

# Cassandra Wilson, Rock This Calling

this world may be so unkind  
blindness abounds, deaf to the sounds  
sweeter than angels' voices  
calling from beyond the water  
black child break wild  
move this world, no need to fear  
all the tears and the pain  
will dissipate like clouds in summer  
after rain that rings with thunder  
spirits move through you  
day by day, day by day  
now is the time for redesigning a mind  
you will need to rock this calling  
and send the mighty swiftly falling  
swiftly falling, falling