

# The Belldog

Brian Eno

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