

Fickle Sun (ii) The Hour Is Thin

Brian Eno

The hour is thin.
Trafalgar Square is calm.
Birds and cold black dark, the final famine of a wicked sun.
And the web that died yesterday.

I was a hard-copy version, I turned my eyes directly to hate.
Then, the hammer of toil.
Tired of what the world has yet brought forth, with the women w
aving at war, and the news that war is faith.
Filled with tremendous cheering, leaping, and night rings. Ding
, dang, and gongs.
Who did not feel any purpose?

The phoenix broods, serene above the moment.
You are fighting for, I wonder what, destiny.

We waste away our hours and darken.
Beneath the velvet of a strong optimism.
Britain's most fateful hour is spun.

Copy this point on a gong.

Choirs, like bells, like a national truce.
And the new sun, where the air is something new.
Men dream of a swell so high, endeavor to get through the lies
and the bees to find something that historians can rake out of
the drums.
And all that color and savagery.
Boom, the dark.
And the web that died yesterday.

The phoenix broods serene above the tower of time, not enough b
oats.
He admitted without shame that he had entered into the dreams o
f the named addressee in the velvet of war.

Well lad, you've taken my heart away. I shall miss the heart of
the cold, black sea.
Before ever there was writing, they were taking up stones to hu
rl at last stroke, but nobody looked back.

There were soldiers, there was a cradle.

The universe is required. Please notify the sun.