

## Moody Blues

### "Morning Glory"

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Cold-hearted orb that rules the night  
Removes the colours from our sight,  
Red is grey and yellow white  
But we decide which is right  
And which is an illusion.  
Pinprick holes in a colourless sky  
Let insipid figures of light pass by.  
The mighty light of ten thousand suns  
Challenges infinity, and is soon gone.

Night-time: to some, a brief interlude,  
To others the fear of solitude.  
Brave Helios, wake up your steeds!  
Brings the warmth the countryside needs

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