

The Calling

Any ordinary man
Holds the world within his hand
You have only to go forth to find it
If you say not but can.

The world is filled with suffering
Sorrow, hatred, fear and clinging
Greed and jealousy and more
Have you wondered what it's for

Chorus:

Maybe you're yfraid of falling
And so you find a way to keep on stalling
But that voice in your head it keeps on calling
It's calling

Instrumental

Problems stimulate all growing
And the path that leads to knowing
Travels straight through all your pain
Soothes the mind that was insane.

So come sit and gaze with me
And then you may come to see
A world appear before your eyes
Stripped of all illusive guise

Chorus:

Maybe you're afraid of falling
And so you find a way to keep on stalling
But that voice in your head, it keeps on calling
It's calling