

## Passing Over

Brian Eno

Passing over  
All the dark blades  
All the dark blades  
Of the forewords  
In the forewords  
Just a low sound  
Such a low sound  
Passing over

Drawing closer  
Sheer horizon  
Flame horizon  
Haze of morning  
Magnets drawing  
Over the forewords  
Now entangle  
All tomorrow

Gone.  
Gone.  
Through crumbled fingers gone.  
Can never be recollected.

All pastness gone  
To the crumbled dogma-ing past.  
Can never be recollected.

Passing over...  
All the dark blades....