

Brian Eno, The Harness

Will the rose in all their learning
Turning brightness to day

Spur the horns of discerning
Scout the world along the way

And in their firm terms of warning
They return to the sea

And at the first sign of morning
They beat on his disease

So they wail
As their lies warn them

Not to fail in the harness
Not to fall at the shore

They are lost where the robe is
Sailors on southern more

And though they wail with the bonemen
Farther there somewhere inside

It doesn't show nights are warning
Beggars change so you'll burn

So they go
There's no way through there to show
In bar ways under

Not to fail in the harness
Not to rage at the shore

Not to rail in the darkness
When surrounded by roar

When to know there's a river
Some of them walk
Some of them fall

In the wars they
(Fade)