

Eno, Brian, The Belldog

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
"(Where are you?)"
And the light disappears
As the world makes its circle through the sky