctures and formulas to ditch the chori and flip the verses  
My whole foundation came unglued  
When i tried to humanize by ambient light  
Dipping swords in metaphors yeah but what does he know?  
He's got the whole world behind him he's Brian Eno  
Brian Eno!

He promised pretty worlds and all the silence  
I could dream of Brian peter George St John Le  
Baptiste De La Salle Eno

Well all alone by the oldest stone where the shade  
Trees grow the creature by the water feature with a  
Ghostly glow making sure that time's preserved  
Well we reap what we sow he's got the whole  
World behind him he's Brian Eno etc. etc.