

# Higher Than the Morning

Transatlantic

Belong, belong, better to belong

Selfishness is only one more aspect of the rain  
And some convince you that it's virtuous  
They say the ego needs to run without restrain  
And other people are superfluous

There is some truth that you are trying to decide  
Then you convince yourself you're one of them  
The true creators to opinions they have died  
Howard Roark and you are like supermen

Climb higher than the morning  
Winds fly without a warning to the night

The cities gather all the vultures of the night  
Hungry for a little sweet to taste  
You are right in it but somehow you are outside  
Watching moles lay other souls to waste

It's so revolting, either that or you're amused  
To see what those objects do out there  
From out of boredom you partake but you're confused  
You're not so great as you once thought you were

Climb higher than the morning  
Clouds gather without warning  
Climb higher than the morning  
Winds fly without a warning always

Here there is a fire  
There deep as desire  
Far and away from me

Reach there in the quiet  
Seek and you will find it  
Right where it's said to be