

## Urban Dub

### "Stars & The Sun"

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I hear all the cries that surround me  
So many things are much bigger than my needs  
As the poor feed on empty promises  
The wealthy kings are stomach full on greed

We hope, we cry, we pray for change  
We sing a song for the stars and the sun  
The stars and the sun  
The stars and the sun

Let our sisters sing while our brothers go to war  
Let our children see, mother's keep your prayers  
I am my father's son, I am my father  
Heroes bleed gold, they wrote the answers to the  
questions of old  
I lost my faith in religion, promoting confusion and  
divide  
I refuse to be used as pawn fronting their picket lines  
Pigs in suits perched up on their high horse, sending  
your sons to war  
The greed they feed moving through their halls  
motivates them more

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