

# Eno, Brian, 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)