

Eno, Brian, Everything Merges With The Night

Rosalie

I've been waiting all evening
Possibly years I don't know
Counting the passing hours
Everything merges with the night

I stand on the beach
Giving out descriptions
Different for everyone I see
Since I just can't remember
Longer than last September.

Santiago

Under the volcano
Floats like a cushion on the sea
Yet I can never sleep here
Everything ponders in the night.

Rosalie

We've been talking all summer
Picking the straw from our clothes
See how the breeze has softened
Everything pauses in the night.