

## The Cross Movement "Maze Of The Madness"

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Verse 1: Danger, danger  
has got me stepping like a Power Ranger  
calling on the power of the One from the manger  
in anger, but not in sin I begin  
to make my way thru all of this mess I'm in  
It's hard to see so many born faster  
got hate oozing out 'em like sulfuric acid  
everyday a new thief today's, might want my  
teeth  
to string them all together and make 'em into a  
wreath  
Brother's ill, and won't think twice to shake his  
boom pipe  
even if I run the jewels, he'll still want my life  
Puppy's sick  
gotta shoot the gospel quick and hope the truth will  
hit him  
much harder than a mule kick  
I let him know that if he lets the hollow points spray  
God's got a vengeance that I'll make a flambé  
But let me shut up before I provoke the "cack, cack!"  
wish I could do a kick and put him on his back  
not to make him handicapped but so that I could  
get away  
and have another chance to pray  
that this brother would get out of the Maddness

Chorus: What do you do when life's a must  
but you already caught the rush money, power, lust  
In whom will you place your trust All sin, no  
question, no doubt  
Stuck and you can't get out Christ knows how you  
feel  
So get 'em up in the air if you know He's real!

Verse 2: Caution, caution  
has got me turnin' tossin' pausin'  
six million moves, Steve Austin  
Check the picture here comes that madd, fly, dime  
sister  
guess she's sittin' waiting for her loving money  
Mr.

I wonder if she's got time to hear the plan  
I see her lips say "Here comes this corny preacher  
man"  
I try to strike one up, I say, "That skirt is fly, is it  
pleated?"  
She said, "Man beat it!"  
I said "Why is that the greeting that I'm given?"  
She said "Step!", I said "God Bless your soul and keep  
livin' "  
And as I walk away I wish there was something I could  
say  
to really make her understand that she's more than a  
Chick-fila  
Piece of meat to be bought or sandwich to be made  
cause a little mayonnaise won't change how your  
played  
Cause the next man bites and the next man bites  
and when it's all over it's a terrible sight  
Cause when they are done pulling up everything, man  
it's spooky  
You got substance, but float around the bowl  
and God's got a flush for all the manure  
that's why I'm trying to tell her, to keep her out of  
the sewer  
of the Madness

Chorus

Verse 3: Power, power  
has got me lasting for another hour  
trying to stay alert, awake to the devourer  
Though his fate must drag on The Dragon  
Satan been hawking to destroy me ever since I was a  
little man  
And even though I know I'm sealed for the long ride  
he tempts me to feel the pleasure of the dark side  
It gets raw hide in obeying God's will the power is in  
steady spittin'  
"It's Written" in his lying grill  
And if he wasn't enough to shake roll and rattle  
the world is another enemy of constant battle  
They invite me in, only to disown me  
build me up to brake me down, till I'm lonely  
Lastly I war with myself the most  
Today will I play dictator or will I play host  
Will I do what I hate or hate what I do  
or don't do what I should or deny what I know is  
true  
This is the ceaseless, keeping it real, kinda war  
not only am I a conqueror but I'm more  
So tell my three enemies that God's got the back of

his buddy  
So I'm going to my grave with my knucks (Knuckles)  
bloody  
Not in the physical, but in a spiritual kinda baddness  
cause I gotta fight the Maddness

Chorus

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