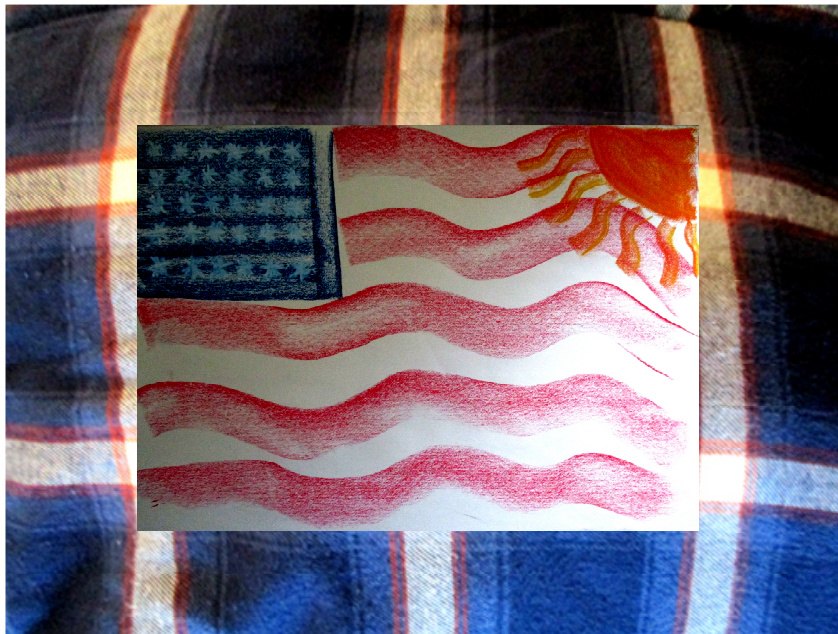


Brian Fusonie



AMERICAN FABRIC

PredestiNation:

"I know that no one chooses their way, Nor determines their course, Nor directs their own step." (Jeremiah 10:23) You promised that you would Author all, "That the script might be fulfilled." The founders fought to end tyranny, to build a nation of the free. For me, it is plain to see and believe, you Authored our nation as predestination. What else could it be? "We hold these truths to be self evident that all men are created equal and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable right to life ..." You ordered our foundation principle as the agreement we must make. You destined that to be our victory, the battle song we all must sing. The cornerstone of Freedom Ring. Author your Book, write all the years, Bring to fulfillment what will end our tears. Finish your Script, draw us anew. Be as you promised: "Faithful and True."

Cosmic Consequence:

The earth shifts beneath our feet, the cold of winter, or the summer of heat? With each decision we make we will seal earth's fate, with cosmic consequence, Will it be love, or hate? You said 'your sins are only personal.' Yet there is nothing 'personal' when it will harm us all. For those who turn a blind eye and fail to reprove, sin twice in the consequence of all we will lose. Turn a blind eye, pretend you cannot see, Or stand on solid ground, with all your heart believe. Turn a deaf ear, and the Lord's deaf ear to us, Will take what we have and worse, not to bless. The world turns beneath our step. The harvest is full, or will there be nothing left? With each word that we speak, each act we fail to take, With cosmic consequence, will it be love, or hate? You said 'your sins are consensual,' but I do not consent To what you are doing to us all. For the world will end because of your arrogance While you pretend 'there is no consequence.'

American Faith:

American faith, eye to eye, face to face. American

faith, it is time to run the race. American faith, remember the Revolution. American faith, where is our Constitution? Old glory battle worn, our flag waves ripped and torn. The consequence of that storm, But they did not learn. When will come your turn? For that day I yearn. When all will know and see what it means to be real free. American faith, eye to eye, face to face. American faith, it is time to run the race. American faith, here and then real love and grace. American faith, nothing can take her place. Red, white, and blue will you be true? Red stars became their blood, at the alter of no love. The white lines of innocence lost, sullied by their courts. The blue and stars of service satiated by wrongful purpose. Red, white, and blue, when will you be true?

Rainbow:

Hear O Lord, send me a rainbow. Answer O Lord, I need to know. Warm my heart, the cold wind blows. Show us the path to follow. Hear O Lord, share with us your love. Answer O Lord, send the fire from above. Here on earth the sorrows grow. Guide us on the path to follow. The colors of your love light the way home. The colors of your love, like a rainbow. The colors of your love, make us whole. The colors of your love, make a rainbow. I cried when I saw them raise their fake rainbow flag with the Star Spangled Banner half mast. It was the opposite of Noah's Rainbow. It was the end of our Natural Covenant. They stole the rainbow and made it the opposite.

Sacred:

Is anything sacred, anything at all to you? Is anything sacred, tell me true? What can we do? What will you see through? Is anything sacred to you? Red, white, and blue, is anything sacred to you? How far have we gone? How far we turned so wrong. We have forgotten your commands, We near the end of our land if we don't turn back, is there anything sacred left? There are two cities in my memories. Tossed to the

FREEDOM TO KNOW AND OBEY THE TRUTH"

breeze, the big easy. Two cities in my memories. When will we remember Thee? Is anything sacred, anything at all to you? Red, white, and blue, Is there anything sacred to you? What is left of your promises That scaled the wall of justice? What is sacred of your "liberty" That took from me my babies. Worse than slavery.

Thin Line:

There's a thin line between love and hate. There's a thin line between regret and waiting. You heard before the hour is growing late. Stand up now, time to participate. There's a thin line between night and day. In the morning light let us make our way. To the height of that mountain top. Until we reach it, let's never stop. Freedom has its cost. To fight for what is right, or all will be lost. Freedom is the only way to land "shackled to God" as what we pray. There's a thin line between boy and man. When the time comes, you must take a stand. That time comes for everyone. And if no one stands, the land will be gone. 1776 "Inalienable Rights." 1860s we stood to make that fight. Room 306 at 6:01, we saw him right, the "Night Overcome."

Rachel Weeps:

We can turn and walk away and close our eyes to all we see, But we will never change the way things are from the distance we now keep. 'Run, run away, turn to where you think you're safe, and never learn to listen to the Truth. From where I stand I just can't see how we can 'choose' to let them bleed, When the stones will cry out for their blood. Have you ever stopped to wonder why In living fields a child should die? When the stones will cry out for their blood. Choose life! We can turn and walk away and close our eyes to all we see, But we will never change the way things are from the distance we now keep. 'Run, run away,' turn where you think you're safe, and never learn to listen to these words: "It was you who formed my inward parts and

knit me in my mother's womb When there my sole (soul) you knew well." And in your Book will be written all my days, As you had planned when I was made, and for everyone you do the same. Choose life!

Kateri-Na:

Daughter of an ocean wide, daughter of an earth run dry, daughter if you could hear me cry. The farthest teardrop falls. Will I be with you, my love? Daughter of a mountain high, Daughter of a Castle light, I pray the tears will be no more. The farthest teardrop falls on this floor. Kateri, you are like the wind and rain. I prayed that day would come, that we would see your love. Kateri, you are like a waterfall from the mountain side to the earth below. Daughter of a mountain high, daughter of a stream run dry, daughter if you could hear me cry? The farthest teardrop falls. Daughter of the stars above, I pray for you my love. Daughter of the Father's love, you are the farthest teardrop falling. Kateri, you were the wind and rain, I prayed that day would come, for all to see His love. Kateri, you were a waterfall, from the mountain side to the earth below.

Did Not Know Your Name:

Had I known, had they said, the lights would not be turning red. Had we heard, had they tried, the world would not be filled with lies. When they said to me: "All is safe, be free," I believed them in my heart. I did not know your name O Lord when they hid behind those lies. We never learned your name O Lord when all the innocent died. Had I known, had they not lied, I would not risk innocent lives. Had we heard, had they said, millions would not now be dead. When they said to me: "All is safe, be free," I believed them in my heart. We did not know your name O Lord when they taught all those lies. We did not learn your name O Lord when all the innocent died. We did not hear your name O Lord when they took from us their lives. We never learned your name O Lord when they stole

from us the time.

Windmill:

The windmill turns, this world moves on. You need to obey the Truth to be in the real song. The windmill turns, and the world moves on. Got to do what it takes to be in the only song. The earth keeps turning in that wheel in the sky. The Hand that molds the universe, The galaxy, the stars, and you and I. Unseen yet not forgotten by your friends. Draw us closer to you, before you bring the end. The windmill turns, this world moves on. You must obey the Truth to be in the real song. The windmill turns, this world is passing on. Got to do what it takes to be in the only song. Sometimes you must do the things you don't want to, you stand your ground and fight like a man. To restore integrity, be gritty for His plan. There is time to resist the world and take that stand. The winds of time are changing. Yet your laws remain the same. Whether we like it or not we will obey, that it will do well for us, that is the promise you made.

Best Is Yet:

In your eyes, no silver screen, from the heart of this lonely dream I see the course of our freedom. Can't you see the course of our freedom? You are the one who showed me the way to leave behind a world that has lost its way, to find the course of our freedom. Can't you see the course of our freedom? The worse things get, the worst is yet to come. The better life gets, the best is yet to come. In our eyes, we share this dream, a land of plenty and true equality. That's the course of our freedom. Can't you see the course of our freedom? You are the hope I have for that day, a world to come Not so far away. The course of our freedom. Can't you see the course of our freedom. The worse things get, the worst is yet to come. The better life gets, the best is yet to come. Eye to eye we stand resolute to fulfill our pledge, there can be no substitute. The course of our freedom. Can't you see the course

of our freedom?

Last Man Standing:

Sometimes I feel like the last man standing, In a world that has forgotten the meaning of "man." To enforce the Laws the way God planned. Tell me where in this world are the "men." "I entrust to you dominion to preserve, Each letter of the LAW will you serve" "All that is righteous you will CONSERVE." "Never one letter shall you bend or hurt." Who accepts your commission? Who puts their hand to that task? Carry the dignity of our race, never to run back to the slavery of senses, to the folly of whims, But safeguard the straight road all must travel to get in. Sometimes I feel like the last man standing, when no others lend a hand, To carry the weight of this God forsaken land. To yell to the highest mountain what first from Horeb we earned. What was written on our hearts, again then we heard. Sometimes I feel I am the last man standing In a world that has forgotten your way. Hear me in this lonely hour, I pray. Send the Flames you promised long ago, Show the earth that our prayers are heard.

Conch:

I lift the hardness of the narrow path, and press it to my ear. As the waves rush upon me now, from distant land I hear, One kingdom of fools washed away by the works of your hands. And "in the twilight's last gleaming" you draw near home at last. "In God we trust." Wouldn't you like to leave this world behind? Wouldn't you like to break free from all these changes? We can begin, we can build what they can't tare down. We can begin there's no time to be turning back. Instead of thorns, the cypress shall grow, as an everlasting sign In memory of your love. Instead of thorns, the myrtle shall remain. And your will will be made plain.

All songs written and recorded by B. Fusonie and compiled for this CD of American themes, (c) 2019.

