

# Under the Sun

Iceage

From the heights of the low  
I shall wallow in the mire  
As above, so below  
These transgressions take me higher  
Until I'm laid to rest  
I'll be reaching to undress  
This here harness I possess  
The derisions of the flesh

Anything grown under the sun  
Or subterranean slums  
If it brings me closer to God  
I'll go there at any cost  
The seed of his call  
Causes moderation to appall me  
Brings me closer to God  
I'll purchase at any cost

I will breed like a rat  
Spread them all over the map  
The day they all come crawling back  
A whole procession nearly cracked  
One will ask where were you then  
Through my struggle as I went  
Come sit down boy, I'll explain  
I gave you the mark of Cain

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Lift it up, lift it up, lift it up to where  
It sets it deems on the horizons with its tender loving care  
Yeah  
Move it up, move it up, move it up into  
Altitudes that strike up taller than the tallest buildings grew  
Now push it up, push it up, push it up  
Push it in every compartment that has still space left to fill  
Now push it up, push it up, push it up  
Lord, do you need a savior  
Have you lost the steering wheel again