

Morning

Balthazar

Go where you want
when you know you can change your direction.
'Cause it always arrives
but it starts with another intention.
You could drive for a while,
but you'll never understand what has happened
to the places you left
when you weren't paying any attention.

Your eyes go wide in this night
you were heading to.
And the morning surrounding you with his gloom.
The trails in the back as a nightly track.
Your eyes see the better day

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