

Human Superstars

The Cross Movement

Have you ever met the only Son that never sets
the only One who can make sure hell is what the devil gets?
Better yet, let's run a credit check
Who gets glory for history and where's all His credit at?
The Word of God will tell the truth and hush the liar
and introduce you to the only Justifier
You must admire the Maker of the Earth, wind and plus the fire
Had grave clothes but now rocks the plush attire
White robes that glow dipped in blood
He's forever got the holes to show that it was love
Kid, it's bugged
too wonderful for me outlandish
even if I had more legs I couldn't stand it
Man His love is easily taken for granted
Take a look around the planet
yo, sin is rampant
Stamp it condemned, blood shed is now demanded
The Bible's like a camera it's candid
A man did just that
died to pay for sins so what that means if we trust that King?
It puts us back into relationship
Check the grace we kick
Love Him or leave Him check just take your pick
God's waiting with patience, if you want salvation, His amazing gift
can save you even if you're atheist
We laugh now and we laugh first
but it's only through Christ that we can laugh past the black hearse
Who would've thought of such a great plan: to make land
give it shape, and take its dust just to make man?
And who had all the "knowings" to put a sun up with no strings
to shed bright light and grow things?
Such brilliance to make billions of stars
And what genius would make Venus and Mars?
How do we explain cars, planes, and 'copters?
Who made brains borrowed by lawyers and doctors, and philo-sophers?
Let's get "frank" like Sanatra
Who made music from rap to rock to opera?
Who lent skills to Betty Crocker?
Who made the foot and the locker?
Who shed blood red like Lobster?
Is it not the same God who made the frigid spots?
turned around and made the desert hot?
Give Him props
Oh, yeah, there's not
another to compare to the truly extraordinare
God that you ought to fear
'cause He agreed to bleed and look back
became sin for men and wore a cross like a book bag
"Look Dad!"
The Father couldn't
'cause He's too holy so He shouldn't
bring the hook in...

[Chorus]

I know we're in the error of the human superstar
but no matter who they are
they fall tryin' to pull a coup de tat

Behind the scenes Christ rules all the kings, pulls all the strings
They borrow His signet ring
Bring your false gods if you think they're proper
I gotcha, we're about to gamble like Procter
You've got to every one's got to take the test
Who is Jesus Christ? In faith place your bets
You say prophet? You say priest? I raise you
Your prophet, your priest, plus my King. He's the Savior
The world's been poisoned, the lies pour
It hates God, but yet it loves the sins He had to die for
People you've got to understand me
You don't go to heaven because you mention God at the Grammy's
Or because you used to sing in church that won't work
You left Him out for a chance to win Star Search
The true God has got a true people who shun evil
who live for Jesus to whom there's none equal
Who came once and comes again like a sequel
To some He's gonna say, "I never, ever want to see you
For nothing' but the sex, nothing' but the cash,
We'll get nothing but the wrath
Eternal sufferin' like succotash
Dag - things look bad but I'm glad
Christ died for men then was raised like a flag

Chorus 2

We're in the era of the human superstar
Yes we are!
We're in the era of the human superstar
Oh, my God!
We're in the era of the human superstar
But no matter who they are
they fall, trying to pull a coup de tat