The Morning Belongs To the Night

Stina Nordenstam

The morning belongs to the night

Until it comes with a light

Until it's born with a spark

Until it outgrows the darkAnd there it hangs for a moment

A breath of hope for a moment

Stands on its own for a moment

Free from the past for a momentThe morning belongs to the day

Already here with the grey

Already spilling with need

Already flooding with speedWith its voices and faces, neverending

With its hard spoken phrases, Neverending

But its promise of outlasting light

Is just converted black in the sky

Is just converted black in the sky

Songwriters
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