

Better Morning

Mob Rules

In a land where the ground is burned
You bring me water from the well
In a time where the clouds have turbed
The sun has the brightest light

Have a seat on a nearby dune
You feel the heat of the desert sand
Hear the voice of the wind in tune
The secret of dried-out land

Watching the silence everywhere
But nobody cares

When some flowers come out of the blue
Midnight hour's reflecting the truth
Dust and dirt on an unholy ground
Imapled by the merciless sun

When the sun is burning hot
And the land is a dried out desert
When just the moon can leave a spot
At a place of eternal distance

See them glow in a burning place
See them long for a better morning
Hear them scream for a rainy day
Watch them fight for a colder dawning