

What Do You See?

The Cross Movement

Hear the CLINK! of the nails as they pierce His hands
And the... lash as they slash this man
Crash this man, hit and harass this man
Bash, stick and inflict mad gashes and
Mentally put yourself at the place and time
Use your faith as a way to trace the crime
Let your mind take you back laps and laps
Back track till your mind sees back to back
All the things that happened to a silent Lamb
All in chains they trapped Him like a violent man
Like He forwarded a violent plan, but it was prophecy
That said God would be treated like unwanted property
You've got to see the ill way that they flogged Him
Blood leaked, it was deep how they mobbed Him
Think thorns worn as a crown
Here the Jews say, "Crucify Him pass it down"
Hear the squeals as the steel comes crashin' down
Can't get pass the sound, teeth are gnashing' now
Veins snap, feel that, He's hot flashin' now
Draped in blood, covered in a cap and gown
So many crack from the straps that it numbed the back
Crucifixion makes your lungs collapse
Watch His chest, see Him gasp for breath
Hear Him... and... till there's no gasp left

[Chorus]

What do you see when you close your eyes
What will you see when your life goes by
Think hard visualize the ill mob
Either you'll feel God or your hearts real hard

Concentrate, your mind should stay in study mode
Tell your buddies, "roll" as you contemplate the bloody robe
Which was worn by the One beaten and torn
Killed by the same dust people He'd formed
But He emptied Himself---paused the wealth
Put independent use of His attributes on the shelf
Loving men who weren't loving Him but were loving sin
Loving gin, lovin' a night at the club again
I'm Ruben' men wrong but souls will die
If my rhyme doesn't come in and blow your high
I'm right in the site of Jehovah's eye
So the gospel I'll tell till I'm old and dry
The world's cold like a frozen pie
With little sense like missing your ears
tongue, nose, and eyes
But back to the ugliest things you've ever heard of
The murder of the One who took more flack than Roberta
They came in droves "cats" had His veins exposed
Played a game where they claimed His robe
Eyes swollen, even rearranged His nose
Only Providence helped Him sustain the blows
Are yall seeing the One who owns it all
The King getting beaten in the Roman halls
Headed for a Roman cross, and heaven is His home and all
But He wouldn't give His home a call
Soon to dislocate His bones and all

And still wouldn't wish for His opponents fall
Ahhh!---tired and thirsty too
Blood lossed on a cross in His birthday suit
As He droops, pooped from attempts to breathe
I grieve... tears stop my attempts to read
The sign hanging over Him limp and weak
It's (Memphis) bleak---How could this have been meant to be

[Chorus]

No time to blink, but just continue to think of Scripture
Let it convict ya, focus get in to picture
Watch it blow you square off the rector
As it teaches you of the real Victor
Who prevails, you hear the crucifixion details
Now ask yourself why's your life still derailed
And why we fail to live for the One we nailed
This same Jesus, you know the One we Hail
With lips but not with lives
Time see with the heart and not with our eyes
See the Son, the One, who was hung like a poster
Was buried, but popped up like a toaster
Got all the host of heaven makin' a toast to
The King of kings who brings God and men closer
Sin's roped ya, guns out the holster
Can't stay alive even with John Travolta
Now I hope to pull you off the sofa
Cut the TVs pause the CD's, the culture
Is in the midst of a raging storm
The rage is on, obituary page is long
Life is short, but casket sales are high
No surprise that numbers in the jails are high
On the streets anything you want they'll supply
That's why beer, crack and weed sales are high
Love songs making you wail and cry
Number of pregnant single females is high
Youth get high, deal just to get by
Doing street corner business with no suit & tie
It's "do or die", truth or lie, you and I
Refuse to try, and trust the Crucified

[Chorus]