

Glad Morning

Bryan Duncan

The darkest hour's approaching
Stilled by the silent stars
Time is slowly passing by
Sun has left the sky
Where is the power in hoping
Blinding confusion reigns
On the night of a second day
The night before the day
All hope for love is laid to rest
All cold and tombed in stone
While scattered frineds and fallen angels
Lie awake alone
Glad morning
When love is recovered
Glad morning
And sorrow forgotten
The door once closed and guarded
Lets chadows cast a spell
While an evil's finest hour
A surrendering of power
Now find a light still burning
An open window glows
Even framed on dark despair
Like a bride in waiting
The soul in searching finds it's place
And foolish questions raise
All disappear without a trace
When immovable stones are rolled away
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