

## **The Cross Movement "C To The R"**

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Hook: It's the C. to the R. to the O.S.S.  
We make you MOVE with the M. to the E.N.T.  
We preach the C. to the R. to the O.S.S.  
Coming at you with the Gospel frequently

Verse 1: I'm free from the bondage of having to sin  
having to give in  
loving the world's top ten  
having to not win when I struggle  
free to love the Lord with all of my might  
seeing life with all of my sight  
vision unimpaired and clearer than ever  
now is my faith, my salvation nearer than ever  
nearer than when I first believed  
then when I first received life from the giver  
well springs spring up inside  
right from the river (Euphrates style)  
you fraidy cats prowl on the fence and howl in defense  
I'd rather find out how to repent to the wildest extent  
while this world wallows away in there childish events  
stuck in the mode of thuggin' and livin for the  
moment  
livin every moment as the Lord's opponent  
askin' to be forgivin but givin' poor atonement  
hopin' the thought that there isn't really more  
condones it  
but don't it ever seem strange and deranged to see  
art work with no author's name on the frame?  
The wise move is to check to see if the architect has  
supplied tools to help us dig deeper  
to fall in-love with a God who could rig Easter to rescue  
the rest of us from the grim reaper  
And if you trust Him to save you, you can trust Him to  
keep ya

Repeat Chorus

Verse 2: Until then, my dealings and my feelings are  
controlled by the wheel in  
the middle of my will, ILL  
I fell  
hell would have caught me but Christ came And Blood

brought me  
His love sought me, located me and so faithfully has  
been  
Making me what I am now  
when shall this Lord be seen as responsible for all that  
my team has that's worth havin'  
worth grabbin'  
for with both hands, let go of earth's fabric and come  
closer than you've ever been to your soul's medicine  
jettison this world and its trends then yours  
and Christ's life can begin

Repeat Chorus

Verse 3: I'm not rhymin' because I like to floss  
I toss mics for Christ then step to the left like a right  
cross  
and let Him take the center stage  
and set the temperature gage  
and get set to blow the spot like ten grenades  
'cause ever-since a tender age  
I've moved with the Lord and stayed where the alters  
and tents were made  
So even when the temple is raised then set ablaze, I'll  
stay true and give like the Jews when the tenth was  
gave  
Transitionin' it's hard to find a man listenin' to the  
Lord without raisin' his hand's dissin' Him  
only true sons see His hand's discipline  
and have to hand it to Him like "wow" for how he  
handles them  
That's when you know you're not ill-legitimate, even  
when you get ill a little bit  
Days later you still are feelin' it  
you don't understand who you dealin' with  
cause you over there frontin' and actin' like you  
ain't feelin' it  
Lookin' all hard and beatin your chest, either come to  
Christ and live or continue breathin to death  
Those are the only two options I can suggest, if you can  
still look at this God and not get impressed.  
He came from the highest of heights to the deepest of  
depths to buy us at sin's price so we can be  
repossessed

Repeat Chorus

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