

## Beyond Reality

### " Hold Your Ground"

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Chorus: Look at all the time men are wastin'  
Dying for lack of this information  
And we're not just thrilled to be giving it out  
We're skilled at living it out  
Heels, we're diggin' them out  
Grab your cross, plus hold it down  
stand strong young soldier, hold your ground  
Stickin' Christian flag poles in the ground  
Rep what you believe and soon you'll receive your  
golden crown

[Verse 1]

It goes like this: there's not a single soul righteous  
A plague's struck us like a boxing pro's tight fist  
Hearts are cold like ice is you know what the price is  
Separation like a divorced husband and wife is  
Life is a climb up the hill like Lauren and Cypress  
Man without Christ is like keyboards without a typist  
God's gripe is with sin and we who seem to like it  
Instead of snipe it we'll call Williams so he can hype it  
But if you saw the measuring rod that God was holdin'  
you'd know you fall shorter than Webster and Gary  
Coleman  
The whole man---mind, body, and soul---sin's controlin'  
It's like you're programmed and need cleansing like a  
colon  
Hit the dugout, 'cause ever since we told God to butt  
out  
We've been scoreless like a wack team that's being  
shut out  
We cut out God like a coupon, won't trust Him like we  
won't two cons  
So days are gray like Poupon  
Full of pain like a toe with two corns with small shoes on  
Not the same - like Star Wars before Luke's born  
God can see the cu' form.  
Who's side are you on?  
Infinite wisdom - versus the brains of a newborn  
Dangerous like unskilled men putting a roof on.  
Deadly like firing every single nuke-bomb

[Repeat Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Jesus went out on a limb so He could deal with sin  
And be the bridge to bring sinful men back to Him  
I heard he was the Surgeon, I heard He ripped the  
curtain  
Now God and man can start mergin'  
Virgin's exclusivity is what He's after  
The Master's captured hearts, we'll marry at the  
rapture  
I hear the laughter but what's worth giving up  
the chance to see the Son of God in a tux  
It's a pain I can only go cry on a train ride  
Brains fried from the ism and the saint Ives  
Ain't wise yet the whole earth's on the same side  
Them against the God who made the earth and His  
name's I Am  
That I Am, Jesus Son of Man  
He be the Lamb and Daddy to Uncle Sam  
Universal land lord or the Supreme court  
heaven's king, earth's life support  
Boy, sin's got you locked, you're mad spoiled  
But like aluminum, you humans will get your plans  
foiled  
Your heart be the soil, I've got the seed  
The word of God, it's heard a broad and it starts  
breeds of  
Believers Jesus look a likes  
God lovers, sin haters, look the mic  
Can be used as a tool to voice God's views  
Jesus must be the choice all choose  
All loose if they snooze on the One bruised  
Arms are too short and can't fit the Son's shoes  
On the one -two's the good news comes to all men  
Who truly went out on a limb

[Repeat Chorus]

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