

## **The Cross Movement "Creature Double Feature"**

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3 months in, and we've stayed between the righteous  
cones.

Jesus Christ be the Lord of our Love ones.

No one's home and she needs company for the feast,  
that she was cooking so I slid on over to her piece.

Got on my eats, she's my peeps and I know I'm  
blessed,

but in a flash, trash is rising up in my flesh.

Our talks are pure, nothing but about the Good  
Shepherd.

But Honey got a walk more badder than a black  
leopard.

My old masters' back, trying to drown the voice of my  
Teacher,

like something Jurassic vs. My new creature.

Both of our Christian eyes caught one another scopin'

We couldn't front, we knew we both were open.

What da deal, this ain't the way to go for God's  
anointed,

the last thing we want is a Holy God disappointed.

But what the heck, a peck won't take us cross the fine  
line.

Oh my God her lips just turned into some Bon-Bon's.

Now I'm locked, I wanna stop, Lord Jesus help me.

Oh yeah, you say if I resist the devil he would flee.

And you also said that I should flee youthful lust,  
but my legs are super heavy and my feet are stuck.

I know in marriage is where you'll give me the whole  
bunch

but now she's smillin' sweeter than peanut butter  
captain crunch.

And Lord you know what that's been doing to a brother  
lately

Father forgive me, I think I'm going crazy.

Temptation, no or later, less or greater, keeps war  
between my nature

totter, teeter, stronger, weaker, old master vs. teacher.

Creature Double Feature

Friday night, got liberty to do it all

but that ain't waise, cuz even got liberty to fall

I'm saved, eternally secure, and being sanctified  
Whoever said Christian life is all fun, then they lied  
Now Jesus is my Lord and ain't no doubt about it.  
but it's 10pm clubs are open and they 'bout it, bout it  
And I know all the world has to offer is obituary  
but I'll kill myself if I play another game of Pictionary  
Monopoly, Taboo, Bowling or even Guesstures  
Freaks are coming out and its the end of the semester  
Deep down I feel the Spirit really urging me to stall  
but am I more of a Christian locked inside these four  
walls

God, was I snatched from death to now live like a  
hermit

if this is a lesson, teach me, cuz I can't discern it  
But I guess it ain't right for me to get all excited  
and race out to the party where you ain't even invited  
WORD BOND! they ain't lettin you in, and this I know  
They'll make you stand outside, while inside we say  
HO!

And you probably would wait there for me until I got my  
freak over

but that ain't right to do to a person who's name is  
Jehovah

Help me, I see it ain't cool if you ain't welcome Lord  
but I'm still contemplating going because a brothers  
bored

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totter, teeter, stronger, weaker, old master vs. teacher.  
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Well now, 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  
Aaaah-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 bleack--how could this have been meant to be

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No time to blink, but just continue to think of Scripture  
Let it convict ya, focus get into 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 heavenmakin 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 Tv's 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  
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  
Yo what do you see when you close your eyes?  
What will you see when your life goes by?

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