

## **The Cross Movement "What Do You See?"**

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Hear the CLINK! of the nails as they pierce His hands  
And theÂ...lash as they slash this man  
Crash this man, hit and harass this man  
Bash, stick and inflict mad gashes and  
Mentally put yourself at the place and time  
Use your faith as a way to trace the crime  
Let your mind take you back laps and laps  
Back track till your mind sees back to back  
All the things that happened to a silent Lamb  
All in chains they trapped Him like a violent man  
Like He forwarded a violent plan, but it was prophecy  
That said God would be treated like unwanted property  
YouÂ've got to see the ill way that they flogged Him  
Blood leaked, it was deep how they mobbed Him  
Think thorns worn as a crown  
Here the Jews say, Â"Crucify Him pass it downÂ"  
Hear the squeals as the steel comes crashinÂ' down  
CanÂ't get pass the sound, teeth are gnashingÂ' now  
Veins snap, feel that, HeÂ's hot flashinÂ' now  
Draped in blood, covered in a cap and gown  
So many crack from the straps that it numbed the back  
Crucifixion makes your lungs collapse  
Watch His chest---see Him gasp for breath  
Hear HimÂ...andÂ...till thereÂ's no gasp left

Chorus: What do you see when you close your eyes  
What will you see when your life goes by  
Think hard visualize the ill mob  
Either youÂ'll feel God or your hearts real hard

Verse 2: Concentrate, your mind should stay in study  
mode  
Tell your buddies, Â"rollÂ" as you contemplate the  
bloody robe  
Which was worn by the One beaten and torn  
Killed by the same dust people HeÂ'd formed  
But He emptied Himself---paused the wealth  
Put independent use of His attributes on the shelf  
Loving men who werenÂ't loving Him but were loving  
sin  
Loving gin, lovinÂ' a night at the club again  
IÂ'm RubenÂ' men wrong but souls will die

If my rhyme doesn't come in and blow your high  
I'm right in the site of Jehovah's eye  
So the gospel I'll tell till I'm old and dry  
The world's cold like a frozen pie  
With little sense like missing your ears, tongue, nose,  
and eyes  
But back to the ugliest things you've ever heard of  
The murder of the One who took more flack than  
Roberta  
They came in droves "cats" had His veins exposed  
Played a game where they claimed His robe  
Eyes swollen, 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  
Ahhh!---tired and thirsty too  
Blood loss 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 (Memphis) bleak---How could this have been  
meant to be.

Repeat Chorus

No time to blink, but just continue to think of Scripture  
Let it convict ya, focus get in to 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 heaven makin' 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 TVs 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

No surprise that numbers in the jails 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?

Repeat Chorus

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