

Blues Moody

"The Day Begins"

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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 incipient 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,
Bring the warmth the countryside needs

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