

# Iona, Journey Into The Morn

Out of the night into the morn  
Drawing us gently through the eye of the storm  
Out of the sorrow into the joy  
Where we&#039;ll dwell in the highlands with Him evermore

Sealed by a promise we are called to become  
Those who endure &#039;til this race is won  
And leaving their past, heading for more  
Than our hearts can imagine, the final reward