

# 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

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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 wi  
th dominion  
In the land where they raped and pillaged, those who were made  
in His image

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