

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 uprise, 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)