Under

Brian Eno

When all the worlds are lost in snow
I have to move this meaning through;
Disperse the force so far engendered
All near the steam and summer view
And then... remain.Where steeples crash in fire and thunder,
Where sheets of steel obscure the land,
Where word and sense are torn asunder:
Here was the place I chose to stand.
Just when I think I'm going under,
I... remain.Well all the waves of spin are foaming,
And fake muezzin steam and brew,
Formed in the fire of all their longings(?)
This is the way I took it through,
Just when I think I'm going under.
This is the way I thought it through;
This is the way I took it under...

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