

## **A STORM**

The clouds are churning and dreadfully black  
A storm is coming and that is a fact  
The wind is blowing every which way  
It's going to be a very bad day

The earth is steeped in depravity and violence  
Future generations will have no reliance  
The economy is weak, stocks are falling  
Unemployment is high, businesses are crawling

Man has struggled from the dawn of time  
To control his life with reason and rhyme  
The situation requires more than man  
What is needed today is Yah's mighty hand

He can quiet the storm with just a wave  
But man must ask Him to come and save  
Holiness cries from the Throne of Grace  
Repent O people, and seek my face

*Nora R. Hobbs*