

## **Brian Fusonie**



***RADIO VOLUME 1***

**HAD ENOUGH (American Faith) :**

I've had enough of feeling this rust. I've had enough of being caught in a rut. I've had enough of being kicked to the dust. It's now time to do as we must. Yes its is true, I need you. And you know I believe in you. Yes it is true what we knew. And still this time I believe in you. I've had enough of feeling this pain. I've had enough of walking away. I've had enough of times that I strayed. It's now time to act, not to pray. I've had enough of feeling this way. I've had enough of waiting on your reign. All the lies they call 'truth' that they feign. I don't see things the same.

**NO MORE LIES (Back To Eden) :**

Don't tell me lies, I cannot believe my eyes. Do not wear disguises, on the road that's winding Home ... is where the heart lays, I cannot let my mind stray from Home. Running uphill, it feels like we are standing still. Each step we take feels like on more mistake. In the end it will be the love we made, when it is time to awake, don't be late. There will be no lies, no hidden disguises. Time to run so fast. It cannot be the last Second of time, the clock unwinds. Our lives intertwined. Will you be mine?

**TREASURE TROVED (Back To Eden) :**

Where is your treasure, where is real "art"? Who writes the music we hear in our hearts? What is your reason, who is your Cause? What is worth writing when the end comes? Where is your treasure, where is your heart? I've been trying to make real music, give love a new start. Where are the answers, where the proper trust? Do as they prosper? Or do as we must. Where is your heart, there is your treasure trove. A good measure pressed down and overflows. Just as the beginning, that is how you will know. Love is the answer to make that garden grow. Where is your treasure, who is your hope, where is the place you call your home? Who writes the

questions we have in our thoughts? More valued than anything you have bought. Where is your treasure? It is more than mere pleasure. And more than empty paper that does not make the world safer. A good measure overflows, pressed down and now exposed. Tell me, where is your trove that stands when the strong winds blow?

**PERIPHERAL VISION (Animation Nation) :**

Peripheral vision, take a look around. Peripheral vision, see what is going down. Peripheral vision, photos I gave to you, synthesized to prove the way we are made by you. Peripheral vision, take a look around. Peripheral vision, see what is going down. Peripheral vision, shadows in my eyes synthesized to prove the way of Truth, not their lies. There will come a day when all will learn to pray, the good old fashioned way When all the earth did say: "That is how we are made." There will come a day, when the earth comes of age. All will know the way, And just how we are truly made.

**OLD PHOTOGRAPHS (Animation Nation) :**

We are dancers in old photographs, review the past, be aware of where you are, Of where we are going. Coils like thoughts, they unveil the time, break through the lines Of sand castles, capsules, we are unraveling. To move forward, we must remember the past. Times will change, only the just will last. A nation that forgets its sacred trust, will fade to dust. As the ocean bed washed away the sand and the underplay. Scripture warns it a thousand times, nothing will last that is out of line. Song is like a time capsule, it captures the moment full, For a child's eyes, there can be no lies. We are dancers in old photographs, review the past, be aware of where you are, Of where we are going. Frame after frame, designed then drawn, From morning to night, from dusk to dawn. Knit together by a mighty hand, Restore this land of sand castles, capsules, we are

unraveling. The ocean bed will wash it all away, the underplay, Far away cities will feel your reign.

**SALT SHAKERS (Animation Nation) :**

Be the earth's salt shakers, sprinkle others with your light. Be the earth's salt shakers, tenderize the world right. Be the salt of the earth, help every child be given birth. Sprinkle the earth with your light. Time to season this world right. In the darkness, light shines the brightest. When times are bland, salt makes it finest. In the desert heat, water is most precious. When the earth is passing, days are most treasured. Be the earth's salt shakers, sprinkle the world with your light. Be real salt shakers, season the world right. Be the salt of the earth, share the truth that you heard. Be the earth's salt shakers, stand alone, not be one of the herd.

**MAYBE TOMORROW (Animation Nation) :**

Maybe tomorrow, we can find the time. Maybe tomorrow, it's always tomorrow, It is always more lies. Why think of today, when the morning comes. Maybe tomorrow we will wash our hands in the open tide. Maybe tomorrow we will look beyond all these endless lies. Why think of today when the morning comes. Every night, did I pray to you in vain? Every night, did you hear the things I say? I'm tired of waiting to see that beautiful day when all our tears will cease and dry away. Maybe tomorrow, we will see eye to eye. Maybe tomorrow, when we live to never die. Why think of today when the morning comes. Maybe tomorrow, we will see the ashes rise. Maybe tomorrow, under a blood red sky. Why think of today when the morning comes.

**THINK ABOUT YOU (Potter's Wheel) :**

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

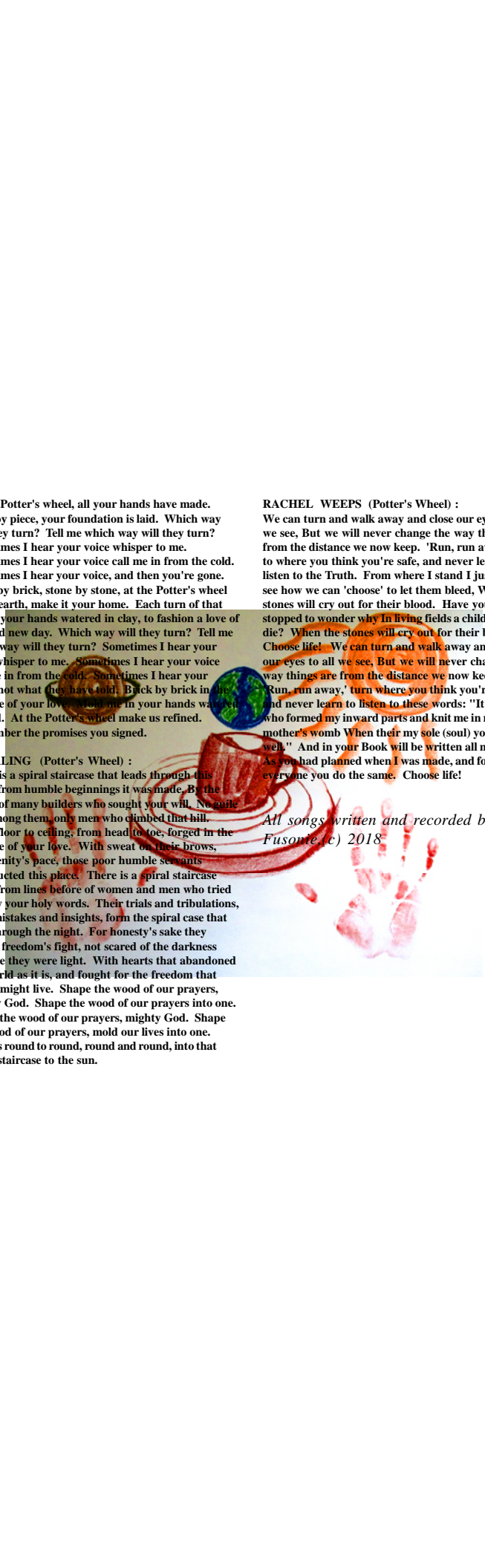
living tree. May we be one living seed. Brothers and sisters all are we. Together we can make it there, you'll see. Brothers and sisters all are we. Together we can build that dream. When I close my eyes I think about you. When I close my eyes, I dream of an earth that is true. When I close my eyes,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

**UNIVERSE SONG (Potter's Wheel) :**

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. Contradiction, 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.

**POTTER WHEEL (Potter's 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, shape me in your hands watered  
in mud. At the Potter's wheel make us refined.  
Remember the promises you signed.

**SPIRALING (Potter's Wheel) :**

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 gentle  
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 (Potter's Wheel) :**

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!

*All songs written and recorded by Brian  
Fusone (c) 2018*

