

## 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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