

## Civilian Affairs

### The Cross Movement

[Chorus]

Armed to the tooth  
Me and all my troops  
No time for a truce  
There's only time for truth  
No room for fear, or regular cares  
Steer clear of civilian affairs

Hold up, Soldier  
Salute  
If you're goin' up  
Salute  
Throw it up  
Salute  
Throw it up  
Salute

[Verse One]

I'm a soldier, boy I told ya  
I hold the Scriptures like you hold chips on your shoulder  
Biblical clips, better load up  
The snare in the drums goes snap  
The lyrical tongue cocks back  
The air in my lungs flows and that's  
Enough to spark a revolution  
Man listen my music is ammunition  
I march to the tune of a man smitten  
Was slain as a lamb, yet He stands risen  
Just as it was written  
My orders are to cross borders  
Living Water's in my canteen as my camp screams  
For the God we love even though we can't see Him  
My passions, down to the name brands on my fashions have to pass Him  
I only live off what my Captain rations

Welcome to the front lines, streets and corners  
The chief warned us  
The beef is tremendous when ya' lock teeth in the trenches  
There's a war goin' on outside and it's real  
Flesh versus spirit  
I don't flex to appeal  
Use the text to reveal what comes next  
If you reject then I seal conversation with prayin' and step  
'Cause what I feel is really not the deal  
The issue is your soul  
As a soldier I must remain sober and in control  
I gotta stay focused like a scope does  
And hope what I wrote does clear the smoke up  
Hey ya'll I'm never AWOL  
I wouldn't dare stop work to start dealing in civilian affairs

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]

Ever since I been sworn in, born in  
Put through boot camp  
It's on

Ain't got no time for no new sins  
It's three squares a day  
Eat, teach, study pray, little play  
Cause what soldier got time for blasé?  
Specially when Yahweh, is bringin' D-day  
Without M-16, rocket launcher or AK  
Cause this ain't Vietnam  
The enemy's more vicious than the Viet Cong  
Who think delicious of the embalmed  
Who die outside of service, deserters  
Conscientious perverters, we stand as alerterers  
Hopin' this is making you nervous  
Well if you ain't a procrastinator fight Satan's invaders  
Get your fist in the air and march to this cadence

Had to cram 10 jams in a week so I'm weak but I'm plantin' my feet  
Plannin' to speak of our Commander and Chief  
He's a lamb and a beast  
King and God-man of the streets  
Standard of peace but not a man that is weak  
He's glorious  
Infinity and 0  
He's victorious  
El Gabor is a warrior  
And he orders us  
Not to trust in swords and stuff  
Or store up and hoard stuff that is sure to rust  
Don't get it twisted  
He'll get a misfit when others wouldn't risk it  
Teach him diplomatics like a good version of Dip-set  
Bury him in Christ 'til his everyday life is sifted  
Mission'stick with the reason we got enlisted

To the Left

[Chorus]