

Brian Fusonie



Lone Cypress Meditations

LONE CYPRESS MEDITATIONS: The Song Lyrics.

Lone Cypress: See the lone cypress growing out of rock, standing firm as the other people talk; wind and the waves, they taunt like a storm; but he did not listen, because he wanted to learn. See the lone cypress, roots cemented in that rock; standing firm as their laughter mocks; the wind and the rain could not erode his resolve to understand the mystery he needed to solve. Standing firm in a world gone mad; praying for the people, feeling very sad, because of what has happened to this land; standing on rock, instead of their quicksand. See the lone cypress roots planted in solid rock, he resisted the temptation to follow the wide path others walk. The wind and the waves keep rolling in; but the ways of the world could not topple him. See the lone cypress, standing firm, willing to share with all what he has learned. The wind and the waves erode the earth away, but he stands strong because he learned to pray. Standing firm as the world around erodes away; praying for the right words to say to a generation that has lost the way; a lone voice hopeful of a new day.

Good Things Come: Good things come to those who wait, for when the time is right they do not hesitate to seek from You a course that is good; to perform the right, what they should. Good things come to those who participate in Your plan, not merely wait on fate; for those who do Your bidding here, You have promised to hold near. Speak the truth when the time is right, and God will enter the fight. Do not hide the truth from the crowd, but sing it with all your voice out loud. Speak the facts when the time is right, and daylight will overtake the night. Do not run away from His plan, but let your voice reach every man. Good things come to those who wait, then know the time, they are not late to take the steps that become necessary; when the time arrives they are not weary. Good things come to those who pray, that God will provide them a way to finish each task the Creator asks, to seize each day and not be last.

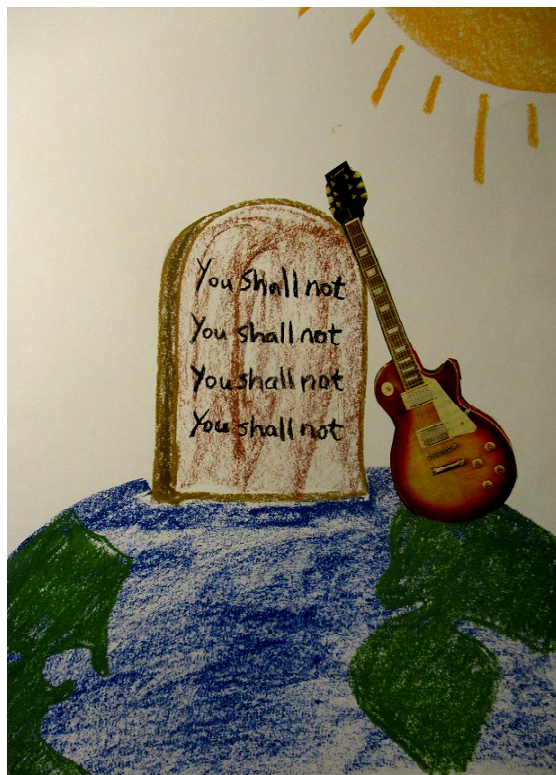
Set Me Free: I have been slave to the system, they silence Your laws; They call You outdated, no longer applicable. They role-reverse Your sacred decrees with their system of lying degrees. They garnish their walls with hollow prints of indoctrinations, not true educational stints. Set me free to follow You true, to speak Your thoughts, not the ways they misconstrue; to have the courage to sing the plain truth. Set me free from the fear of obeying You. I have been chained and locked away to silence You from singing Your laws that are truth. They call you outdated, not modern in Your thoughts; but Your laws are timeless; and their lies are not. They try to alter the dialogue, but their famed logic is all a fraud. I would not listen to them for a minute; because there is a contract, and they are not in it.



Poisonous Fruit: They drank their wine made from poisonous fruit; drunken on ambitions that contradict the truth; their evidence tainted, a test for mankind; while the facts they disdain they try to hide. Their fruit of the poisonous tree used to vandal, to steal from the Maker because they could not handle the timeless, unchanging, the facts they refuse to tell, all for their regime of their slavery pills. No more fruit of the poisonous tree; no more stain from Adam and Eve; no more allegiance to allegories of feigned glory; the time has come to speak the truth, not a story. They ingested the lies that bring ruin of nations, the poisonous fruit fermented in their fomented libations, to discredit the Author who enacted true law, they pervert with in proxy false substitutes for their flaws. Their dogmas of addiction, the lies that they tell, sold as slaves in pews they betray and sell; all for a coffer, they would hide any truth that contradicts their narratives they used to confuse. Truth or a story, which do you want? There are no demons that can haunt; no angels amorphous that could exist; let us count their errors and make a list. Truth not their lies or earth in demise, weighed down by fables, illusions, in disguise, sold as inerrant when it plainly contradicts the intellect of the Creator and His design for us to live.

Keep The Faith: Treading the water just to stay afloat, nearly drowning in the depth of what You wrote, that revealed the shallowness of their fictions, to let me see clearer Your plain intentions. You had me question all I had been told, to answer Your questions ancient and old. If you cannot change Your own endless situation, then all they have taught were baseless iterations. Keep the faith, one that is certain secure. Hold onto only what can be proven for sure. Keep the faith that true logic confirms. There can be only one truth; for that I yearn. Running on land, not treading in sand, we learn of the true fate of every man; physical location on a pristine earth, opened my eyes to renounce their dearth. Your promise is bounty, I long to meet You there, after faithful observance of what You did share; the keys that unlock Your treasure of wisdom not to hide, to undo the shackles forged by the enemy that lied.

Carry Me Home: When I am weak, make me strong. When the words escape me, let Your voice be heard. For with reason we are never alone. Hear this plea to carry me home. When doubts creep in, make certain Your truth. When darkness surrounds, light the way to bear fruit. For with wisdom the path is sure. Hear this plea to make my steps secure. Carry me home when I am tired and weak. Carry me home, for it is Your love that I seek. Carry me home when my steps almost fall. Carry me home safely inside Your gates and walls. When I am alone, be with me near. When all is quiet, let me Your voice hear. In the stillness let me rest close to You. Help me to remain faithful and true. When doubts creep in, make the path clear. With You I will not fear. For Your might will be my guiding



light. I am ready to stand and fight.

Time With You: In the morning when I awake I cannot wait to share the time with You, to not be late to greet You as the sun rises, to meditate on Your beauty You have promised to be our fate. And when the sun sets, there again I turn to remember with grateful heart all You gave, I consider that my life evolves around You as the giver of each breath I take, my tears flow like a river. Time with You makes the world fade away into the logic of all You have made. Time with You sets my path straight. In the waking hours I cannot wait. When I awake I look forward to what You teach about Yourself, Your thoughts are not out of reach, but You share the reasons for all Your ways that prepared for us much better days. And when the night comes, I rest in that light of the wisdom with which You govern the world right, that we would know Your thoughts on each subject. To Your logic I will not object.

Single Hearted: Be one thing, not multiplicity. Be single hearted in all you do and breathe. Do not divide yourself between light and dark, but with all your being perform the good work. Accomplish what is set before you each day, that in that way others will see and say, you devoted your all to what truly matters, and a strong arm will guide you through any troubled waters. Grant me a single heart. Of double-speak I want no part. Give me that loyal ambition of an agreement without sedition. Be one thing, not duplicity. A multiplicity is not for me. I will not divide my time in dark and light, but will resist all else but Your good fight. To accomplish the goal You laid at my feet, to sing Your praise from every street, and to fulfill each of the responsibilities that You placed on my heart for my abilities. Grant me a single heart, to strive each day to make a start in fulfilling the dream You have for me. I want that dream to live and breathe.

Surrender: I will not fight You, I know You are right. Who can argue with Your words that enlighten? You are the meaning of logical thought. All who disagree with You come to naught. You offer an agreement, I will not disagree. No substitute performance will ever succeed. I know what You require, my faithful obedience, so I am attentive, Your loyal audience. I surrender to You my trust. I surrender to You my love. There is only one agreement to which we must agree. I surrender to You in exchange for Your decree. I will not fight You, the Author of true law. I will not find in Your contract any flaw. You are the Author of that agreement. No man can alter it, no man can dissent. No one makes the agreement when they disagree with any of Your laws, those people are invalidities. So I want to be valid, a true member of Your tribe. I will agree to obey all You subscribe.



A World Without You: You at long last awoke, able to reason. How improbable is thought in that ancient season. Maddening to the brink to be all alone forever. You had to find a way to create others. A world of primal forces You never made, that You cannot alter, nor cause You to grave. That world of natural physics is independent of You; it holds You in existence, that much we can prove. No peers, none like Yourself, there are no others. Alone forever, no infinite cohort. You are the only member of Your specie. That is a lonely fate, but why do You grieve? A world without You is a sterile world, no beauty, no creatures, nothing to be heard. A world without You is empty of life. Why be bitter that You must bear that price? You cannot cause Yourself to cease to exist. The forces that bind You in existence own that decision. You had a beginning, but likely no end. Forevermore is longer than comprehension. Why are You bitter to be the only one who can create in Your Mind the universe, earth, and sun? And author by animation countless creatures; tell us why You complain of Your exclusive feature?

* All songs written by Brian Fusonie, (c) 2023.