

The Calling

Yes

Feel the calling of a miracle
In the presence of the word.
Now we hold the right to rearrange
How the stories can be heard.

In the beginning is the future,
And the future is at hand;
I'll be calling voices of Africa
Be the rhythm to the plan.

From the Congo to Lenasia
Be the writing on the wall.
I'll be calling the colors of India
See the Asian life explode.

Head in to the headlight.
Don't turn from the rain.
There's a fire raging somewhere near,
Like a longtime friend who's
Seen it darker than ebony.
Take off on the turnpike
(Asking for the first call)
Give me more of the same
(Asking for a song)
There's a fire burning in my heart again.

I'll be calling the dragons of China;
See the dancers of the Nile.
See the wings of change are on display
This revelation mine.

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