

The Moody Blues, The Day Begins

Cold-hearted orb that rules the night,
Removes the colors from our sight,
Red is gray and yellow white,
But we decide which is right,
And which is an illusion.

Pinprick holes in a colorless sky,
Let insipid figures of light pass by,
The mighty light of ten thousand suns,
Challenges infinity and is soon gone.

Nighttime, to some a brief interlude,
To others the fear of solitude.
Brave Helios, wake up your steeds,
Bring the warmth the countryside needs.