

# Mars III, Sunstep

(Verse #1)

It's a common theme. The world is monotone and mean  
It's grown into a full-blown bag of bones that holds reserves of self-esteem  
And it's worse to melt a dream away with nothing there to replace it with  
Smashed hopes never heal and when it peels away, his faith is stripped  
The paces trip the walk and talk is cheap but still in stock  
Public outrage screams for justice, looting shops and killing cops  
The wheels can't stop because it's downhill and the music's up to loud  
Fingers plug their ears, now shouts rang out and reason's not allowed  
Believers got to proud 'cause we held the magic backstage passes  
Now they act like fascists, blocking all the gates to heavenly access  
And that's just when the package has no doorstep left to land on  
Blacklisted seekers wander wondering what it means to be transformed  
They can't see because the pastor's lingo wasn't made for their people  
White-collar congregation makes contributions to his ego  
And it's evil and it hurts and it tears us all apart  
And I swear a man can blind you with the blackness in his heart  
The shattered parts of speech are hard to reach in times of need  
The cuts are deep, but I can't bleed unless I think it helps you see  
I'll stand against oppression although they claim it sets me free  
'Cause even when I'm speaking life I know that death is deaf to me..

(Hook)

Gather in together where the sky meets the basement  
Gotta make the world a better place where you take it  
Face to the sunrise, feet to the basement  
Walk everybody, just walk, walk  
Gather in together where the sky meets the basement  
Gotta make the world a better place where you take it  
Face to the sunrise, feet to the basement  
Walk everybody just walk, walk...(Repeat)

(Bridge)

Go for the uprising, huddled in the playground  
Cuddle the women and kids. Tell 'em to stay down  
Fellowship with anybody willing to work  
Then sell a bit of land between heaven and Earth  
Catalog the converts. Carry cross for the crippled  
Bury every soul that falls anywhere inside the middle  
Bang your head against the backdrop. Block out the bad thoughts  
Cut out the trash talk, ready for the blast off  
Bang your head against the backdrop. Block out the bad thoughts  
Cut out the trash talk, ready for the blast off  
Bang your head against the backdrop. Block out the bad thoughts  
Cut out the trash talk, ready for the blast off..

(Verse #2)

I wanna be a better man. I wanna strip the flesh from spirit  
I wanna write the songs that people sing that inspire them to be fearless  
Never changing my appearance for moments edited and altered  
Full of awkward things to say today for the lucky seventh caller  
I've considered every offer on its merits before I refused it  
And that's mainly on the basis of their generic brand of two-cents  
If there's land beneath the cruise ship, then it's time to rock the boat  
If your label is a nuisance, then it's time to let 'em go  
If it's time for execution, make sure to protect your throat  
If you're losing your grip, hold tight to the end of the rope  
If you're broken or you're broke, take a breath and count your blessings slow  
It's feast or famine. Sometimes you starve, sometimes you choke  
Sometimes you think, sometimes you know  
Sometimes you pay, sometimes you owe  
Sometimes it burns a hole inside but you're too proud to let it show  
Reap or sow, keep breathing slow because we need to know the difference  
There's a time to walk on the sun, but there's a time to keep your distance..

(Hook)

(Bridge)