

## Mars Ill "Sunstep"

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(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)

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