

## 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