

Mars III, Who Will Answer?

(Verse 1)

I think, therefore I am fresh, stand next to the next man
And can bless fans, decks and mics
Come correct like I was right, but when I write sometimes I'm wrong
So I confess over beats I rock on
And rock on like gravel even though I've got it locked like lock stock and barrel
God still watches the sparrow from the deep down to the shallow
Blaze mics like I'm John Wayne plain blazing the saddle
Must break straighter than an arrow to uprock on the narrow
Apparel, sack and ashes, but deserve 10,000 lashes from 10,000 fascists for my sins
To burn like 10,000 matches enter into my world
Where I do what I hate and the man I want to be escapes me
And I wonder to myself, was God tripping when He made me?
Am I off or am I crazy? Am I lost or am I lazy?
Days from where I keep him, I'm falling off the deep end
I'm looking for the weekend to slow down and try to keep ends
Meeting but the gap is 10 feet, I want to dine where the richest men eat
I can't stand it, where's my seat?
At least, well, in the least I'm not marked by the beast
I'm waiting for the Son to rise, but I'm not looking to the east
Instead I'm looking to the feast, the last supper, rooms of upper
Upper levels, clear of devils, place where I'll forever settle
Heart is heavier than metal for the lost souls tossed
Hard rocks scared of being soft, they'll burn like molotovs
A Holocaust, they can't see the cost paid, the cascade
They can't see who's the boss, they can't see the last days
On and off the track plays, drowned out by gat sprays
So I look to the sky and wonder, what would Dad say?
I look to the sky and wonder what would Dad say?
I look to the sky and pray, what does Dad say?

(Hook: repeat 2X)

From the caverns of the mind, we wander on and stumble blind
Wade through the tangled maze of starless nights and sunless days
Looking for some kind of a clue for what to do
Hoping for the road to lead us to the truth