

PASSING THROUGH

Tobe Nwigwe

This world is not my home, I'm just a-passing through
My treasures are laid up, somewhere beyond the blue
Black angels beckon me, from heaven's open door
I ain't on what y'all on no more

This for those shot dead in the land of the living
I pray the 'hood in the sky got streets wit' gold trimmings
And the linens on yo' back cover sins that's forgiven
And you see He who risen has the skin that's forbidden

'Cause oh, how life seems black and white
Until the light adds color
To those that died, may your soul take pride
In knowing you were so much more than colored

'Cause this world is not my home, I'm just a-passing through
My treasures are laid up, somewhere beyond the blue
Black angels beckon me, from heaven's open door
I ain't on what y'all on no more

This for those from the slums, the 'hood and the village, yeah,
yeah
And all the ones they omitted and the books they have written
I pray you get spinach and the privilege of seein' yo' seeds with
dominion
In the land where they raped and pillaged, those who were made
in His image

'Cause oh, how life seems black and white
Until the light adds color
To those that died, may your soul take pride
In knowing you were somuch more than colored

'Cause this world is not my home, I'm just a-passing through
My treasures are laid up, somewhere beyond the blue
Black angels beckon me, from heaven's open door
I ain't on what y'all on no more