

Mars Ill "The Calm Before"

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(Verse #1)

I left my footprints on the ocean's waves before the
storm came/
But form changed to man overboard sinking self-
aware/
Thinking no one's there to catch me when I fall to the
sandy floor beneath the coral reef/
I pray the Lord my soul to keep. He holds the deep in
His palm/
And simultaneously, He gives His hand to me/
The salty sea that made my eyes to weep is now
beneath my feet/
With concrete stability, steps I take to moves made
critically/
Peripheral at a standstill as Divinity makes His
presence felt physically/
It's miraculous but true. It's all for you/
But the fact is that modern man is scared to death and
torn in two/
Because the truth draws him higher, undercurrent
holds him down/
Afraid he'll drown, he forgets those pieces of peace
he might have found/
Well at least he struggles 'cause to stroll too easily
through those puddles/
Lulls you to sleepy dreamscapes where your
sensibilities are muddled/
And I know that if he seeks God, he'll recognize Him
when he sees Him/
And he'll realize whose hands he needs to be in...

(Verse #2)

When disaster strikes the field, the likes of them head
for the hills/
To regroup their bearings on their enemy 'til they're
ready, dressed to kill/
'It's better to feel safe than live in fear.' I ask
'em, 'Why is that?'/
They responded, 'We need stability in this
comfortable habitat.'/
'So send the lower/middle-class to the front lines,
their death will protect us.'/

“We’ll talk loud and hide behind our penthouses and
brand new Lexus.”/
“It affects us to a point. Didn’t you see the stock
market crash?”/
“We couldn’t sacrifice our buying power. Tell me,
how smart is that?”/
I said, I saw the blast, heard the crash of lives
shattered to pieces/
Saw a street preached yelling loud and holding a sign
about Jesus/
I agreed and kept walking because I’m not quite sure
what to do/
I tried to front and talk a lot of patriotism, same as you/
But the ideas ain’t really new, see genocide, it
happens globally/
We just get shook up when it happens locally/
So, love one another and be wise. Don’t foster malice/
In the name of revenge for Country until your soul turns
callous, soul turns callous...

(Verse #3)

Before the world premiere of dawn light switched on
and day broke through/
Before the sky was blue, before any big-bang or
primordial ooze/
Before man stepped on the scene in his prowess
unprepared for the challenge/
Before the planets were set in place to hold the
galaxies in the balance/
Before time, before reason, rhyme, love, hate and
emotion/
Before the seasons, before the first word was spoken
or heart was broken/
Before defiance turned to evil revolt and all Hell broke
loose/
Before any creature would even dare to contradict His
point of view/
He was there, God, triune, omnipotent, controlling
existence/
Before people claimed to serve the Crucified was a
slave religion/
Before the fall of Adam imprisoned descendants with
original scars/
Before you were born of your mother to try to figure out
just who you are/
Before war and confusion, before reality, before
illusion/
Before the beginning, Elohim had mapped out all the
conclusions/
Before the restitution to come that Revelation promises
all of us/

Not Nostradamus' blind predictions through
delusional blurred vision/
The calm came before the storm with power to kill/
The calm is present now and it lives within me still/
The calm is present now and it lives within me still/
The Calm is present now and He lives within me still...

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