

# Who Will Answer

Mars III

[Verse 1:]

I think, therefore I am fresh, stand next to the next man  
And can bless fans, decks and mics  
Come correct like I was right, but when I write sometimes I'm wrong  
So I confess over beats I rock on  
And rock on like gravel even though I've got it locked like lock stock and barrel  
God still watches the sparrow from the deep down to the shallow  
Blaze mics like I'm John Wayne plain blazing the saddle  
Must break straighter than an arrow to uprock on the narrow  
Apparel, sack and ashes, but deserve 10,000 lashes from 10,000 fascists for my sins  
To burn like 10,000 matches enter into my world  
Where I do what I hate and the man I want to be escapes me  
And I wonder to myself, was God tripping when He made me?  
Am I off or am I crazy? Am I lost or am I lazy?  
Days from where I keep him, I'm falling off the deep end  
I'm looking for the weekend to slow down and try to keep ends  
Meeting but the gap is 10 feet, I want to dine where the richest men eat  
I can't stand it, where's my seat?  
At least, well, in the least I'm not marked by the beast  
I'm waiting for the Son to rise, but I'm not looking to the east  
Instead I'm looking to the feast, the last supper, rooms of upper  
Upper levels, clear of devils, place where I'll forever settle  
Heart is heavier than metal for the lost souls tossed  
Hard rocks scared of being soft, they'll burn like molotovs  
A Holocaust, they can't see the cost paid, the cascade  
They can't see who's the boss, they can't see the last days  
On and off the track plays, drowned out by gat sprays  
So I look to the sky and wonder, what would Dad say?  
I look to the sky and wonder what would Dad say?  
I look to the sky and pray, what does Dad say?

[Hook: x2]

From the caverns of the mind, we wander on and stumble blind  
Wade through the tangled maze of starless nights and sunless days  
Looking for some kind of a clue for what to do  
Hoping for the road to lead us to the truth