

Brian Fusonie



Potter's Wheel

Think About You:

May we be one people. May we be one family.
Brothers and sisters all are we. Together let us make
this history. Brothers and sisters all are we. Together
we can build that story. May we be one living tree.
May we be one living seed. Brothers and sisters all are
we. Together we can make it there, you'll see.
Brothers and sisters all are we. Together we can build
that dream. When I close my eyes I think about you.
When I close my eyes, I dream of an earth that is true.
When I close my eyes, I long to be there with you.
When I close my eyes, I dream of an earth that is new.

Universe:

Magazines, paint brush lies, a natural woman on the
cover hides behind, "Be real," she says, "Be yourself."
The fabled lines they taught her to sell, She sold herself
to sell her bitter pill. Now she is lost and needing
someone else. Novelties and bad advice, she's worn
out about every disguise, "Be real," she says, "Be
yourself." Coins and costumes instead of real math,
The things she does do not add up. Now she's lost and
clings to someone else. Contra-connection, she's
thrown out perfection. She thinks she decided 'when
there is life.' 'Standard of living,' she's not even giving.
Who tries to correct her 'will pay the price.' "Not by
the color of one's skin, but by the quality of your life."
She pretends someone else paid her price. She calls
that her 'quality of life.' She thinks she is the Universe.
She's been a curse, thinking she writes the words. She
thinks she is the Universe, have you heard? She's got
her own spin, she spins in reverse. She thinks she is the
Universe. She's been a curse, pretending she defines
the words. She thinks she is the Universe. She's got her
own spin, She spins everything in reverse. She's been a
curse, thinking she is the Universe.

Mold The Clay:

Can the one you made reject its Maker's hand?

Can the pot say to the Potter: "You do not understand"?
Mold us and shape us the upright path and way. Then
our dreams be realized on an earth that will not sway.
Mold the clay. Write us a new day. Mold the clay.
Draw us return to your way. Mold the clay. Help us
hear you when we pray. Mold the clay. The righteous
will mingle with the blind and deaf. The one who
knows the truth cannot turn away from the facts. Mold
us and shape us the only true path and way. Then all
your blessings will be realized that day.

Potter Wheel:

Brick by brick, stone by stone, together we lay the
foundation. At the Potter's wheel, hands watered in
mud, is the Author of our needs, our sacred Trust.
Brick by brick, in the furnace of love, the clay hardens
in your hands for all you need done.
At the Potter's wheel, all your hands have made. Piece
by piece, your foundation is laid. Which way will they
turn? Tell me which way will they turn?
Sometimes I hear your voice whisper to me.
Sometimes I hear your voice call me in from the cold.
Sometimes I hear your voice, and then you're gone.
Brick by brick, stone by stone, at the Potter's wheel
refine earth, make it your home. Each turn of that
wheel, your hands watered in clay, to fashion a love of
a brand new day. Which way will they turn? Tell me
which way will they turn? Sometimes I hear your
voice whisper to me. Sometimes I hear your voice call
me in from the cold. Sometimes I hear your voice, not
what they have told. Brick by brick in the furnace of
your love, Mold me in your hands watered in mud. At
the Potter's wheel make us refined.
Remember the promises you signed.

Galaxy:

The stars are out tonight, swirling high above in the sky.
How far away are we from New Earth? In your hand
you make that our birth. In this galaxy, it is where we
will be. Fact not fiction, you will set us free. To be the

real persons you designed us to be. Way up in the sky, or very near to me? Galaxy, will it be the same? Galaxy, yet we will be unchanged. There is no 'spiritualization.' There is only body, earth, and our nation. Where we will live free to obey the true laws that you made. In this Galaxy is where it will be. Fact not fiction, you will set us free. To be the real persons you designed us to be. Way up in the sky or very near to me? Galaxy, when will we see? When will it be?

Orbit:

Every planet orbits around a sun. One day our star will be done. Have you ever wondered what will happen to our earth? To this land of fading worth? It seems so far away, but there is hope of a better day for those who accept the way of Truth, we will be restored to our youth. Remain in orbit around the sun. Remain in orbit around the Truth. Let the gravity of what is real pull you in to make the seal. Saturn has its rings. Rings they used to steal from God all that is real. All she wanted was fake 'feels.' She has no honest appeal. No one can make her kneel. At the end what will she say? She says she's 'living for today.'

Spiraling:

There is a spiral staircase that leads through this place, from humble beginnings it was made, By the hands of many builders who sought your will. No guile was among them, only men who climbed that hill. From floor to ceiling, from head to toe, forged in the furnace of your love. With sweat on their brows, At serenity's pace, those poor humble servants constructed this place. There is a spiral staircase made from lines before of women and men who tried to obey your holy words. Their trials and tribulations, their mistakes and insights, form the spiral case that rises through the night. For honesty's sake they fought freedom's fight, not scared of the darkness because they were light. With hearts that abandoned the world as it is, and fought for the freedom that others might

live. Shape the wood of our prayers, mighty God. Shape the wood of our prayers into one. Shape the wood of our prayers, mighty God. Shape the wood of our prayers, mold our lives into one. Spin us round to round, round and round, into that spiral staircase to the sun.

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 their 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!

Eclipse:

Eclipse of reason, she blots out the sun. She says she "only wants to have some fun." Her fun is filled with misery, her days full of tears. She wasted away so many years. You can count on one hand the times she has told the truth. All she says she wants are "words that soothe." Her favorite song is "You're So Smooth." She's living like there is nothing to lose. When she cries there is no one to hear. When she cries all through the years. Eclipse of reason, like a moon shadow. She never thinks deep, she is so shallow. If the lights go on, it's a small candle. She says "there's no jam she can't

handle." When she cries there is no one to hear. When she cries all through the years. When she cries she says "no one cares." That is because of all she dares.

World At Peace:

Come dance with me, with me where I see. Come I'll show you closer the world we need. And we will laugh, laugh together, we will surely find that peace. No, don't turn back The hour is nearing when morning finds its strength. We will find ourselves, we will know our real selves, we will find ourselves in a world at peace. Come, let's talk about it, let us reason together this time. Come, I'll show you closer The world that is yours and mine. And we will dance, dance together, We will surely find good peace. No, don't run back, the hour is nearing When morning finds its strength. We will find ourselves, we will know our real selves. We will find ourselves in a world at peace.

Ceiling Fan:

Shadows dancing on these walls. Churning echoes in these halls. Inspiration spinning above. Your silent voice is how we are led. A funnel cloud. Darkness surrounds. And in my room I hear you call. Ceiling fan, keep me cool. On a straight path, no crooked lines. Clock is ticking on the wall, time is moving slow. Yet another day goes by, I'm waiting for you to show me, amid shadows dancing on these walls. When will be their final curtain call? A funnel cloud. Darkness surrounds. And in my room I hear you call. Ceiling fan, keep me cool. On a straight path, no crooked lines. I caught your eye from a distance. A distant land that I see. I would like to meet. Like to be free with you. Rising high ever faster, wood bent never breaks. Bend me round, from the ground, from the clay, to new earth, carry me away. I sing to you from this distance, about a new land that I see in my dreams, I'd like to be free with you.

Fire Sky:

Fire from the sky, have you heard? The meaning of His holy word. Fire from the sky, when will we see? The day is coming, God's victory. Fire on the earth, did you see? The firenado, a spinning wall of heat. Flames and fury like days of old, the vortex of flames did unfold. It will be just as it was foretold. It will be just as in days of old. It will be just as the Good Book taught. All the lands will be brought to naught. Fire in the sky, a blistering sun. It will be what God's hand has done. As Isaiah and others have warned. It will arrive, as we learned.

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 go well for us," that is the promise you made.

All songs written and recorded by Brian Fusonie,(c) 2019